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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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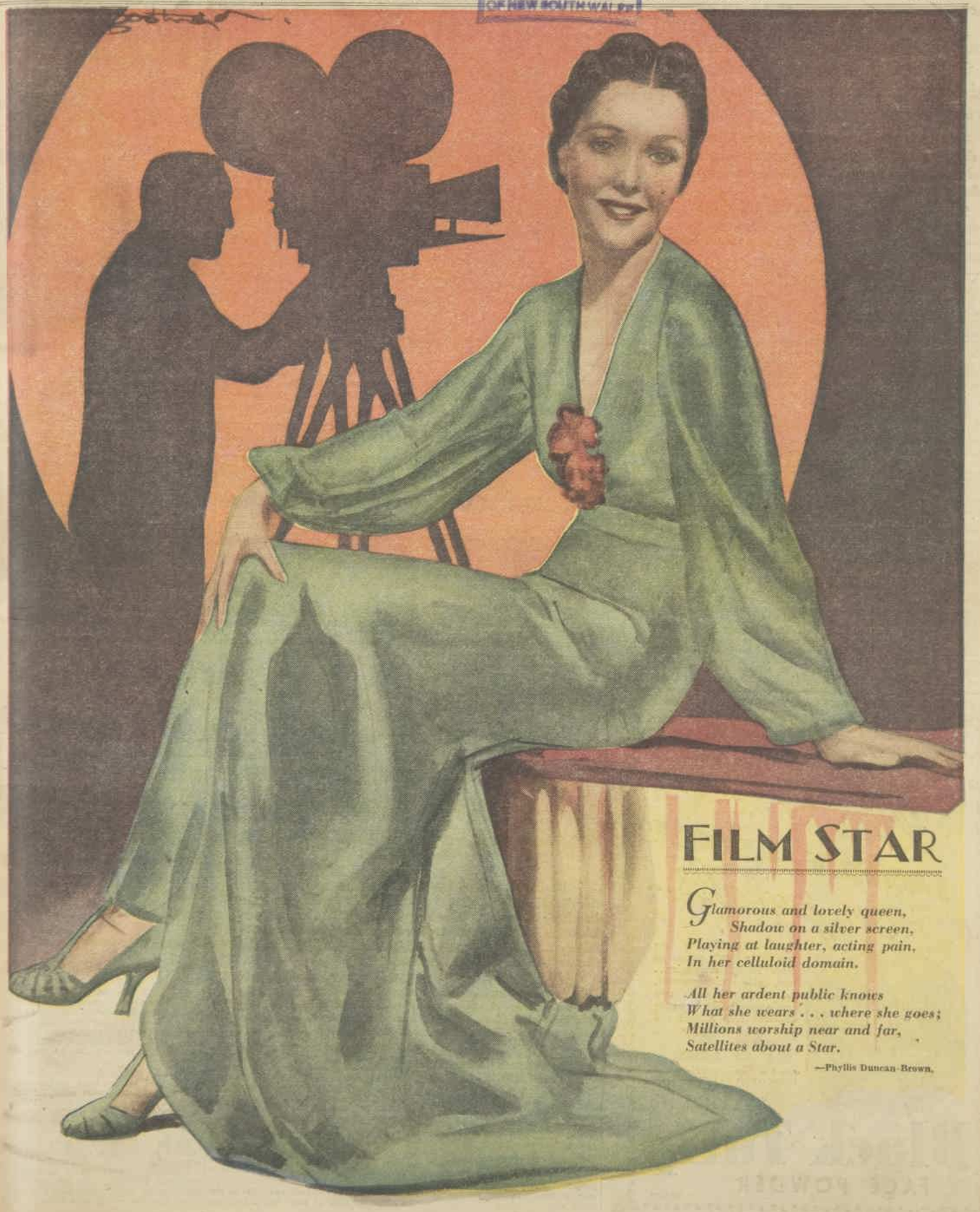

FILM STAR

Glamorous and lovely queen,
Shadow on a silver screen,
Playing at laughter, acting pain,
In her celluloid domain.

All her ardent public knows
What she wears . . . where she goes;
Millions worship near and far,
Satellites about a Star.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

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GOVERNMENT'S *Bomb for* HOME BUYERS

Abrupt End to Subsidy that Helped Married Couples

PLAYING WITH WAGES TAX

Out of the blue, the Government has struck at the national ideal of home buying by withdrawing the subsidy which made it easier for married couples to buy their homes through the Rural Bank.

This means that intending new home buyers will be deprived of financial aid amounting to £100,000 yearly. They'll have to find that extra amount themselves or do without homes.

The policy of encouraging more people to buy their own homes is one that should be liberalised, not restricted as the Government now plans. It is the soundest method also of dealing with the slum menace.

THE Government's decision was an abrupt one. There has been no discussion of the matter in Parliament, nor has any preliminary inkling been given of the proposed change, which hits an important phase of our social and industrial life.

A large slice of the wages tax receipts since 1933 has been devoted to financing the Government's share in the homes scheme.

Despite the decision to end the homes subsidy, there has been no indication that the termination of the homes advances percentage will be followed by a reduction in the wages tax. What will happen to that £100,000?

The restricted scheme will put a check on marriages, involving less spending on trousseaus, flowers, and so on; slow down the building of new homes, resulting in less work for the furnishing trades, electrical and gas organisations, painters, plumbers, and a myriad of other industries—all quickly affected, snowball fashion, by any material alteration of public policy.

Too Many Marriages!

THE increasing number of marriages is one of the reasons that actuated the Government's decision.

Cupid's activity has increased the number of applications to the Rural Bank for homes advances, which since 1933 have been made on the ratio of 75 per cent. of cost financed by the Bank, 10 per cent. by the Government and 15 per cent. by the applicants.

Last year homes advances totalled £1,094,188, so the Government's portion was over £100,000.

With a possible resumption of home-building on the scale of 1928-29, Government financial authorities anticipated much heavier commitments in future.

So suddenly, surprisingly, and quietly, the Government's new policy was announced at the week-end. The percentage of home loans it has hitherto provided will now have to be found by home buyers themselves.

In the case of an applicant seeking a loan of £750 to buy a home, this is how the old and new schemes compare:—

	Old Scheme	New Scheme
Buyer's share ..	£112/10/	£187/10/
Government's share	75	Nil
Bank's share	562/10/	562/10/

Secret Move

THE far-reaching effect of this new policy is emphasised by the fact that one quarter of the total number of homes built during 1934-35 were financed by the Rural Bank.

Australia is a home-owning country. Many thousands of cottages are owned jointly by husbands and wives, each sharing equally in ownership and in the pleasure of maintaining and caring for the home.

This "homey" quality is one of the surest signs of a contented people, and is sadly lacking in other lands given up to strife.

It seems all the more surprising, therefore, that the Government, with comparative secrecy, without any debate in Parliament or public discussion of any kind, has abruptly ended its subsidy scheme.

The policy of advancing only 75 per cent. of the value of proposed new houses was criticised for many years prior to 1933, when the total Government and Bank loan was increased to 85 per cent.

Most of the applicants for homes advances are newly-married couples, who, in their single days, patiently and carefully save up sufficient money for their share of the homes scheme.

Now, in the majority of cases an engaged couple will have **to save up to £75 more** before they can get married and start buying their **own** home — an essential part of the plans of most young couples. **That might involve one to three years waiting and saving.**

One reason given for the Government's decision is that the ratio of loan money to purchaser's deposit was considered too high. A satisfactory system of valuation should solve that.

Use It, Or Pay It Back

IT was also stated that the Government's ten per cent. policy was initiated to stimulate the building industry in 1933-34. With the revival of that industry the advance can now be withdrawn, it is claimed.

Instead of playing accountancy tricks with its 10 per cent. share, the Government should either continue financing the homes schemes, which is promoting employment, or return the money to private industry in the form of a lower wages tax.

The Government's subsidy, as a loan, is repaid by home purchasers and so becomes available for new applicants, which seems another argument in favor of continuing the scheme. There appears to be no doubt about its stimulating effect on the building, furnishing, and allied industries.

The advances for homes schemes was initiated on July 1, 1914. The Homes Department has financed the building of 36,252 homes in city and country, the total amount loaned being £20,543,554, an average of £566 per home, interest rates on the loans ranging from 5½ per cent. to 7 per cent.

The busiest year was 1930, when 2889 advances were made, totalling £2,177,759.

Over 11,000 home buyers have repaid their loans in full.

A WEEK AFTER having a nail removed from his lung, Kelvin Rogers, three-year-old Victorian boy, romped and played with his pet dog or played at farming in the back yard of the home of friends in Germantown, Philadelphia. For eighteen months Kelvin suffered with the nail in his lung, and although the operation performed by Dr. Chevalier Jackson was described as a "Life and death" affair, the nail was extracted with the aid of a bronchoscope in seven minutes. The photo of Kelvin and his dog was taken six days after the operation.

Like the LOVELY BLOOM on petals...

A silk-sifted, clinging face powder to create a youthful bloom for your complexion .. and, being semi-transparent, to reveal your skin's own lovely warmth. The fragrance of Black Tulip is light and sweet and faintly mysterious.

1'6 A BOX

Also Face Creams, Talc Powder and Perfume .. all in the same enchanting fragrance.

In 4 Shades at all Chemists and Stores.

Black Tulip

FACE POWDER

29.24.27

DISMISSED *Olympic Girl and* EX-CROWN PRINCE

Royalty in Shorts Fascinates Beautiful American

By Cable from Our Special Representative with the Australian Olympic Team

BERLIN, Sunday.

Beautiful Eleanor Holm Jarrett, who was dismissed from the American Olympic team for "drinking and participating in all-night parties," has found consolation in her trouble. Through being free to wander about Berlin at her will while Olympiad competitors were subject to rigid discipline, she met the ex-Crown Prince of Germany.

Strolling around Unter-den-Linden and visiting the ex-Kaiser's palace as a tourist, she was introduced to "Willie," and, to use her own words, was "tickled to death" when he invited her to his palace at Wiederlelaendiscer—the ex-Kaiser's private property, where the ex-Crown Prince keeps his office and reception rooms.

MRS. JARRETT was still bubbling over with excitement when she told me of her "marvellous experience."

"I almost forgot to talk to him when I was introduced," she said. "It was all so unexpected. Suddenly I realised that a tall white-haired, but good-looking and sunburned gentleman in grey shorts and white sports shirt, decorated with Olympic rings, was being introduced to me as 'His Royal Highness.' With lots of people standing around awe-struck, it only gradually dawned on me who he really was.

"And has he got a line of talk? 'Why you don't mean to say this is America's greatest swimmer?' he asked. Then, turning to me, he said: 'I'm very eager to talk about America and the Olympic Games. I wish you would come in and tell me all about it.'

"Just like that," Mrs. Jarrett went on, beaming with pleasure. "Into the palace we went, chatting about America's prospects, ignoring a whole host of important-looking secretaries or something standing and sitting round the ornate halls.

"'I am sorry indeed you had an unfortunate turn of fate,' he said to me, and then tactfully diverted the subject to his intriguing self.

"He showed me a family album and explained the various episodes when the photographs were taken.

" 'Gee, but you're handsome enough to get into the movies,' I finally burst out.

" 'Well, I have had offers,' he laughed, 'but it just couldn't be done. Besides, those Klieg lights would ruin my eyes in no time.'

"That got us started on the subject of Hollywood, and he began telling me about his wish to visit America. He confessed he was a bit scared of all the New York skyscrapers."

"Most Human Prince"

MRS. JARRETT then described the ex-Crown Prince's palace with American directness.

"His Berlin hangout," she said, "keeps its old Imperial atmosphere—at least what seemed the Imperial atmosphere to me. Its furniture is green and gold with silk-covered chairs. It has a kind of 'air' although it is not luxurious. He's only there in the mornings, as he lives at Potsdam.

"Now, let me say this. My ideas of princes and kaisers have always been somewhat different from what I found him; they were story-book affairs, living in a world apart. And a prince, well, a prince was just something for us girls to dream about. But as for his Royal Highness, why, he's the most human being I can imagine, and his sense of humor is O.K..."

America's attractive backstroke champion concluded that she intended taking more walks round Berlin in the hope that she would meet Hitler.

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

Canadian Lecturer

BRINGING a goodwill message from the Prime Minister of Canada, the Rev. Dr. David Lang is at present visiting Australia on a lecture tour.

Dr. Lang studied at Universities in Canada, Scotland, and New York, has preached in most English-speaking countries, and has been twice round the world.

This is his first lecture tour, and his talks, many of them concerned with outdoor life in Canada, are made doubly interesting by the films which illustrate them.

—Falk.

Queensland Author

THE list of Australian women writers grows daily, one of the latest names to be added being that of Mrs. D. K. McIntyre, of Ruthven Station, Isisford, Queensland, and formerly of Rockwood Station, Hughenden, Qld.

Her book, "Pin Money," published within recent weeks by the Shakespeare Head Press, is primarily for juveniles.

But Ella McIntyre is a great nature-lover, and adult readers will enjoy her descriptions of outdoor life, and of the northern fauna and flora, which are woven into the story.

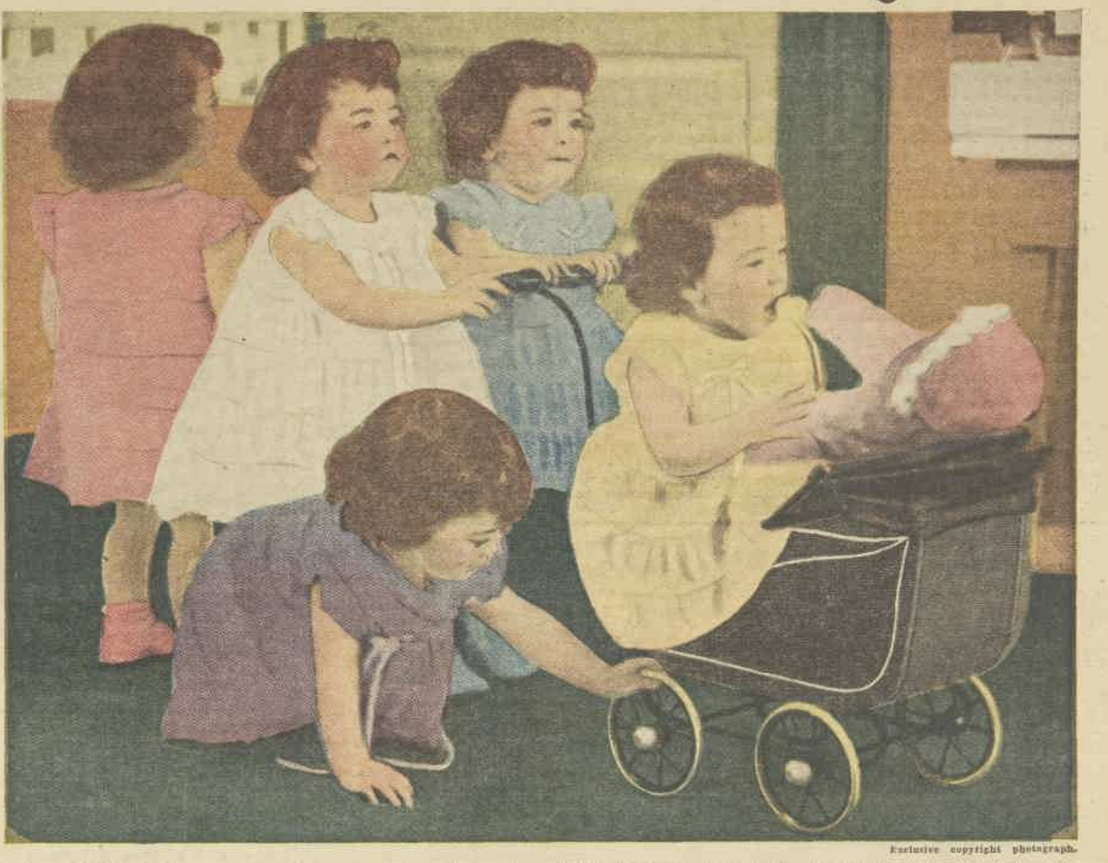
—Rembrandt.

Famous Ornithologist

CAPTAIN S. A. WHITE, South Australia's leading ornithologist, has made his hobby his life work. He has carried out scientific study of birds and natural history in India, China, Malay and every portion of the Australian continent since his service with the British Imperial forces in South Africa in 1902.

Captain White is a colonial member of the British Ornithologists' Union (one of only 12 world members), a member of the American Association, the S.A. Association, and State secretary and past president of the British Ornithologists' Union. Was Chief Commissioner of the S.A. Boy Scouts for eight years.

HE'S TELLING *On* THE "QUINS"



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HOW WOULD you like to take this little bunch for a walk? Yes, they're the Dionne "Quins," all ready to go out. That's Emelie in the carriage, which Yvonne and Cecile are ready to push when Annette has concluded her examination of the wheel, while Marie, at rear, scouts round to warn them of traffic. They're too busy playing to tell you about themselves, so Dr. Dafoe begins the job on this page.

You'll Enjoy Dr. Dafoe's New Stories About the Dionne Babies

Dr. Dafoe's new series of articles dealing with the daily life of the Dionne Quintuplets has been obtained by The Australian Women's Weekly.

In these, the doctor tells of the quintuplets to-day and some of the unrevealed and thrilling events of their earlier days. Apart from their human interest, his articles concerning the rearing of the "Quins" contain information of value to every mother.

By ALLAN R. DAFOE, O.B.E., M.D.

(Copyright)

PROGRESS of the Dionne quintuplets is so rapid that you really can't write an account at any time and say, "Thus they are to-day."

By the time you have written the article they have learned something new, shown some added talent or ability. They are growing fast, physically and mentally.

For instance, they are beginning to call me "doc-tairs," and to turn and look at me or run to me when the nurses refer to "le docteur."

"Regardez" (look!) is very easy for them, and "mamma" and "Jesu" are perfectly pronounced.

The clock is a "tic-tac." We have one in the nursery now, and as soon as possible the youngsters will be learning to tell the time.

Many children can speak more words at two years than these children do, but that does not worry us. Some children do not learn to speak until they are three years old, yet turn out normally.

The teeth of the babies, recently examined by a specialist, are almost perfect.

"Finest little sets of teeth that you could ever hope to see," reported Dr. Walter Thompson, director of dental services for the province of Ontario, who made the examination.

Teeth Are Identical

THE interesting result of this examination was that the children's teeth and jaws were found to be identical.

It is further evidence backing up my original belief that they are identical "twins" resulting from a single-cell pregnancy.

The perfection of their teeth is not entirely accidental. It is an expected result of their careful feeding, their diet containing the nutritional elements that build bone and tooth structure properly.

Milk, fruit and vegetables have supplied them the calcium and phosphorous needed by every growing child.

They brush their own teeth now, regularly and well.

The children run freely about the nursery, and climb like monkeys on to radiators and beds.

We have to watch them closely to prevent them from climbing out of the nursery windows since they learned the trick of climbing on chairs, and of carrying the chairs where they want to use them.

Dancing Lessons

THE girls are learning to use their own handkerchiefs. Of course, we don't use cloth handkerchiefs in the nursery as yet, but only individual tissues.

They come toddling proudly up to me to show how well they have learned to use them, and then they gravely hand the tissues to nurses when they have finished.

Soon they will learn to discard them by themselves in the proper receptacles.

For their dancing and music lessons, the children now have a piano. Judge Valin, of North Bay, one of the guardians, donated the instrument for use in the nursery.

So the children learn the old French songs and do their little dance steps to piano music played by Nurse Noel.

The dancing lesson certainly is one of the most appealing events of the nursery these days.

Nurse Noel stands before a group of the babies, spreading her skirts daintily, and singing an old French nursery song. The children try to imitate her, lifting their tiny skirts and stepping as she does.

When they bow, their bodies are so limber that they sometimes touch their heads to the ground, and roll forward in a somersault. That is always good for a laugh all round.

Please turn to Page 50

ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY?

IF SO YOU NEED

Zam-Buk

UP and down steps many times a day — cleaning, cooking, shopping, and so on. No wonder your feet ache, feel tired and make you irritable.

Your feet will always be happy and comfortable if you give them a nightly rub over with Zam-Buk. First bathe them in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage the Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. As this refined herbal Zam-Buk is absorbed into the skin,

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Corns, bunions and hard growths are softened, chilblains are healed, and joints, ankles, and feet are strengthened and made easy again. Zam-Buk also stimulates circulation and prevents rheumatic pains. Start with Zam-Buk to-night and use it regularly for healthy comfortable feet all the time.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores

"My feet were sore, tender and painful, and walking soon caused them to be tired. The Zam-Buk treatment was very cooling and soothing and made my feet fine and healthy."—Mrs. D. Hughes

"I was troubled with hard skin, bunions and a corn which I had to keep cutting. Applying Zam-Buk every night ended these troubles, and my feet are again quite sound and comfortable."

Mr. J. Evans

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

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HOSTELS FOR *Maids*...and *No* "LIVING-IN"

Women Want Boys To Learn Domestic Work

Can girls be persuaded to enter domestic service and be proud of their jobs?

A representative conference, just concluded in Melbourne, says they can, and the way to do it is to remove the inferiority complex which seems to surround the position to-day.

In this age of qualifications the conference considered that domestic workers should be given a title and a standing to remove this Cinderella complex. Nation-wide interest will be aroused in the resolutions passed, which urged a rational outlook on the part of employer and employee on the vexed question of domestic service.

RESOLUTIONS advocated the establishment of scholarships and residential hostels, and the inclusion of household occupation in school training of all girls.

It was resolved that all present endeavor to acquaint themselves with the existing opportunities for training, and to encourage girls to undertake training.

Several speakers stressed the need for hostels for household workers and the abolition of "living-in," which had been made illegal for many other industries.

Hostels would banish loneliness, one of the chief drawbacks to household work, and would also give companionship and security for country girls.

Applause greeted the suggestion of another speaker that boys should be trained in household management.

Mrs. E. F. Allan pointed out that in spite of the number of girls employed in other industries, the apparent shortage of household workers did not exist, but there was a shortage of trained girls.

Actually the number of people with incomes of more than £7 a week who could reasonably afford to employ a household worker was so small that there was a generous proportion of workers available. Where most help was needed was in the homes of young married people with small children, unable to afford competent help.

Opportunity to Improve

MRS. ALLAN suggested two plans were needed; one providing some domestic training for every girl before she entered any type of employment, and another for the organisation of domestic work by a system of day work, girls working by the day or by the hour. **This would enable people of small means to obtain some assistance and at the same time would put household workers on an equal footing with workers in other industries as far as hours and recreation were concerned.**

A form of apprenticeship was proposed by Miss Jean Daly under which household workers would be classed in three groups: One, the girl just leaving school; two, the older girl, who, for instance, may have spent part of her life in the country and wishes to come to town to take up employment; three, the household worker with degrees of skill and experience.

Theoretical training would be given at school, followed by a few hours' daily practical work helping mothers in their homes and attending classes in the afternoon.

The second group of workers would assist flat-dwellers for a few hours every day and the third group would work in homes not requiring fully-trained servants, as well as attending evening classes.

There would be a scale of wages and employment comparable with those in any other industry, and workers would be provided with opportunities to improve their efficiency and by examination obtain certificates.

Meantime the shortage of domestics in New South Wales becomes more acute every week, and housewives are hopeful that the conference will achieve some good so that they will be able to secure the help they so badly need.

Seven Rules For Perfect Faces

ACCORDING to American beauty experts, your face is perfect if:

(1) Length of face equals length of three noses.

(2) Width of an eye between the eyes.

(3) Upper and lower lips are the same width.

(4) Symmetrical eyebrows conform to the line of nose.

(5) Space from lower eyelid to upper eyelid is same as space from upper eyelid to eyebrow.

(6) Eyebrow begins on same line as corner of eye nearest nose.

(7) Width of face across cheeks equals two lengths of nose.

MISS EILEEN COURTENAY, a young New Zealand mezzo-soprano who arrived in Sydney last week for the City of Sydney Eisteddfod. Miss Courtenay is the winner of the Wellington vocal aggregate competitions and of the grand championship at the New Zealand National Eisteddfod. The latter carried with it the prize of a trip to Sydney. Miss Courtenay is the guest of the Alfred Hill Academy of Music during her stay in Sydney.

"Now, Granny, THIS coffee IS fresh"

In the new vacuum sealed tin Bushells Coffee is as fresh the day you open it as the day it was roasted and packed.

It will *keep* fresh indefinitely. All the richness of aroma, the full flavor of Bushells Pure Coffee, is retained for your enjoyment.

So easy to make, so delightful to taste. Bushells Coffee is always welcome.

Also packed in 1-lb. and ½-lb. glass jars.

Bushells
Pure Coffee
VACUUM PACKED

Packed Fresh .... Stays Fresh

WHAT STORY *Do You Like* BEST?

Give Your Opinion and Win a Guinea Prize

What type of story do you like best?

Readers have been writing to The Australian Women's Weekly, saying: "Give us more romantic stories in the supplements"; others declared: "I love thrillers; you can't print too many"; a third section plump for the rollicking adventure yarns, and another group say: "What about the grand old love yarns of the past—before we went all modern and sophisticated?"

THE Australian Women's Weekly has answered the last-named group with the publication this week of "The Mistress of Shenstone," one of Florence Barclay's most popular novels.

It was a best seller of years ago, and still remains a fine story and a classic of the romantic school of its period. You'll enjoy this novel, which, while being anything but modern, proves that romance and beauty belong to no era, being as old and as new as life itself.

There are tastes in fiction as in anything else, and we are anxious to know just what stories you like best.

A prize of one guinea will be awarded for the best letter, and there will be ten consolation prizes of 5/- each.

Letters should be not more than 50 words—even a sentence will do. All you have to do is to list the stories in the order of your choice and tell us which you like best and why.

Beginning with this week's issue four different types of stories will be published which you may consider in relation to the competition.

The first of these is "The Mistress of Shenstone." Following this story of old-time romance will be a rattling adventure-romance, a great thriller, and a delightfully written Australian farce-comedy with a strong love interest.

When the last of these four Australian Women's Weekly stories appears as a free supplement, write us a letter stating which type of story you like best.

Judging will not be on literary merit, but on how you state your case for your favorite type of story. Read the supplements, record your opinion. The prize may be yours.

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Passing the bookstall, he heard someone say: "Brailstead 'Mercury', please."

Illustrated by NOEL COOK

BACK to LAVENDER

There had been many changes in Brailstead during seventy years, but an old lady's inspiration revived the bygone spirit of the town!

BY DUDLEY HOYS

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Woodfall was eighty-nine, she hated staying in bed. Until recently she had been downstairs at half-past eight every morning, presiding over the teapot, reading out odd items from the paper, and commenting on the difference between the not-so-good old past and the not-so-bad young present.

But in the last few weeks something had happened. She had begun to feel curiously tired, and a dry cough bothered her.

Dr. Bronson had ordered her to bed.

"Just for a day or two," he said. "Rest and warmth will put you right." He chatted on in a cheerful, jocular fashion.

Her grandson, waiting below for the verdict, had stared at the doctor when he came down.

"Well?"

"I'm afraid not. Her spirit's splendid, but—"

"Can't you do anything?"

"It's not in my power or anybody else's. You can't fight old age. She's breaking up, gently and peacefully. I don't think she'll get up again."

"How long will—?"

"Perhaps a month. Perhaps less. I'm very sorry."

The doctor was right. The old lady grew weaker. But her mind remained active and alert, and she insisted on having a cup of tea and the newspaper brought up every morning at eight.

On Fridays she had her cup of tea a little earlier. The reason for this was her eagerness to dip into the Brailstead "Mercury." She would smooth the front page, adjust her gold spectacles, and give a sigh of pleasure. The "Mercury" had been bound up with her life.

To-day, as usual, it summoned up memories of three generations, so that ghosts and realities jostled together in a strangely vivid fashion. . . .

Seventy years gone by since the first issue. And what a tremendous event that was, to be sure! John had been away all night, working feverishly on the venture that was to make or mar him.

At twenty-past seven in the morning—yes, she remembered the time precisely—and she remembered the frock she was wearing, lavender-colored, with the new full bustle and a deep lace collar—he had burst into the house.

"It's out! It's out! Look!"

HE had thrust Number One of the Brailstead "Mercury" into her hands, and waited there white with triumph and excitement.

It seemed yesterday. She had only to shut her eyes to see him as he was then, a fine figure of a man. The frock coat fitted him like a glove. Those shepherd's plaid trousers were smart, though she must tell him to tighten the straps under his boots. And that Disraeli collar—how well it set off his bushy hair and luxuriant moustache.

Twenty-four, and the owner of a paper. Dear, dear! she was more than proud of him. Brailstead must give loyal and liberal support. True, it was only a new suburb, fields and orchards dividing off the fine new basement houses. But there was a lot of money about. Not a city man in the place who didn't earn his four to five hundred a year. . . .

"SEVENTY years," The old lady was talking to herself. "There have been some big changes since then." Without realising it, she was looking at one of them—her reflection in the mirror on the bedroom wall.

It threw back a picture of herself in white and silver. Under the lace cap she wore showed her fine, silky hair. There was a series of lines in her transparent forehead; more grey than blue in her eyes. Her mouth had sunk in, giving the lips a frail unsteadiness. Yet the spirit shone out in a way that had made Dr. Bronson withhold the truth and exclaim:

"Get along with you! Only the good die young. You'll bully your grandson for a long time to come."

Mrs. Woodfall chuckled in a high key, and went on talking to herself.

"I told him he was a wicked old sawbones to say such a thing. He, he! He thinks I'm a witch, I'm sure he does. Bully my grandson, indeed! Advise him, he means. If I can't speak my mind about the 'Mercury' after seventy years' experience, I should like to know who can."

THOUGHT of her grandson set her smiling affectionately. A splendid boy, Rex, and he had the editing instinct, too. She was immensely grateful that he had chosen to carry on the family tradition. First John; then her son, taken away suddenly in his prime; now Rex, the last Woodfall.

She shook her head to and fro, and tapped her veined hand on the bedspread.

"I'm glad he's marrying that girl—what's her name? H'm, h'm. Prior—that's it, Joan Prior. Marriage means children, and Rex has got to have sons. Bless my soul, what would the 'Mercury' do without a Woodfall to edit it? And what would Brailstead do without the 'Mercury'?"

If she could have seen with the eyes of youth, the answer would have staggered her. The Brailstead of to-day needed something more hard-boiled and revolutionary to start the borough tongues wagging.

But she saw no change in spirit, only in form. Time had been when there were a dozen muddy roads, on which carriages rocked violently in the winter. Front gardens had been new, and laburnum and may trees no higher than privet; to south, east, and west, open country. The Jack-in-the-Green in May—real waits at Christmas—and two dresses allowed to the ordinary, middle-class girl, one for Sundays and one for the week.

"Dear, dear," she rambled on, "just to think of it. I remember my dear mother's anger when I bought an extra dress one summer. 'Fie, Miss, fie. Mark my words, no good can come of this.'"

Now, girls bought what they liked when they liked, and Brailstead had hundreds of streets and shops, and buses and cinemas and trams. There was a ring of suburbs all round; no country for miles.

WHEN she came here as a bride they had said: "A quiet place, Sallie. You ought to keep a dog. You'll be lonely."

Lonely! Why, the noise was so persistent these days, it reminded her of election nights in the times when a M.P. counted for somebody.

Yes, Brailstead had changed, she acknowledged. But its spirit was the same. The "Mercury" still moulded its opinions, and that was the main thing. Through all the years the dear old paper, brain-child of her beloved John, had kept a steadying influence. Through light and shadow, laughter and tears, peace and war, it remained constant, a shining beacon over Brailstead's ebb and flow.

She rubbed her fragile hands and nodded proudly. It was something, indeed, to be owner of the "Mercury." Every landmark in the family's past, every joy and sorrow, had some connecting link with it. Memory itself found a permanent reflex in the old files in the next room.

She regarded this morning's copy with a benign smile.

Please turn to Page 16

Song

I'm twenty-one!
I'm twenty-one!
Oh! bless the brilliant,
Smiling sun,
Caress the world,
And I shall pay.
I'm twenty-one
This lovely day!

I pledge a grand,
Ecstatic toast
To all the folk
I cherish most;
I kiss the year,
Embrace the morn,
And cheer the hour
When I was born.

Oh! Share my joy
Till day be done;
I breathe—I live!
I'm twenty-one!

—YVONNE WEBB.

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A Complete Story

RUNAWAY

THE man was a genius, but it was his little workaday wife who put his feet on the road to success again.

By

Alison McDougall

Illustrated by FISCHER

KITTY was twenty-nine when she married Peter Halse, the novelist. He was not a novelist then, but a happy-go-lucky youngster trying to push into journalism, and existing in miserable poverty in Bloomsbury. He was three years younger than Kitty, but that didn't seem to matter. Kitty, so small and fair, with her serious, childish charm, did not mean to marry Peter, but she found herself doing it. He had a kind of mercurial fascination, one moment blazing with gaiety, carrying everything along on the soaring wings of his spirit; the next in the bleakest depths of despair. He was selfish to a degree, but charmingly selfish—laughing, loving and irresponsible. Kitty, who had a Scotch grandmother, and very few incalculable impulses, felt when she met him that she would like to give him a good meal and then let him go to sleep with his head in her lap. And she went on feeling rather like that about him.

THEY were married, and went for a month's honeymoon to Switzerland, sharing the expense. Peter had just sold a story, and Kitty had some money saved. They rented a tiny chalet in the mountains, above one of the smaller resorts, from which they looked down on the fat square tower of the church, and a lake folded like a deep blue gentian between the hills. They were intoxicated with happiness and with the beauty of it all: the color, living, changing, on the mountains, the pure, cool air, the sea of spring flowers, the quick silver gushes of the streams, and the dark enchantment of the firwoods.

The little Swiss clock on their mantelpiece ticked away the minutes and hours and days, but time was no more to them than the fleeting shadow of a bird, blotting out for the moment of their consciousness of it the sunshine on the hillside and the sweet-sounding peace of the valley.

DREAM KISS

Oh! When the ebbing daylight dies
I bid the night quench all its flame,
Then to the darker shadows creep
And, sad with longing, speak your name.
But when the dawn steps through the night
And fain my slumber's dream dismiss,
I wake and find imprisoned there
Upon my lips your farewell kiss.

—"Janice Kay."

With the chalet there went a goat—a placid creature Peter milked every day—very proud of his accomplishment, he would bring the milk, still warm and frothing, in a broad-mouthed china jug to the table Kitty had set out of doors under the flowering trees.

Later they would climb up through the firwoods—up and up, until the tinkle of the goatbell was only a thread of sound below them, and they would at last fling themselves down in the coarse grass, the great peaks all about them, shadows moving ponderously over them, with the sun and wind and a jackdaw for company. Sometimes Peter would write, but mostly he talked or sang, or quoted poetry. Kitty always had some sewing or a book, and he would tease her for her industry. Sometimes, though, it irritated him, and then he would get up restless, and wander off, appearing again in an hour or so with earthy hands and some discovery—gentian or eidelweiss—to show her, and ravenously hungry. When they had eaten and he had drunk most of the bottle of cheap wine he would fall asleep with his head in her lap.

But one day, lying thus, when she thought him asleep, he opened his eyes and looked up at her.

"Listen," he said. "I've thought of a story." And he told it to her. It made Kitty cry—she thought it so beautiful.

"You must write it," she said.

"No one would read it. They'd laugh. It's too—too idealistic, too young. It's this place making a fool of me. You believe it, my little Peter Pan, because you've never grown up—never come down from the mountains."

But Kitty insisted. "Write it. You must. You can make a novel of it. Call it—yes—call it 'Come Down From The Mountains.'"

Her enthusiasm communicated itself to him. He was fascinated by the idea. They talked of it all day, and at night he began to write. After that he wrote every day, and on their excursions up into the hills they talked about it. The story grew, and the characters came alive, for both of them. But long before it was finished they had to go back to London. They had no more money to prolong their holiday, and Kitty had to return to her job in an academy of music. They were going to live in her flat, because Kitty thought it unwise to incur more expense until Peter had a more stable means of livelihood than his present one. Now his fortune, like his temperament, was exceedingly mercurial. When he earned ten guineas for an article or story he immediately had visions of wealth and fame—to say nothing of squandering the cheque, and when he had a period of bad luck and could sell nothing he would swear that he meant to give up writing and go into the Civil Service or drive an omnibus. But, of course, he never did. It was just as well Kitty had a strong practical streak.

IN London, Peter's inspiration for "Come Down From The Mountains" died. It seemed that the book had belonged to the silences and depths of the mountains and the forests. After futile efforts he put it away and busied himself with other things. Kitty mourned, but was powerless. No amount of talking could revive the spirit of their time in the mountains. They planned to go again next time Kitty had leave, but, of course, other plans intervened, and time went on until at last the unfinished story was something almost forgotten, thrust away in the bottom drawer of Peter's desk.

When they had been married nearly three years Peter got a novel published—a novel which was instantly successful—not promising, certainly not good—but clever, with a certain brilliant facility of writing that glossed over its emptiness. It was talked about, written about, read; and Peter, too, was talked about, written about, photographed, and even made a little money.

This success, which came on the heels of a long period of failure, went to his head like strong wine taken on an empty stomach. For the first time since their marriage Kitty had no influence with him. She urged hard work, care of the little money he had made, the building up of a future on the lucky chance of this success. He pushed the advice away, angry because she called his success a "chance." His novel was argued about in the Press, translated into three languages, filmed. Cocktail parties were given for him; he was asked to speak at dinners, women flocked about him, and he embarked headlong on the tide of his success. He spent more than he could afford, dressed extravagantly, went every where, drank and danced and preened himself in the illumination of many smiles. He had never been so brilliantly charming, so headstrong and foolish, or seemed so young.

Kitty said, "He'll get over it. It's just a phase. I mustn't mother him too much. I must let him have his head."

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They would climb up through the firwoods—up and up—and would at last fling themselves down in the coarse grass.

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A NICE Neighbor

There are various ways to meet a pretty girl . . . Eddie fussed and fumed, and the best he could say was "Nice evening Miss Evans!"

Illustrated by FISCHER

He unlocked his own door and kicked it open angrily. In the darkness he stumbled over a trunk in his hallway, and on that trunk was sitting a shining-haired girl.

By Margaret Lee Runbeck

LOVE, so they say, makes the world go round. But that's not strictly true. . . .

It's mathematics that is the motor. Love may be the brass ring on this merry-go-round, but arithmetic is the big, lumbering engine that keeps the carousel wheezing, and the ponies, storks and Mickey Mouses prancing. Without mathematics, the world would be a long sunny afternoon on Bali. Lovely and languorous, but getting nowhere. A lot of people . . . the ones never much interested in the brass ring . . . would be most terribly bored.

So arithmetic reigns. Houses are built. Bridges are flung into space. Battles are waged. People move here and there. And all in order that gem-like links of figures may be written down.

If it hadn't been for figures that just wouldn't rhyme, Arlie and Eddie might never have met. You might think that would matter to no one but themselves, but by the year 1974, when one of their grandchildren will be a lovely actress, and another will invent a new cocktail, this not-meeting would have left a little hole in history. So you see they had to meet, and nothing but the magic wand of mathematics could have brought them together. It happened by this devious method:

Mrs. Oliver Ainsmore, confronted one afternoon with a sudden need of three thousand dollars to cover some lovesome whim of her banker, patted her grey curls and bit her rouged zero of a mouth and scribbled unreadably on the back of an unpaid bill.

"Let's see what I can do," she said cheerfully to herself. The banker, who knew that she could do exactly nothing, waited as patiently as though he were helping a kindergarten child string beads.

"There's your Beacon Street house," he said gently.

A vision of that traditional edifice of brick, brocade, glittering chandeliers and white mahogany rose before the innocent blue eyes. She had quite forgotten the house, since it was occupied only six weeks of the Boston year, but she tried to look intelligent, as people do in conferences with bankers, and to see why Mr. Forbes should bring up the house, which had no connection with these stupid figures. Then suddenly she had what she called a thought.

"I think I see what you mean!" she said brightly. He dropped his eyes, in the first position, so to speak, of this and duet with clients. He knew this moment so well. To himself he called it "The moment when it begins to dawn on 'em." They sat in silence a moment, then Mrs. Ainsmore rose, majestic as a ship, and swept her regal sables out, full sail.

"I'll let you know at three to-morrow," she said kindly. To herself she was unwrapping the sizzling plan. Uncle Hubert would give her the money when she told him the bank had suggested making over the house into twenty cunning little house-keeping apartments. Everyone had to sacrifice. Hubert himself said that. She saw with the galloping eye of a self-willed woman how each step of this campaign would work out. New walls here and there. Pullman kitchenettes tucked into closets, alcoves and what-nots. Gleaming little modernised bathrooms, and so forth and so forth . . . She could rent them all and save everything. Besides, it would be such fun.

And the big, invisible "besides," which nobody notices when they're embarking on plans that are such fun, was exactly 2983.42 dollars which Mrs. Ainsmore spent with lavish abandon. But the apartment house was opened, even though Mr. Forbes broke out in perspiration when Mrs. Ainsmore tearfully said in front of the vice-president that it was all his idea in the first place. "Why you did, too! You suggested my house the first thing!"

But, anyway, the 2983.42 dollars was spent so that the 3,000 dollars was saved . . . or rather it, too, was paid by Uncle Hubert, and Arlie and Eddie met. There might have been less expensive ways of having it happen.

MEANTIME, Mrs. Ainsmore never had such an exciting time in her life, with electricians, plumbers, painters and people like that. Her real sport came with the tenants, all of whom loved the apartments, but could not pay the rents. Knowing there was a depression on, however, Mrs. Ainsmore never let a tenant slip through her grasp.

"Well, what can you afford?" she asked, enjoying this comradely frankness. Then, if she liked them at all, she did some more of her unreadable scribbling on her desk pad, and gave them a place. So all the people who could pay fifty lived in hundred dollar apartments, and all the people who could pay forty lived in seventy-fives, and those who could afford twenty-five lived in fifties, and those who couldn't afford anything at all were Arlie and Eddie, who dwelt within sight of the stars, in the two top floor studios.

Arlie had her paints, and Eddie had his typewriter, and both had very hungry insides.

Mrs. Ainsmore provided electrical refrigerators with these studio apartments, as well as India prints, wicker chaise-longues, bright red tea-sets, large strange-colored cushions, and all the gay Bohemian do-dabs she imagined poor young artists would like. They adored 'em, and fell over them in the dark when they came home late.

But Arlie had nothing to keep in her refrigerator, except two eggs, a can of milk, and a tube of cobalt. Before she had the refrigerator she used to wake in the night, cold and trembling for fear she'd used that cobalt by mistake. It cost five dollars.

In his refrigerator Eddie kept his head on hot summer evenings when he simply couldn't think. Eddie worked unwillingly on a paper for religious children during the days. During the nights this made him profane and reckless. But all his recklessness came to nothing, because no matter how you drape it, fifteen dollars a week is just three five-dollar bills. So at night he just thought reckless thoughts, and added sheet after sheet to the novel he was writing, all about a rich young man whose father wanted him to marry a rich young lady whose father owned the rival factory.

Eddie, poor fellow, believed in this novel.

And so, alas, might Arlie in time. But not in this story, for here they didn't know each other yet. Arlie knew only that Eddie was a tall, good-looking lad who washed his socks and hung them in the window opposite hers. She knew he played sonatas on a typewriter far into the night, and then when people called him up he was very gruff with them. These were women, of course, and his gruffness pleased Arlie very much . . .

But though he did not know her, Eddie knew a great deal about Arlie, for she dwelt rapturously in his imagination. He made up metaphors describing her, with her slender little flowering body, and her long golden curls, so silky they swung when she turned her head to avoid seeing him as they met on the last breathless flight of stairs. He knew she painted, because once when he was sure she was out he peeped through her keyhole and saw something that might have been a landscape and might have been a still life of lettuce. (It was weeks afterwards that he discovered it was neither, but a rather sea-sick interpretation of waves at twilight.)

Eddie had sundry glamorous misapprehensions about Arlie, fed by his stealthy loneliness and the greediness for romance which is youth itself. He found every trivial detail about her absorbing and delicious. But they said nothing at all to each other, not even "Nice morning, Miss Evans," "Beautiful, Mr. Patterson." Yet, under their silence ran the swift sparkling current of awareness and excitement. For Eddie, that is. Arlie's attitude was engraved with secret symbols which Eddie couldn't even guess.

It might have looked like a dull situation to some people. But not to Eddie, whose heart beat in sonnet time, even while his brain clicked of numbers, most of them with minus signs before them.

His novel was a secret record of the unfolding of Arlie in his life. When she put on the piece-of-pie-shaped straw hat that pointed so demurely to one dark eye, he scuffled through the manuscript and inserted that hat here and there. When he imagined what it would be like to invite her out to a fifty-cent table d'hote, his hero took his heroine to tea at the Ritz. When Arlie came up the stairs wearing a cluster of clover picked by herself in the park one night in May, the rich young lady in Eddie's novel pinned two dozen gardenias on her shoulder and called it a day.

Eddie worried and fumed for fear something might happen to take Arlie out of the house before he got to know her. Suppose her family out in wherever-she-came-from suddenly wanted her home again, as very well they might? Suppose a hundred things.

At last he got frightened into bravery. The studio across the hall was silent for two days; obviously nobody in it. She had gone, bag and baggage, while he'd been slumping around trying to get up the courage to say, "Nice evening, Miss Evans." An enormous courage required! He pictured nobody knowing her address; himself (suddenly wealthy) hiring detectives to comb the city; headlines, rewards, pacing the floor, and Arlie lost forever.

AT last he could bear it no longer. Boldly he clapped the knocker on Mrs. Ainsmore's own apartment. Mrs. Ainsmore, a glittering wreckage of purple sequins and lipstick, was mixing cocktails and spilling the orange juice.

"Sorry to be talking business when you're busy," Eddie said.

"You're moving!" she accused him in a little shriek. "Everyone's moving!" His heart expired under his fountain pen. So!

"Is . . . is the studio opposite mine vacant?" he gasped out, and then rushed on to establish plausibility with elaborate explanation, "I'm asking because I know a chap who wants one. I just wondered . . ."

"Oh, you do know somebody?" Mrs. Ainsmore paused among the orange skins, looking like a clever monkey dressed in purple ice. "Well, that's very nice. I could tell Miss Evans I must have her studio then. She's very uncertain about the rent . . . she's at the beach just now . . ."

"Oh, no . . . no!" Eddie muttered, breaking out in chills. "Now that I think of it, this chap is even more uncertain. I'd hate to get you into anything like that . . . he drinks rather badly, and walks in his sleep . . ." He began backing out, falling over Mrs. Ainsmore's Louis Quinze chairs, so unhappy in their association with the Pullman kitchenette. (But then everyone had to make sacrifices. It was the least Louis Quinze could do.)

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PASSING WONDER

A last deep flush of vivid golden splendor
So soon to pass away,
God's hand has painted yet another wonder,
The sunset of a day.

—"Marguerite Day."

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Taff, sketched by Petrov

WOOLLENS ... *Light as Thistledown!*

Ideal for Early Spring Wear

WITH the stores showing their first spring clothes and fabrics, you will be almost certain to make a purchase, even though the weather is too cold as yet for you to wear one of the new dresses.

PERHAPS you have a winter coat that you can wear successfully over one of these frocks.

In any case, it is quite a good idea to buy a dress length to be made up later.

To wear alone or with furs, the most practical spring dress will be of sheer wool. Woollens are getting more and more sheer; the newest is as light as chiffon. It has, from the point of view of lightness, the virtues of crepe, and yet it retains the warmth of wool.

These wools can be draped, shirred, and pleated—just like a silk fabric. Their surfaces show tiny narrow ridges, loose lacy effects, an open or close mesh, and often dots in self or contrasting color that have the appearance of being stuck on.

These woollens come in the delightful pastel shades that will be so much worn this spring—dusty pink (with navy or brown accessories), greeny-blues, delphinium-blues and mauvy-blues (navy, brown, or black accessories) and greens (brown or tan accessories) as well as the neutral shades, grey and natural; navy-blue, and a slightly brighter blue, black, chocolate, and nigger-brown, and tan, and violet.

When you have a pastel dress, use dark accessories, such as shoes, hat, belt, gloves, bag, flowers, and scarf. When the dress is dark, play it up with bright accents—vivid belts and scarves, a colored hat and gloves, or a bright flower and bag.

Color Mixing

THE combination of two colors will give your dress a definite stamp of spring—colors that you have never before thought of using together, such as slate-blue and raspberry, violet and raspberry, navy-blue and light tan, black and cyclamen, as well as the obviously good combinations—black dress, yellow or coral gloves and belt—navy dress, pale pink or white hat and flower, or hat and gloves—green dress, tan shoes, hat and gloves—string color dress, dark-brown scarf, gloves—pale blue dress, plum-colored hat and belt.

These wool frocks will have slim skirts with pleats set in for fullness, or a very slight flare at the hem. Bodices are accentuated by drapery, folds, tucks, pleats, or shirring.

Sleeves will be of the utmost importance, shoulders rather wide, with the sleeve detail placed at, or just below, the shoulder.

The sleeve goes into the armhole with tucks, pleats, or folds, and narrows off towards the elbow. The length may be just above or just below the elbow, or long. Fanciful, leg-o'-mutton sleeves are not suitable in woollen fabrics; detail rather than bulk should be the object.

Frocks of the new dull crepes can be worn under wool coats or beneath new sheer wool coats or jackets.

The surfaces of these crepes are flat or crinkly with ridges, spots, checks, or a raised pattern; they are always dull. Printed fabrics will be immensely popular, but are not suitable for present wear, except perhaps the small geometric patterns—spots, checks and neat plaids. Plain crepe dresses for the first days of spring come in a huge range of colors—greens, blues, browns, tan, navy, grey, yellow, black, violet, henna, brick, purple, and pink.

These frocks have straight, narrow skirts, with set-in panels of pleating. Bodices are slightly bloused over tight waistlines. They are draped and shirred and folded—or cut on tailored lines buttoning up the front with fantastic buttons.

Sleeves are full, and often wrinkled like long gloves above or below the elbow. Necklines are generally high, with white lingerie details at the throat on black or navy frocks or brightly-colored scarves, collars and flowers. On colored frocks there is generally a note of another color somewhere.

Belts hug the natural waistline ever so tightly; they are very wide, and either buckle or tie in a bow or loop—they are made of taffeta, dull velvet, and pique, printed crepe, suede, patent or crepe—they usually contrast with the dress.

- *DRESS and short bolero jacket in violet sheer wool. Short sleeves. Straight skirt with pleated back panel. Green gloves and sash.*
- *A DARK BLUE sheer wool dress is given a springlike air by the quaint white pique collar which stands out from the neck. White gloves are worn. The bodice is cut like a bolero.*
- *BLACK CREPE dress with a gored skirt. The short sleeves are full at the top and tight above the elbow. White net ruffles at the neck and cuffs.*
- *RASPBERRY sheer wool for this dress that is fringed at the hem and at the end of the wide sleeves that are cut in one with the yoke. A wide belt of turquoise-blue velveteen.*
- *PALE GREY crepe dress with the skirt gathered centre-front. The bodice is softly shirred at either shoulder and above the waist. Full sleeves. Tan cord belt and tassels at neck.*

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From Spring's Hat Box

Fine straw for dashing largish shapes and sharkskin for the coyer models!

● *ABOVE: Pleated "pie-collar" brim strikes an unusual note on a model in fine black baku straw. It is finished with grosgrain ribbon and a chunky Prystal ornament at either side.*

● *AT LEFT: Shiny black sharkskin is smartly contrasted with chalk-white pique in a large-brimmed hat for spring. The shallow slanting crown is finished with a self band, softly knotted at the back.*

Photographs by The Australian Women's Weekly fashion photographer. Posed by Miss Lois Green, by courtesy of J. C. Williamson Ltd.

Hats by courtesy of Grace Bros.

● *ABOVE: Bronze-brown sharkskin fashions an elegant little model. It is trimmed with a flat bow of matching cire ribbon at the centre-front, and finished with a wide mesh stiffened veil.*

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● *TOP, ABOVE: This handsome American model cap, which is obviously inspired by the sailor-boy "gob," is of black sharkskin, finished with a crisp veil, stiffened at the edge with crinoline.*

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● *AT RIGHT: The Chinese influence is apparent in both the line and coloring of this attractive millinery style. A new "coolie" shape in black liseret straw, with chrysanthemums of brightly-lacquered braid in Chinese-red, green, and yellow, gaily perched on the crown.*

THERE IS VERY GRAVE DANGER IN THE NEGLECT OF A COLD. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, there would be fewer cases of Pneumonia, Pleurisy, or other serious complications.

For that obstinate, irritating, tickling COUGH that pesters you and irritates everybody else; for the sort of COUGH that shakes you to pieces; for the COUGH that often follows the Flu; in fact, for ANY sort of COUGH there is nothing better, safer or quicker than **Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.**

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION always ask for and see that you get HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, because Hearne's obtains its amazing results without the use of Narcotics and does not upset the stomach. 3/12

For all CHEST troubles take

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE . . .

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MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

Three Modish Silhouettes

The Moulded, the Romantic and the Umbrella

● The frock sketched above illustrates the straight, moulded silhouette. It is of black sheer faille, cut on lines of simple elegance with long floating shoulder draperies, originating from the waistline, and arranged in criss-cross fashion to make the high front decolletage. White bone bangles and hair ornament.

● The centre frock provides an attractive example of the romantic or picture frock. There is a mid-Victorian air about its off-the-shoulder line, tiny sleeves, bows, fitted bodice, and defined waistline. The redingote skirt effect shows the new petticoat influence and the saw-tooth edges give the model added character. Made from amethyst taffeta. The arrangement of the coiffure curls is in keeping with the romantic note of the style adopted. The rolled curls are simply banded with ribbon.

● The newest umbrella tunic silhouette is exemplified in the frock sketched above. Made of the sheerest navy marquisette, it features leg-of-mutton, elbow-length sleeves, tiny buttons right down the front of the tunic, and white sheer collar, lace edged.

RENE'S FASHION ADVICE

THERE is a silhouette this year to suit every type of figure, but you must find your type and stick to it.

The moulded silhouette is most suitable for the matron.

The picture type of frock is definitely for the pretty young girl in her teens.

The umbrella tunic must be worn only by the slim. That sketched above illustrates the new fashion "line" for the sophisticate—combining puritanism with extreme modishness.

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THE A.B.C. MURDERS

Agatha Christie's Great Thriller!

Continuing the battle of wits between the detective, M. Poirot, and the murder maniac who calls himself A.B.C.

"HIS falling into the Andover police station in a fit? Yes—it was a fitting dramatic curtain to the drama A.B.C. had always timed his effects well."

"Is it possible to commit a crime and be unaware of it?" I asked. "His denials seem to have a ring of truth in them."

Dr. Thompson smiled a little.

"You mustn't be taken in by that theatrical 'I swear to God' pose. It's my opinion that Cust knows perfectly well he committed the murders."

"When they're as fervent as that they usually do," said Crome.

"As to your question," went on Thompson, "it's perfectly possible for an epileptic subject in a state of somnambulism to commit an action and be entirely unaware of having done so. But it is the general opinion that such an action must 'not be contrary to the will of the person in the waking state.'

"However, I'm against the theory that Cust committed these crimes without knowing he'd done them. You might put that theory forward if it weren't for the letters. The letters knock the theory on the head. They show premeditation and a careful planning of the crime."

"And of the letters we have still no explanation," said Poirot.

"That interests you?"

"Naturally—since they were written to me. And on the subject of the letters Cust is persistently dumb. Until I get at the reason for those letters being written to me I shall not feel that the case is solved."

"Yes—I can understand that from your point of view. There doesn't seem to be any reason to believe that the man ever came up against you in any way?"

"None whatever."

"I might make a suggestion. Your name!"

"My name?"

"Yes. Cust is saddled—apparently by the whim of his mother—with two extremely bombastic Christian names: Alexander and Bonaparte. You see the implications? Alexander—the popularly supposed undefeatable who sighed for more worlds to conquer. Bonaparte—the great Emperor of the French. He wants an adversary—an adversary, one might say, in his class. Well—there you are—Hercules the strong."

"Your words are very suggestive, doctor. They foster ideas . . ."

"Oh, it's only a suggestion. Well, I must be off."

DR. THOMPSON went out. Japp remained.

"Does this alibi worry you?" Poirot asked.

"It does a little," admitted the inspector. "Mind you, I don't believe in it, because I know it isn't true. But it is going to be the deuce to break it. This man Strange is a tough character."

"Describe him to me."

"He's a man of forty. A tough, confident, self-opinionated mining engineer. It's my opinion that it was he who insisted on his evidence being taken now. He wants to get off to Chile. He hoped the thing might be settled out of hand."

"He's one of the most positive people I've ever seen," I said.

"The type of man who would not like to admit he was mistaken," said Poirot thoughtfully.

"He sticks to his story, and he's not one to be heckled. He swears by all that's blue that he picked up Cust in the Whitecross Hotel at Eastbourne on the evening of July 24. He was lonely and wanted someone to talk to. As far as I can see Cust made an ideal listener. He didn't interrupt! After dinner he and Cust played dominoes. It appears Strange was a whale on dominoes, and to his surprise Cust was pretty not stuff, too. Queer game, dominoes. People go mad about it. They'll play for hours. That's what Strange and Cust did, apparently. Cust wanted to go to bed, but Strange wouldn't hear of it—swore they'd keep it up until midnight at least. And that's what they did do. They separated at ten minutes past midnight. And if Cust was in the Whitecross Hotel at Eastbourne at ten minutes past midnight on the morning of the 25th he couldn't very well be strangling Betty Barnard on the beach at Bexhill between midnight and one o'clock."

"The problem seems insuperable," said Poirot thoughtfully. "Decidedly, it gives one to think."

"It's given Crome something to think about," said Japp.

"This man Strange is very positive?"

"Yes. He's an obstinate devil. And it's difficult to see just where the flaw is. Supposing Strange is making a mistake and the man wasn't Cust—why on earth should he say his name's Cust? And the writing in the hotel register is his all right. You can't say he's an accomplice—homicidal lunatics don't have accomplices! Did the girl die later? The doctor was quite firm in his evidence, and, anyway, it would take some time for Cust to get out of the hotel at Eastbourne without being seen and get over to Bexhill—about fourteen miles away——"

"It is a problem—yes," said Poirot.

"Of course, strictly speaking, it oughtn't to matter. We've got Cust on the Doncaster murder—the blood-stained coat, the knife—not a loophole there. You couldn't bounce any jury into acquitting him. But it spoils a pretty case. He did the Doncaster murder. He did the Churston murder. He did the Andover murder. Then, by heavens, he must have done the Bexhill murder. But I don't see how!"

HE shook his head and got up.

"Now's your chance, M. Poirot," he said. "Crome's in a fog. Exert those cellular arrangements of yours I used to hear so much about. Show us the way he did it."

Japp departed.

"What about it, Poirot?" I said. "Are the little grey cells equal to the task?"

Poirot answered my question by another.

"Tell me, Hastings, do you consider the case ended?"

"Well—yes, practically speaking. We've got the man. And we've got the evidence. It's only the trimmings that are needed."

Poirot shook his head.

"The case is ended! The case! The case is the man, Hastings. Until we know all about the man the mystery is as deep as ever. It is not victory because we have put him in the dock!"

"We know a fair amount about him."

"We know nothing at all! We know where he was born. We know he fought in the war and received a slight wound in the head, and that he was discharged from the Army owing to epilepsy. We know that he lodged with Mrs. Marbury for nearly two years. We know that he was quiet and retiring—the sort of man that nobody notices. We know that he invented and carried out an intensely clever scheme of systematised murder. We know that he made certain incredibly stupid blunders. We know that he killed without pity and quite ruthlessly. We know, too, that he was kindly enough not to let blame rest on any other person for the crimes he committed. If he wanted to kill unmolested—how easy to let other persons suffer for his crimes. Do you not see, Hastings, that the man is a mass of contradictions? Stupid and cunning, ruthless and magnanimous—and that there must be some dominating factor that reconciles his two natures."

"Of course, if you treat him like a psychological study," I began.

"What else has this case been since the beginning? All along I have been groping my way—trying to get to know the murderer. And now I realise, Hastings, that I do not know him at all! I am at sea."

"The lust for power . . ." I began.

"Yes—that might explain a good deal. But it does not satisfy me. There are things I want to know. Why did he commit these murders? Why did he choose those particular people . . .?"

"Alphabetically . . ." I began.

"Was Betty Barnard the only person in Bexhill whose name began with a B? Betty Barnard. I had an idea there . . . It ought to be true—it must be true. But if so . . ."

He was silent for some time. I did not like to interrupt him.

As a matter of fact, I believe I fell asleep.

I woke to find Poirot's hand on my shoulder.

"Mon cher Hastings," he said affectionately. "My good genius."

I was quite confused by this sudden mark of esteem.

"It is true," Poirot insisted. "Always—always—you help me—you bring me luck. You inspire me."

"How have I inspired you this time?" I asked.

"While I was asking myself certain questions I remembered a remark of yours—a remark absolutely shimmering in its clear vision. Did I not say to you once that you had a genius for stating the obvious. It is the obvious that I have neglected."

"What is this brilliant remark of mine?" I asked.

Please turn to Page 39.

FOR SPECTATOR sports wear, Gloria Shea, C.P. Corporation player, chooses a striking plaid skirt topped with a black suede-finished crepe bodice, with belt and huge buckle of the same fabric.

A cup of Health

and Sweet Repose

IF you would know just how health-giving and refreshing a night of perfect sleep can be, drink a cupful of delicious "Ovaltine" just before you go to bed. Let its rich, soothing nourishment calm your restless nerves and promote that physical repose which quickly leads to deep, natural sleep.

Then see how you awake in the morning gloriously alive and completely refreshed, with strength and energy renewed to make light of the day's work.

You will realise, like countless thousands of others, why "Ovaltine" is acknowledged to be the world's best night-cap. You will discover, too, that "Ovaltine"—even when you make it entirely with milk—is the most economical tonic food beverage. This is due to the exceptionally high quality of its ingredients and the small quantity you need to use. Quality always tells—insist on "Ovaltine."

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

'OVALTINE'

Health-giving, Health-maintaining, Health-restoring, Health-ensuring.

A. WANDER LIMITED, 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY.

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

"Ovaltine" sells on merit alone. No gifts or coupons—just 100% Quality and Value.

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An Editorial

AUGUST 22, 1936.

WOMEN & BUSINESS

PAYING a tribute to the business ability of women, the president of a business men's club stated last week that women were the real force behind the successful efforts of men—"Woman was now accepted by modern man as his equal."

As regards women who have made business a career after special training for that vocation, the statement is, of course, justified. One has only to recall the keen ability and shrewd judgment evidenced by women holding responsible positions throughout Australia.

But as applied to the average Australian woman, who marries and relies on the support of a husband in establishing a home, bringing up a family, and participating in the social life of her neighborhood, the president's dictum hardly "fills the bill."

It must be confessed that a majority of Australian women live for the day, without planning for contingencies and with no thought for the future. So long as money comes along for present needs, they do not worry. If protected by insurance, they have never given a thought to the problem of ekeing it out when the need arises.

One of our Judges, in passing sentence upon a man who had made a lucrative living swindling widows and single women of mature age out of their savings or insurance, recently commented on the ease with which such rogues imposed upon their victims, and the ignorance and helplessness of the average woman in monetary affairs when deprived of the counsel of husbands or male relations.

Shrewd and practical as the modern woman may be compared with the feather-headed "clinging vine" type of the Victorian era, this ignorance is an obvious weakness; taking into account the self-reliance our women have otherwise evolved, it is hard to understand.

All married women should possess a rough knowledge of their husbands' business affairs in so far as it affects their futures. They should learn the rudiments, at least, of ordinary business transactions; and they should have some course of action planned for a future emergency.

Until the acquirement of such business sense by women becomes general and supplements the "live-up-to-one's-income" spirit which infuses so many Australian housewives, women will never attain equality with men in business affairs, and will remain the prey of the shady agent or speculator.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN.

Spare That Tree

THE soil erosion problem, which is causing our farmers and pastoralists much anxiety, has been traced to the insensate use of the axe by the pioneers. This wholesale destruction of trees has resulted in hitherto rich lands becoming as waste as the desert. Reafforestation is urged if this land is to be saved for the grazier, or to turn again to fertility under the farmer's plough.

Some sort of a slogan has been suggested to make people "tree-conscious." Well, what about a paraphrase of Joyce Kilmer's famous lines:

"Axes are used by fools like me,
"But only God can make a tree."

Send Him to the Games

SKIPPER II, a shark in Taronga Park, has been swimming without ceasing for four years. In view of the criticism of our Olympic swimmers we might point out to the world that here is an Australian whose training tactics might turn the Japanese swimmers green with envy.

"Quins'" Quids

MOST people feel they have achieved fame by a mention in "Who's Who," but the Dionne "Quins" continue to make history, and have had their names included in the 168-year-old fount of information, the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." Along with kings, queens, and the great ones of the earth, they are now included in the fourteenth edition of the work.

Very modern, these youngsters, and fast workers, too. From the incubator to the Britannica in two years is good going. Incidentally, they have earned a million dollars between them since birth, which suggests a new slogan, "More money than the 'Quins.'"

"Cut the Cackle!"

ONE hundred talks over A class stations have been compiled by the Talks Director of National programmes for the final quarter of the year.

Weary listeners are hoping that at least some of them are talkie-shorts.

Canberra Mystery

PEOPLE who lament that the great Australian novel has not yet been written should take heart again.

Up at Canberra a thriller is being produced under the closest secrecy. Advance notices say that it will mean millions to its authors. The secrets of the thriller are being closely guarded. The printer keeps the draft copy under lock and key. Compositors are given small disconnected sections of the story so that they cannot get the hang of the plot, and the authors speak only in dark, conspiratorial whispers.

The villain of the piece is a little harassed chap who is called General Public. Yes, Mr. Lyons is producing his yearly best seller, under the prosaic name of the Federal Budget.

Lyric of Life

BIRTH OF SONG

Along the night the stars have flown,
Ten million chaste Dianas pass . . .
The scent of narcissi is blown
Across the shadow-drowning grass.

Against the conquered lips of night
That pale beneath another dawn,
And still with infinite delight
A fantasy of song is born.

Ecstatic fusion, night and day,
With sweet and sudden music strung,
A melody along the way,
A song the very winds have sung.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Infant Mortality

THE news that the proceeds of the King's Jubilee Fund will be used to finance research into the causes of maternal and infant mortality comes at an opportune time.

Statistics reveal a substantial increase in infant mortality in recent months. In Sydney, the largest capital city, the figures for July jumped to 41.47 per 1000 births, as against 32.3 per 1000 in the corresponding period last year, while other States also show an upward tendency.

Australia is the last country in the world able to stand the loss of these precious lives, and the late King could have no more fitting memorial than the living one of happier and healthier babes and mothers, brought about by adequately financed medical and scientific research.

MOTHERS at a Jewish clinic listening to a lecture during "Health Week" at Jerusalem. Educational films and diagrams are used in the clinic's instructional courses, and many of the women who attend are veiled in accordance with Eastern tradition. *(See story, column 4.)*

Cruel Trapping

WOMEN have been criticised for the wearing of furs, owing to the cruelty involved in the trapping of the animals. But seeing that most fur is farmed nowadays, the criticism has lost some point.

Apart from this aspect, man himself does not escape scatheless from the controversy, as he is almost as great a wearer of ermine as woman. A London society has drawn attention to the fact that many hundreds of ermine pelts will be used in the manufacture of peers' robes for the Coronation next year.

Ermine is unfortunately a very cruel fur, owing to the frantic struggles made by these small creatures to free themselves from the torture of the traps; and so many of their skins (260) are required for one coat. If they are only in the traps for three days (and many are left for over a week), 260 by 3 equals 780 days of agony for such a garment. Cannot white rabbit skins, which are farmed, or some fur substitute be used instead?

Surely the trappings of State could be evolved without that other sort of trapping, which is a barbarous survival of the cruel past.

Building a New Australia in Palestine

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England — by Air Mail.

Baby welfare is one thing Arabs and Jews share in common.

They are warring over territory, but, side by side, they are learning how to care for their babies—through help given by a band of Australian women they will never see.

THIS was explained by Mrs. Siddy Wronsky, of the Palestine Jewish National Council, who is in London at present.

"The first land we bought from the Arabs was a malaria-infested swamp," she said. "Now it is a gloriously cultivated valley planted everywhere with blue gums which we imported from Australia. Indeed, owing to this importation, our scenery is beginning very much to resemble that of Australia.

"Mr. and Mrs. Aideiman, of Melbourne, and their children are one Australian family I know who have made a success of farming in Palestine. At their 'station,' as they call it, touring Aussies are always sure of a hearty welcome.

Truby King Centre

"JEWS and Jewesses from every country in the world have gone to Palestine—doctors, nurses, scientists, engineers, writers have given up their careers to become farmers and farm laborers in the land of their ancestors.

"Prominent among these pioneers have been women from Australia and New Zealand. The money of the Jewish women of Australia has made it possible to establish a Truby King baby centre in the Yemenite—a district where, before 1926, infant mortality figures reached an abnormal level.

"Mrs. David Nathan, of Auckland, was the first woman in Australasia to realise the plight of the mothers and babies of Palestine," said Mrs. Wronsky. "In 1923 she founded a centre at Tel-Aviv, where the latest mothercraft science is taught to mothers whose baby lore was based on superstitions descended through generations of illiterate peoples round the Dead Sea.

"A couple of years earlier, the Jewish women of America founded a similar centre in Jerusalem.

"Babycraft, naturally, is not our only social activity. We have up-to-date hospitals, libraries, housecraft centres and travelling teachers.

Children's Farm

"THE Jewish National Council want Palestine to be an agricultural country, and with that aim in view they insist that every immigrant must arrive armed with a certificate in farming.

"This does not necessarily apply to families who bring capital with them, but to people who hope for Government assistance. The Government only helps the farmer, and the land is leased to him so long as he tills it and produces his proper quota.

"We have farm-training centres in Britain, Rumania, Poland, Germany and Austria, where young people can take a year's course and so gain the coveted certificate.

"In Palestine we have the only children's farm in the world, where boys and girls from ten years of age are trained to be skilled farm workers.

"They work eight hours a day, four hours at ordinary school subjects, and four hours at one of the many branches of farming.

"They have their own band and their own amateur dramatic society. The Arab sheiks, who live round about, have hitherto entertained them most lavishly. The whole place is run like a first-class boarding-school.

"Many of the pupils are the orphan children of Eastern Jews, Persians, Siberians and Tibetans.

This Freedom!

"IT has been said that the freedom which our young girls enjoy, the shorts and bathing suits they wear, the way they work in the fields with the rest of the family all irritate the Arabs, who believe that women should be veiled and bundled up in masses of clothes, and that their only sphere and duty be the home.

"This may be so, in the general sense that anything to which people are unaccustomed annoys them, but on the whole I think that the Arabs are pretty tolerant of our 'modern ways,' and their womenfolk are certainly far too immersed in their own concerns to bother what the Jews next door are doing.

"All the same," Mrs. Wronsky concluded a little sorrowfully, "I think it will take a generation to make our two peoples really agree. Children who have been taught in the same schools—incidentally every child must know three languages—English, Hebrew, and Arabic—nursed in the same hospitals, played games in the same compounds, are not going to be the bitter enemies that their fathers and mothers may be."

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NOISELESS NOISE *Instead of* NOISY NOISE

Strong "Anti" Campaign Opened With Whistle That Won't Blow

CHANCE FOR SILENT WORKERS

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated BY WEP

I have joined the Noise Abatement Society.

People who have heard me sing "She Was Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage" and other airs may feel a bit incredulous at first, but I hope to convince everyone that I am a reformed character.

Rubber horseshoes are already in use in England, and I am looking forward to the time when our milkman buys a set of goloshes or something for his horse. Rubber milkcans wouldn't be a bad idea, either. That, however, is an innovation which would have to be introduced very gradually and cautiously.

The Silent Workers Declare War.

EVER since our milkman was able to sit up in his little cot and yodel he has regarded it as the sacred right of all milkmen to get up at three o'clock in the morning, and bash cans about. Of late years he has acquired a new privilege—that of rattling and clinking milk bottles.

So it is easily seen that serious trouble would arise if milkmen were deprived of their ancient bashing and clinking rights.

Now take pneumatic drills! If a large pad filled with kapok were put on the drill end, and a muffler put on the other end the workman would not have to work half as hard.

At present, the moment the man on the pneumatic drill knocks off, the whole town knows it, whereas if it were silent in the first place it might be possible to take a spell for a half-hour or so when the boss was away.

I suggested this to a laborer friend of mine and after considering the matter he slowly shook his head.

"No," he said, "I couldn't stand it. Y'see, it's in me blood. Me father worked in a steel works; me mother belonged to a women's debating society; me grandfather was a jazz drummer, and me brother practises on the bagpipes. At first I took up this work purely in self-defence, but I found it so soothing that I hate to knock off.

"Excuse me, there's a bit of concrete 'ere that ought to sound real good. I'm fair itchin' to get at it."

You can see from this that the work of the Noise Abatement Society is fraught with difficulties.

There definitely should be a law against bagpipes. They are an anachronism. (Wacko!) Invented in medieval times, for use in torture chambers, and for extracting confessions, they were taken up by the Scotch, who had discovered that they could make more noise on the bagpipes than a whole brass band. This appealed to their sense of economy.

As that canny old Scot, Robert McHaggis, remarked, "Hoots awa' the noo wi' sich muckle . ." But you wouldn't understand.

Babies, another source of annoyance, are easily fixed by the application of a small gag in between feeding times.

An Angel Unawares

The most thoroughly equipped people for making noises are carpenters. As our milkman said, with an envious sneer, "A pampered lot. That's what they are! Hammers, and saws, and planes, and things. But none of 'em can come up to my brother!" he cried fiercely.

"What does he do?" I asked.

"He's a plumber and he makes tin bathtubs!" he replied proudly. "He makes the best bathtubs you ever heard. Unfortunately, he's deaf, so he doesn't get any real joy out of his work."

Come to think of it, I've been a member of the anti-noise gang for years without realising it. Many's the time I have stealthily inserted the key in the front door, silently removed my boots in the hallway, and sneaked like a Red Indian up the stairs. Then proceeded to get undressed in the dark while holding my breath. And then slip on the mat and crash into the warbrobe and pull the dressing-table over with a loud crash in an attempt to save myself.

Of course, then the light goes on and the real noise starts.

I have discovered that when a wife starts making noises in earnest she is entirely unabatable. Sheer exhaustion might make her slacken off a bit, but that's all.

Anyhow, I've bought a blocked-up whistle that won't blow. One of the few silent whistles I have seen, I practise on it every day, and I think I ought to get a certificate of merit or something from the Noise Abatement Society.

Why does she look so Young for her Years

BECAUSE she keeps in perfect health with the aid of her regular nightly Bile Beans.

Beauty is more than skin deep; bright eyes, a clear complexion and a sunny disposition all come from internal well-being.

Bile Beans tone up your digestive organs, keep the bloodstream pure and ensure daily complete elimination of unhealthy fat-forming residue.

"A woman's as old as she looks," but don't forget there's no need for you to either look or feel your years if you take your Bile Beans nightly.

"The nightly Bile Beans have made me look and feel years younger. I used to be languid and weary most days in the week, but now every morning I get up looking forward to another happy and busy day. I keep fit and active from morn till night."—Mrs. E. A. Ford.

* * *

"Bile Beans have built up my health so splendidly that mother tells me I look quite ten years younger. I am again able to attend to all household duties; I enjoy meals, and sleep well. The nightly Bile Beans have worked wonders."—Mrs. Clements.

BILE BEANS

1/3 AND 3/- EVERYWHERE.

NOTED AUSTRALIAN FASHION AUTHORITY INSISTS ON THIS *Pure Silk Thread*

High up in the Trust Building, above the roar of Sydney's traffic, Germaine Rocher creates many of the most distinguished fashions worn by Australian women. To Germaine Rocher, as to all French designers, detail is supremely important. Is it any wonder, then, that of all pure silk sewing threads, Gutermann's is used exclusively by this famous couturier.

Gutermann's Sewing Silk

● *Follow the lead of the great dressmakers—do all your Spring and Summer sewing with Gutermann's Pure Silk Sewing Thread.*

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Your Hair

Every woman should have lovely hair. YOU can have it by feeding the hair roots. Silkiness and gloss, luxuriant growth, beauty and attractiveness quickly follow the daily use of Barry's Tricopherous. It drives out dandruff, prevents greyness and falling hair. Use it also as a dressing. Fine for children's hair, splendid for men.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 2/- per bottle.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? IT DEPENDS ON LIVER!

Pep up Liver Bile and See Vitality Come Quick

If the liver is sluggish, bowels won't act. Food decays, poisons system, sours outlook. Laxatives whip, and Nature hates the lash. But see what happens when you coax and stimulate! Bile flows normally, bowels become regular, breath sweetens, skin clears. That's what INTESTONE does! It's an amazing new kind of mineral salts with Yeast, etc.—a tonic—a regulator—and a sure way of getting rid of ugly facial blemishes and pimples. Intestone is harmless, but it acts where all else fails. Quick, sure and definite—you can throw away your laxatives and old-time salts when you take Intestone, the new and better remedy for Constipation, Aches and Pains, Skin Disorders, Pallor, Overweight, Digestive Upsets, etc. Price, 2/9, good chemists, or posted, 3/-, from Owl Pharmacy, Martin Pl., Sydney. INTESTONE virtually knocks 10 years off one's looks in a jiffy—we bet you!

INTESTONE IS HEALTH!

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

Woman's Epic Struggle Against the Tide of Adversity

Vividly Written Biography

AGATHA CHRISTIE writes a great thriller in "Murder in Mesopotamia."

How courageous a woman can be in adversity is shown in "Against the Tide," a poignant and moving story of one woman's adventures with life as set down by Miss Mabel Lethbridge.

IN its own way it is a very remarkable story indeed, indicating that if civilians were awarded the V.C. there would be many women eligible for the highest decoration for valor.

It is a book dealing with life. It is grim, and sometimes pitiless, but the stark tragedy is lightened by the flame of a high courage and valiant good humor of one who jousts with life and wins.

At the age of 1?, as she told us in her first book, "Fortune Grass," the author was crippled by a terrible explosion in a munition factory which resulted in her left leg being amputated.

She continues, in "Against the Tide," the story of her life, which she has lived with spirit and dash, despite the misfortunes which assailed her.

There is a bright honesty about the tale which will appeal to women. She sets nothing down in its sensational aspect, merely recording it as happenings in one woman's journey through life.

Her struggles to make a living as a real-estate agent, and later as a boarding-house-keeper, have a high good humor to soften the futility of her sufferings and slavery.

Never once does the reader feel that the author is dramatising herself. She is craftsman enough to know the value of under-emphasis.

There are passages in the life of this highly-strung and essentially modern woman which, on the face of it, appear a little outrageous, but the author makes no apology for these. It is life, and you may take it or leave it. Over the pages hangs happiness, tragedy, and occasionally the shadow of death, but never once does the book become morbid.

It is a piece of fiery and forceful writing which can be recommended.

"Against the Tide." Mabel Lethbridge. (Geoffrey Bles. 8/6. Our copy from the publishers.)

L. A. G. STRONG shows a spiritualistic vein in his latest novel, "The Last Enemy," reviewed on this page.

SHORT REVIEWS

"THE WANDERINGS OF WENAMEN." Jack Lindsay. "I am dying, Egypt, dying!" is the theme of this brilliant novel by Australian Jack Lindsay. It is a serious attempt at the telling of Egyptian history—or a phase of it in dramatic form which succeeds admirably.

Wenamen, an official, goes to Lebanon for cedar in order to rebuild the sacred barge of Amen Ra, god of Thebes. There is a tottering dynasty at home, and a growing tendency to challenge the supremacy of Egypt abroad. All this is conveyed in a story rich in historical incident, which has the added virtue of accuracy. As a tale of a dying empire, it is fine reading. As a novel full of rich and colorful incident overlaid with the glamor of history it can be recommended both to the critical reader, and the lover of a good yarn. (Nicholson and Watson. 7/6.)

* * *

"THE LAST ENEMY." L. A. G. Strong. The "Last Enemy" in this book is death, and as a treatise on the subject it is good, but as a novel distinctly bad. Mr. Strong has written some brilliant stories, but this is not one of them. In search of a fantastic theme he takes readers far beyond the bounds of credibility. It is a story of a schoolmaster with a leaning towards psychic phenomena. His life and love affairs are frankly told, and his victory over death is a long-winded ending to a book which never achieves reality. (Gollancz. 7/6.)

* * *

"ROMANTIC ADVENTURE." Elinor Glyn. Writers have gone a long way along the literary path which calls a spade a spade since the days when Elinor Glyn thrilled us with "Three Weeks." In fact, the modern would most likely call that sort of book "Three Week-Ends," and consider it as harmless as a Sunday School tract. But Elinor Glyn's memoirs are more interesting than her novels of purple passion. As the discoverer of "It," she has a place in literature, and she supplied Hollywood with a word for a multitude of feminine charms. This tale of a lady who lived for romance, and, incidentally, made a lot of money by writing about it in books, is well worth reading. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson.)

* * *

"MURDER IN MESOPOTAMIA." Agatha Christie. The little Belgian detective, M. Hercule Poirot, bobs up again in this story of murder in an archaeological camp. Agatha Christie mixes the ingredients of the plot with her accustomed skill. She has the unique facility for placing mystery on mystery for M. Poirot to sweep away. And it all sounds so very plausible in the final working out that you wonder if the mystery has been such a profound one after all. The murderer is well concealed in the story, and the character drawing is in the author's best style. (Crime Book Club. 7/6.)

* * *

"EDUCATION BEFORE VERDUN." Arnold Zweig. A magnificent novel, but not always easy reading, which perhaps in its way is a reason for its greatness. Sergt. Kroysing, a member of a wealthy German family, is in the war because of his patriotism, and very early in the piece he falls foul of profiteering and racketeering superior officers. He is killed on lonely outpost duty, being left without relief by his battalion commander. Kroysing's brother takes up the fight for justice, and there is a stupendous climax in which war plays the part of final arbitrator.

No bare outline can do justice to the stark realism and inspired humor of this story. Nothing so good has been written in Germany since "All Quiet on the Western Front." (Secker and Warburg. 8/6.)

BOOKWORM'S CHOICE

"SPIDER WONDERS OF AUSTRALIA." Keith McKeown.

THIS is an amazing story about spiders. You'll be surprised at the queer things Mr. McKeown has to tell of them.

THEIR courtship and marriage are most fascinating. If you were a male spider you'd probably realise how true are the words: "None but the brave deserve the fair."

So hungry for love is Mrs. Spider that she outdoes all the screen vamps ever thought of.

NOT only does she "get her spider," but she eats him as well.

AN amazing book. (Angus and Robertson. 6/-.)

FILM on teeth may invite all three

Remove film this safe, sure way as only the "special film-removing tooth paste" does

FILM *should be removed* if teeth are to be kept clean and sound, if gums are to remain healthy.

It has been proved unscelled in the way it removes the film that glues decay germs to teeth. Other dentifrices may promise film-removing action. But are they equally effective? *Can these other kinds remove film with the same safety?*

In fair and unbiassed laboratory tests, it was shown that Pepsodent's special polishing material was the softest—and therefore *safest* . . . of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 leading tooth powders. Pepsodent contains no grit, nothing to harm the teeth.

Use Pepsodent Tooth Paste twice a day; see your dentist at least twice a year.

SAVE MONEY! Buy Pepsodent in the new 10% larger tubes at the old prices. You can't afford to take chances on cheap "bargain" brands now that it costs no more to insist on the special film-removing Tooth Paste.

PEPSODENT

the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste

THE 2/- SIZE IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL

When FLU threatens

...Guard against it by taking these simple precautions...

THESE are the days when colds are especially apt to lead to bronchitis, pneumonia, or influenza. Now, more than ever, is the time to prevent as many colds as possible and to end the rest quickly—before they can weaken the resistance and pave the way for more serious ills. Now, more than ever, is the time to have all your family follow this tested Plan for better *Control* of colds.

1 To Build Up Resistance—Live healthfully, avoid excesses, eat simple food, drink lots of water, get plenty of rest and sleep. Keep your elimination regular. Take daily exercise—preferably out-of-doors. When flu is in the air, avoid crowds and, as much as possible, anyone who has flu or an active cold.

2 To Avoid Catching Cold—After any exposure, wet feet, draughts, sudden changes in temperature, or contact with flu patients—or whenever the slightest sneeze or nasal irritation warns you that you are catching cold—act quickly. At the soonest possible moment, put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Va-tro-nol is the remarkable new liquid perfected by Vicks Chemists especially for the nose and throat. It spreads deep into the hidden recesses where colds begin, relieves the irritation, keeps the air-passages clear, and stimulates Nature's own efforts to throw off a cold before it really starts. Used in time, it prevents most colds from developing at all!

3 To Relieve a Cold Quickly—Some colds, of course, strike without warning or get by even the best defences. Whenever a cold settles in the chest, threatens to turn into flu or pneumonia, vigorous measures are necessary. Give the patient a hot foot-bath and then *keep him in bed*. If needed, a mild laxative should be taken.

Then rub the throat, chest and back briskly with Vicks VapoRub. Spread on a thick layer and cover with a warm cloth. Leave the bed-clothing loose about the neck so that the medicated vapours can be inhaled freely. VapoRub's famous double action, *penetrating* as well as *vaporising*, begins at once and continues for hours, relieving the distressing symptoms and permitting the patient to rest comfortably while Nature gets in her own repair-work undisturbed. Many deep colds are actually broken up overnight by this powerful 2-way treatment.

VICKS VAPORUB

* * *

These three common-sense steps are the basis of the famous VICKS PLAN—more fully described in each package. In extensive clinical tests under medical supervision and in practical use in thousands of homes, the Vicks Plan has reduced amazingly the frequency, duration, severity, and cost of colds. In "flu-weather" especially, your family too should have this extra protection.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

"But won't rain hurt the fur?"
"Has Madam ever seen a rabbit carrying an umbrella?"

1ST ARTIST: The model used to be a cook.
2nd Ditto: That accounts for her changing her position so often.

JEAN: What did you say when he proposed a kiss?
JOAN: I seconded it.

GOLFER: Don't give it up yet. The ball is probably in the last place you'd expect to find it.
CADDY: Righto, I'll go and look in the hole.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"NOW, can anyone tell me what a myth is?" asked the teacher of her class.

A solitary hand was raised, and a voice exclaimed: "Please, Miss, it's a female moth."

JONES: I have a cousin who is always hanging around for someone to buy him a drink.

Smith: He's what you might call a sponge.

Jones: Well, hardly. The sponge fills up on water!

DOCTOR: What you want is lighter employment.

Patient: Impossible. I'm an electrician at a feather factory.

RETURNED MISSIONARY: In Africa many of the natives wear almost nothing.

Miss Prude: Isn't it a good thing Africa is a Dark Continent!

BEGGAR: For three weeks I have not tasted a proper meal.

Bridegroom of Three Weeks: Neither have I.

HE: I bought a dachshund dog.

She: What use is a dachshund?

He: Did you ever lose a ping-pong ball under the sofa?

DIPLOMAT: I am glad that the wheel of progress is turning in your country.

Ruler of Small Country: Yes, just a few more revolutions and we'll be all right.

CUSTOMER: I like the design of this wallpaper, but I cannot take it.

Shopkeeper: Why not?

Customer: It's too thick. It's my flat I am going to paper, and I have to economise on space as much as possible.

Listless? Run down?

Probably anæmia is sapping your vital forces, draining away the richness from your blood, making you feel depressed and miserable. Like the dread vampire bat of fiction, the attack of anæmia is unseen, rarely suspected. Yet your listlessness, tiredness and loss of appetite all point to the fact that anæmia has claimed in you another victim. What you urgently need is to enrich your blood-stream and nourish your tissues, by taking Wincarnis, that fine old tonic wine which has been endorsed by 20,000 recommendations from doctors and nurses. Start to-day—buy a bottle from your chemist—and know once more the meaning of real health. Quarts: 7/3. Pints: 4/3.

WINCARNIS

Puts *New Blood* in your veins

Warning Pains in the BACK

Dreaded Rheumatism That Shortens So Many Lives

If you get agonising back, loin or joint pains; if you feel constantly tired, weak and irritable, with headaches, disturbed sleep; urinary troubles—BEWARE OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASE. Neglect means the risk of Crippling Breakdown, Menacing Rheumatic Complaints, Heart Injury—years of suffering—a premature decline of your powers, and possibly a shortened life. Harrison's Kidney and Bladder Pills offer you a remedy of proven efficacy for rheumatic, kidney, bladder and uric acid disorders. But the longer you delay treatment, the worse your trouble may become.

A THOROUGHLY RELIABLE REMEDY

Harrison's Pills are the surest, safest and, results considered, the least expensive remedy you can take. If you have any one or a number of the symptoms and disorders printed below, you should take Harrison's Pills at once. This remedy of a London Doctor has an outstanding record of success. Harrison's Pills not only combat the early stages of Kidney, Bladder, Rheumatic, Urinary and Uric Acid Disorders, but they succeed even in cases that defy all other forms of treatment. Harrison's Pills are good for women and children as well as for men—for all ages over 9 years—and for even the most delicate constitution.

STOPS PAIN BY REMOVING CAUSE!

If you suffer from any form of bodily torture such as may be associated with uric acidity or rheumatism; if you have any vitality-sapping, youth-robbing disorder of the bladder or urinary organs—try this great remedy. Go to your chemist or storekeeper and ask for a package of Harrison's Pills. Three sizes—18 pills, 2/-; 32 pills, 3/-; and 62 pills, 5/-. You are guaranteed relief from the first bottle or money back. Further, you are assured of a lasting complete clearing up of your trouble if such be possible from any remedy. If not next a chemist or store, post your order to Amalgamated Laboratories, Australia House, Sydney. **Harrison's Pills must help you because they effectively banish the CAUSE of your ill-health.**

For Weak, Aching Back, Loin, Joint and Limb Pains, Stabbing Pains, Rheumatic Infection, Swollen Joints, Loss of Vitality, Sciatica, Arthritis, Uric Acid, Urinary Pain, Gravel, Stone, etc., TAKE

Harrison's Pills

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BACK *to* LAVENDER

Continued from Page 5

"I'M your mother," she whispered. "I nursed you when you were young and helpless. I saw you grow and flourish. And you've repaid me." She raised an unsteady hand and kissed her fingers.

"There, now, that's for you! May you live for ever and ever."

It was her prayer, and her belief.

. . . . . .

"It's hopeless," said Rex Woodfall, "hopeless. The 'Mercury's' like this office—a has-been." He made a gesture of weariness.

Joan Prior, a free-lance journalist herself, stared at him sympathetically. He looked tired, worried, and out of place in this Victorian museum, as she called it. The mahogany chairs, the cumbersome desk, the steel engravings gazing stiffly from the walls were a setting for a grandfather. They contrasted oddly with the scene outside.

Opposite was yet another new bank, white stone and shining metal. Company shops, immaculate in their modernity, flanked the pavement. The flow of traffic sent up a steady roar.

"Poor old Rex," she said. "It must feel awful to be an editor without a public. Can't anything be done?"

"Nothing. You can't insert a sort of social monkey-gland into a has-been and make it popular."

She nodded. Under her sleek, ash-colored hair her eyes were gentle.

"It means finish?"

"I'm afraid so. Seventy years ago the 'Mercury' fitted Brailstead. Just imagine it, a new, fashionable suburb. Hideous, four-storied houses. Servants at three shillings a week. The men often walked to the city in the morning."

He stopped and laughed.

"Look at the place now. Personality gone. It's part of a great teeming area where houses have become tenements, and back gardens are filled with commercial garages. People don't live here—at least, only the poor devils who can't afford more than two rooms. There's a lot of ready money circulating, I . ant. Bright streets, arc-lamps and noise will always attract crowds. But Brailstead, as Brailstead, has ceased to be. People have no pride in the place, for the simple reason that it's become indefinite.

"That's what London does . . . It creeps out over suburbs, paints them a murky brown, and adds them to its collection of drab has-beens. Brailstead's one of them. Instead of changing with the time, the 'Mercury' remained aloof, narrow. Everybody travels nowadays. A man doesn't say he lives in Brailstead. He says he lives in London. My grandmother doesn't realise that."

"SHE'S a dear old lady," said Joan.

"That's what makes things so hard. To her, the 'Mercury' is sacred. She wouldn't alter it to save her life. I admit she let me have the reins the last few years. I struck out in new directions, tried new schemes. It was too late. The Brailstead 'Observer' and the 'South London Journal' had captured the market. They knew what to give Brailstead and half a dozen other districts.

"There's something I haven't told you. Two more issues will see the end of the 'Mercury.' The printers won't give us any more credit."

"But, Rex! your grandmother—"

"I know, I know. I daren't face the thought of telling her. She thinks everything's going on as in the old days. The net profit—her income—is supposed to be about seven hundred a year. Actually, it's nothing. I've been putting back most of my editorial screw into the paper. I've glossed over discrepancies, shown her gross accounts instead of net. I've done everything to hide the truth. Now, it's got to come out."

He opened a drawer in his desk and produced a letter.

"This is my last shot to right matters. I wrote to the City and Provincial News Company. They buy up small concerns and run them on a centralised system. Here's their reply. Listen.

"Dear Sir,—We have considered your offer with great care, and very much regret that it cannot be entertained. In the event of your paper ceasing publication, however, we might be able to offer you a post on our staff."

Joan could say nothing. These people believed the "Mercury" was doomed, and no doubt they were right.

Rex picked up the letter from the Central and Provincial Company.

"The chairman of this is a man called Rotherson. I know him pretty well. He's at his country place in Yorkshire at present. He's asked me to go up and see him. I'll probably be away the best part of a week. Old Wickens here will carry on in my absence. Our farewells are ready—the notices to advertisers and the announcement to the public. When the old lady sees them next Friday—"

Joan brushed her fingers over his drooping head.

ON Sunday afternoon Mrs. Woodfall was sitting up in bed, propped around with pillows. She had slept for an hour, read a chapter of the Bible, adjusted her extra special shawl, and prepared herself for a comfortable chat.

Her grandson and Joan were in the room. They had been trying to drop vague hints, trying to prepare her gradually for the black news. But their attempts got nowhere. As easy to prove the world had ended as to persuade her that the "Mercury's" days were numbered.

"Yes," she was saying, "it was a very different paper in those times. Dear, dear, how often have you heard me say the same thing? But there, you must bear with an old woman. I can't keep off the 'Mercury.' The more I talk about it, the happier I am."

Her two listeners looked at each other.

"It's a fine paper," said Joan unsteadily, "but times have changed, and don't you think that——?"

"My dear child, don't say anything against it. I know it's conservative. But it will outlive all these upstart publications that print nothing except police court news and bargain sales."

Mrs. Woodfall shut her eyes and gave a quavering sigh.

"That's the one reason why I regret my age. I long to see the 'Mercury' twenty, thirty years hence, surviving all disturbance and change, a lasting memorial to my beloved John."

Joan's eyes were misty. "How on earth can we tell her?" she whispered.

"What are you two young people whispering about?" asked the old lady suddenly. She smiled knowingly, smoothed her shawl, and chuckled to herself.

"Ah, you can't deceive me. I was young once, you know. My courting would have surprised the present generation. I used to call John 'Sir' until we were engaged. There, now! Afterwards we called each other Mr. and Mrs. Mercury. He, he!" She trembled with amusement, and her lips moved soundlessly.

"I'd love to have seen Brailstead as it was then," said Joan.

"We can't bring back the past, child, but I can show you a very fair record of it. Those files in the next room go right back to the beginning of the 'Mercury.' Go and fetch some, Rex. And some of those engravings, and photographs, too. Such funny old pictures, some of them, such funny old pictures."

"I'll help him," said Joan.

As they went out they heard her chuckling weakly.

"You see how it is," he said.

"It's pathetic. If you could just keep the 'Mercury' going until——"

"I'd do anything," he said between his teeth, "but what is there?"

BACK in the old lady's bedroom they laughed with her over the quaintness of the past. The etchings and photos summoned up a host of shadowy figures around Mrs. Woodfall.

"That's Laura Osborne. Surely you remember the—— But what am I saying? It's fifty—no, sixty years ago since she ran away from home to go on the stage. Dear, dear, what a scandal that was, to be sure. Her father wore black ever afterwards, saying he was mourning the honor of the family.

"Who's that? Why, Caroline Tufton, the wife of the man who built Brailstead. A funny dress? Well, we thought it was beautiful. Both the velvet and the bugles were supposed to come from Berlin, and I know for a fact she paid a guinea for that bonnet . . ."

Mrs. Woodfall rambled on. Her eyes were bright. Her pale, transparent skin was flushed with excitement. The years fell away, and yesterday became dearer and more intimate than to-day.

The very room, heavy and dark-hued, seemed to thrill and whisper with the presence of unseen guests.

"All of them gone," said the old lady softly, "all of them gone. And to think that once they were laughing at old people and the queer fashions of the past, just as you are now, child. All life is like that.

Please turn to Page 22

CONSTANCY

Happy is he and by earth most befriended who knows as constant, whatever joys depart, the same four seasons starting where they ended, the same warm hand of love upon his heart.

—By FRANCES FROST.

"TOO-OLD"—"TIRED-OUT"

Kidney Trouble Causes your Weakness

Only those whose ill fortune it is to suffer from one of the many forms of kidney trouble know the pain and misery their condition brings. Chronic backache, bearing-down pains, headaches, sleeplessness, or perhaps joint pains or rheumatism make life one round of worry and distress, not only to themselves, but to those around them. How can they be interested in work or pleasures, when their tormented bodies give them no rest—day or night?

Yes, those two organs, the kidneys, are responsible for much unhappiness when they do not work properly, and this is easily understood when we see what important work they do in the body. The blood, as it courses through every part of the human frame, not only takes nourishment to the muscles, nerves, organs, bones and other tissues, but also collects all waste material. This waste matter is constantly being formed by the action of the muscles and organs. The harder we work, the more waste material is given off.

In health, the kidneys remove this waste—urea, uric acid, bacteria, dead cells—and pass it out of the body as urine. But if the kidneys become weak or inflamed through a chill, shock or as the result of some other illness, they are unable to remove this poison from the blood.

But such sufferers need not despair. De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are specially made to act on and strengthen the kidneys. They reduce the inflammation and stimulate the kidneys so that they again perform their healthful, purifying work.

Many, many sufferers have proved for themselves the wonderful quick relief that De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills give in all cases where the kidneys are involved. We give here a few of such letters, but even this small selection must convince you that De Witt's Pills do all that we claim for them—they heal and strengthen weak, inflamed or unhealthy kidneys.

Then comes freedom from pain and anxiety. No more restless nights. You can once more enjoy work and pleasure, and take your right place in the lives of those around you—living your life in health and happiness.

Read this convincing evidence and you will know that you, too, can find health once again.

Suspect Kidney Trouble if you have

BACKACHE RHEUMATISM
CYSTITIS SCIATICA
LUMBAGO JOINT PAINS
DISTURBED NIGHTS
or any
Urinary Irregularities

Sold by all Chemists and Storekeepers at 3/6 & 6/6

Writing from 83 Farm Street, Newport, Melbourne, Mrs. Minett says:

Mrs. Minett

"De Witt's Pills are worth their weight in gold. If anybody had suffered the terrible pains from backache and the kidneys as I have done, and gained such relief after taking De Witt's Pills, I am sure they could not do otherwise than agree with me. For several months I was practically prostrate and life seemed a burden. I could not carry on with my household duties and felt thoroughly listless and ill from the pains I experienced. I tried numerous prescribed remedies, but without the least effect, until I grew weary of continually spending money without any result. About four months ago a relative prevailed upon me to give De Witt's Pills a trial. I cannot say how thankful I was, after those weary months, to have relief from my awful complaint. Since taking De Witt's Pills I have been quite free from my backache. I have induced several people to take your pills, with gratifying results. I trust this letter may be the means of relieving anyone who may be suffering as I used to suffer."

Writing from 15, Lombard Street, Glebe Point, N.S.W., *Mr. Heyward* says:—"A few years ago I suffered with rheumatism and kidney trouble. The pain I used to get when I bent my back was something cruel. After I had taken a lot of different kinds of remedies, I met an old friend, and he recommended me to take De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. I am very thankful to say that after taking three bottles of De Witt's Pills I was completely cured. You may use this testimonial to any extent you like."

Mr. Heyward

DE WITT'S Kidney & Bladder PILLS

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Busy Days for the King's Sisters-in-Law!

ON THIS PAGE are three unusual studies of the King's sisters-in-law. The first (above) shows the Duchess of Kent at an Agricultural show, one of the last public functions attended by her. She will forgo public engagements for a time in view of the expected arrival of a baby sister for little Prince Edward. With her in this picture is the Duke of Kent. At right is a picture of—

—THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, with her husband. This informal study was taken at a point-to-point meeting at the Remount Depot, Arborfield. The Royal couple, who will soon be celebrating their first wedding anniversary, are living quietly at Aldershot, while the Duke, who is a Major in the 10th Hussars, is at the Staff College. Below, you see—

PETER OSBORN, an Australian lad who was a winner in The Australian Women's Weekly Film Quest in 1934, is now being featured in plays in London. He is here seen with Josephine Travers in Clemence Dane's version of "L'Aiglon," staged at the London Embassy Theatre.

THIS attractive young American, Sally Stearns, masqueraded as a boy to take part in an inter-college boat race. As coxswain she steered her Florida crew to victory. No sensation like this has been reported from Australian High School regattas.

—THE DUCHESS OF YORK, and Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, attending church at Eastbourne. On Friday, August 21, Princess Margaret Rose celebrates her sixth birthday. Just now she is doing her bit in the preparation of a layette for the arrival of her new cousin.

TELEPHONES THAT YOU CAN PLUG in anywhere, at the hairdresser's, in hospital, in beauty parlors, are familiar enough, but here's a whole exchange carried round in a giant motor-van. This thrilling innovation for the "hello girls" has been introduced in France, for use in spots where lots of important telephoning has to be done in a hurry—such as at big sports gatherings, and business and international conferences.

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Here is New Hope for All Sufferers!

THE NOW FAMOUS

New Era Herbal Tablets

widely known and praised in West Australia

are now available throughout all Australia!

before *After*

There are Special Tablets for the following ailments:—

Tablets for Bladder Trouble.
Tablets for Rheumatism.
Tablets for Heart Troubles.
Tablets for Dissolving So-Called Growth in all parts of the body.
Tablets for Chronic Indigestion.
Tablets for Boils and Blood Purifying.
Tablets for Neuritis.

OF GREATEST IMPORTANCE TO YOUNG MOTHERS

They should know that a course of our special herbal tablets will make childbirth natural and comfortable, and also avoid any after-effects, due to weakness of the kidneys or other organs, and disperse excess fluids that so often accumulate. Three months' course before the event is necessary to ensure a healthy mother and a healthy child.

READ THIS TESTIMONIAL

6 Sussex-street,
MAYLANDS, W.A.
March 20, 1936

To C. W. Deane, Esq.,
New Era Herbal Tablets Ltd.,
PERTH.

The following is the history of myself since I have been ill, together with Specialists and Doctors' opinions, their methods and cures, and the vast amount of exploratory work they performed over a period of 12 years—and all for no results to me:—

"I took ill for the first time early in 1924. I had two Doctors, who stated I had strangulation of lower intestines, and Operated on me for that complaint. I was no better for it and gradually got worse. They then put it down to septic appendix and told me if I had the appendix removed I would be well again. This operation took place in 1926, again with no benefit to me. Then in 1927 I was told all my trouble was caused through my teeth, and to get them out. I did so, but again with negative results. Of course, during this time I had nine (9) X-rays, all of which were supposed to have located my trouble.

"In 1928 I was told I had renal tubercular, and was sent to Sanatorium for nine (9) months; 1930 again to Sanatorium for 12 months; 1931 two operations for renal conditions, and then became a chronic invalid and lost use of my legs and back; eighteen (18) months ago I was put in Perth Public Hospital early in 1935: I was to have some German treatment to cure me. This was needles inserted into the spinal canal and fluid taken. There were four (4) operations to do: 1st, 19 needles, time 1 hour; 2nd 9 needles time 1 hour 20 minutes; 3rd 14 needles; and, 4th, 11 needles. All the good I derived was continuous pain ever after, and then morphia to stop it every six (6) hours—and that was my condition when I came to you for treatment. I was discharged unable to do anything for myself and was told I was incurable, and nineteen (19) of Perth's leading doctors were baffled and admitted it.

"I have now had your treatment for six months. I am walking, two stone heavier, up to normal weight again, and this has taken place without pain, injection or operations, or drugs.

"In conclusion, I may state that I had thirty-one (31) X-rays also. Kindly use this in any way you think fit, as this may show some sufferers not to place too much faith in doctors' statements.

"I have had two examinations by three (3) specialists in last month to see my condition now, and enquiries as to who effected the cure and treatment I received.

"In conclusion I hope this will be of interest and benefit to all sufferers.—I am, yours, etc.,

(Signed) A. J. WILSON.

The figures given below are a comparison of the cost of treatment to Mr. A. J. Wilson. In the first instance medical attention by Doctors; and in the second by the New Era Herbal Tablets Ltd.

Operation: Strangulation	£45	0	0
Appendix	30	0	0
Infection	?	?	
Teeth	10	10	0
Sanatorium	50	0	0
Sanatorium	30	0	0
Renal	10	10	0
	15	15	0
Hospital: P.P.H. and S. John's	200	0	0
Doctors' Attention	150	0	0
	547	15	0
Spinal Operations	60	0	0
Approximate costs over twelve years of operations and treatment, not including cost of medicines—AND NO CURE EFFECTED	£607	15	0
AFTER BEING DISCHARGED from Perth Public Hospital as incurable after twelve years' treatment, CURED BY NEW ERA HERBAL TABLETS IN A FEW MONTHS at a cost of less than	£10	0	0

(Signed) A. J. WILSON.

In spite of the number of remarkable cures that have been brought about during the past five years, the Medical Faculty are still bitterly opposed to the work performed by the New Era Herbal Tablets Co. with its Herbal Tablets.

They maintain that their methods are old-fashioned, that they are not worth interviewing or talking to, that their cures are merely accidents. If they are accidents, why should not one of the 19 doctors who treated the case above described over a period of 12 years not also have an accident?

A doctor who treated him at the hospital has examined him and congratulated him on his wonderful recovery.

Our past six years' experience has proved the great curative value of these tablets to all sufferers.

Wherever You May Be—Write to Us at Once

POST NOW your name and address with stamped return envelope, mentioning your complaint and age and receive details of our special methods of treatment by post. There is no obligation whatever. **WRITE TO-DAY** Mention this paper.

Obtainable ONLY Direct from

NEW ERA HERBAL TABLETS LTD.

South Australian and West Australian enquirers write to
Head Office and Laboratory:
1025-1034 HAY STREET, PERTH.
Claude Deane, Managing Director.
Phone: B2788

Victorian enquirers write to:—
NEW ERA HERBAL TABLETS LTD.,
Room 3, Third Floor,
284 Little Collins Street,
MELBOURNE, Vic.
Phone: 11341.

Queensland and New South Wales enquirers write to Sydney Branch:
SECOND FLOOR, STRAND ARCADE,
PITT STREET, SYDNEY.
Hedley Y. Arlow, Branch Manager.
Phone: MA2472.

BARBARA HUTTON *as Queen* of Georgia?

Fantastic Story of Revolution to Regain the Mdivani "Throne"

Fantastic stories were circulated about the Mdivani princes, says Prince David Mdivani, but none was more fantastic than that Barbara Hutton, wife of Prince Alexis, would finance a revolt to win back the Mdivani throne.

By PRINCE DAVID MDIVANI—The Last of a Series of Three Exclusive Articles to The Australian Women's Weekly.

FOR many years my brothers, Princes Alexis and Serge, and myself were names that made news, and the yarns written about us were fantastic in the extreme.

One ridiculous charge—just as untrue as all the rest—maintained that Alexis, with the Barbara Hutton millions behind him, planned to precipitate a revolt in Georgia which would restore the kingdom of our country and place my brother and Miss Hutton on the throne as king and queen.

The report, no doubt, had grown out of a story that had its origin in California when the late Governor James Rolph, of California, voluntarily commissioned Serge and me captains in the State's National Guard. At the request of the Governor, who had been kind enough to bestow on us such an unsolicited honor, Serge and I marched in a Los Angeles parade, wearing our uniforms, along with hundreds of other National Guardsmen.

Not long afterwards the story was circulated and printed that Serge and I had formed a secret army that was to be used to regain control of Georgia so that the Mdivani family could establish a royal kingdom and rule the country of our birth.

Some stories, of course, are too foolish to be considered.

Another story widely circulated was that we were not princes, but impostors.

In the midst of denunciations from strangers it seemed so odd to offer a defence. It seemed so utterly futile for us to rush forward with words to explain who we were or whence we had come when the best possible proof could be had by anyone who really wanted the truth.

To have gone to our friends and explained our origin, who our father was and all that sort of thing, would have been ridiculous. To have told strangers would have been even more ridiculous. Our real friends knew my father, my mother, my uncles. They knew my father, who died in April of 1933 in Paris, was Prince Zachariah Mdivani, who had been aide-de-camp to His Majesty Emperor Nicholas II of Russia, had been Under-Secretary of State in the Ministry of War in Georgia, and Governor-General of Batoum and all its provinces.

They knew, too, my father had been in the suite of the Emperor, an honor that had come to only twenty men out of a population of one hundred and eighty million persons. They knew my father was the owner of towns, had his own private train, innumerable homes, all of which, of course, were confiscated in the Revolution of 1924 which placed Georgia under the dominion of Soviet Russia.

I would have remained silent on all these rumors had it not been for an unwarranted and malicious statement about my beloved sister, Roussadanna, who is living happily with her famed and scholarly husband, Jose Maria Sert, in Paris. Roussadanna, if a child ever did, has minded her own business, left other people alone. She has won renown as a sculptress and her works to-day adorn many of the world's capitols.

PRINCES Serge and David Mdivani in the uniforms which caused the circulation of a story that the Barbara Hutton millions were to be used to foment a revolt in Georgia and place her and her husband, Prince Alexis, on the Mdivani "throne."

She has been too absorbed in her work, in her home life, her friends, to become embroiled in the pettiness of the world. She would never raise her voice against the insult because she lives among her friends, and her friends are happy to be the friends of Roussadanna.

This attack—careless and untrue—was written by a person who had the temerity not long ago to pretend to be our friend.

In the article, the writer, who didn't attempt to check with me or Serge for facts, charged that Roussadanna had, following the war, come to Hollywood, looked the place over and sent for Serge and me. It was stated that "Roussadanna's judgment had proved sound" because I had married Mae Murray and Serge had married Pola Negri.

As a matter of truth—a truth this writer could have obtained had the writer possessed the fairness to call either Serge or, me—Roussadanna has never been in California, much less Hollywood. But truth didn't matter to some people when writing about the Mdivanis.

LAUREL Kerosene

The Soft White Light

In Australian Lamps there nightly burns more Laurel than ALL other brands of kerosene put together! Housewives know it is the highest quality—they know its goodness never varies; so, the number of Laurel-filled lamps grows steadily from year to year.

IDEAL FOR CLEANING ~ HEATING ~ COOKING

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CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

WHAT IS YOUR BIG IDEA?

Grouch, praise, novel viewpoint, topical comment, any interesting thought is welcome to this page. But, KEEP YOUR LETTER AS SHORT AND CONCISE AS POSSIBLE.

LEARN TO LET GO!

HOW many of us have learned that it is only by letting go that we can keep those whom we wish to have about us?

Don't try to hold your children against their will, or try to keep your friends all to yourself, making scenes or being hurt because you can't have your own way.

You'll find yourself much more attractive to others once you have trained yourself in this respect, and you won't have to try to hold anyone—they'll stay put.

£1 for this letter to E. Davidson, Municipal Library Buildings, Stanley Street, South Brisbane S1.

❖ ❖ ❖

FARMING UTOPIA?

WOULD the present heavily-mortgaged farmers have any objection to communal farming? For instance, a twenty-thousand-acre farm with twenty families or so, sharing a large communal residence, or even separate houses, in the centre of the estate. Special communal tasks could be allotted male and female—teaching, cooking, washing, milking, ploughing, etc., etc. Maximum production at minimum cost in time and capital would be the result.

Also think of the increased happiness and cultural relationship this would bring about in a farming community, instead of the lonely, isolated existence at present. Country folk, what do you think?

Mrs. I. Blinston, 22 Earl St., North Carlton N4, Vic.

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DOMESTIC SERVICE

WHEN will we women of Australia realise that the solution of the much-discussed problem of efficient domestic assistance lies entirely in our own hands? Just as soon as we cease to regard domestic work as menial we will find the capable, trustworthy, efficient assistance we are anxious to obtain.

As well as being of direct benefit to ourselves, it behoves us all to make an effort to solve this problem for the sake of our country. Let us endeavor to be more understanding in this relationship of "mistress and maid," and so encourage our girls—the future mothers of Australia—to adopt the greatest of all professions for women, housekeeping and home building.

Miss Kathleen Cahir, Huonville, Tas.

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CYNICISM IN YOUTH

ONE is struck by the cynicism of youthful critics regarding the opposite sex.

As a result of bitter experience, a cynical outlook may be tolerated; but glamor, fine sentiments, especially towards love and marriage, and eager and confident anticipation of finding happiness in life, are the most priceless rights of youth.

No doubt the moth-eaten jokes about marriage, divorce, and mothers-in-law have an unhealthy influence, and should be scrapped.

No plea is being entered here for dizzy sentimentality; this is just a protest against the ruthless destruction of youth's ideals.

Mrs. L. Howarth, School Residence, Tempe, N.S.W.

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TRUTH ABOUT AUSTRALIA

AS the world in general seems to know less about this country than any other, a "Truth About Australia" League would be able to do a lot towards widening the world's knowledge of our country and its people, as well as correcting many misconceptions.

The members would be pledged to bring to the notice of the league any errors concerning Australia which appear in overseas papers, magazines, or books; the league could then write to the author or publisher of the paper or book, drawing attention to the mistake and forwarding the facts.

Most reputable papers and authors with a sense of justice and fairplay would welcome a courteous letter on these lines. A friend of mine has already done something on her own initiative, and in every case, save one, received a reply in which she was thanked for her trouble, with a promise that the mistake would not be repeated.

Mrs. H. A. Lindsay, Bordertown, S.A.

Life on a Farm is Just What You Make It

I DO not agree with Mrs. W. Allen (1/8/36) when she states that life on a farm is monotonous. To me the great, open spaces and beauty of nature manifested all around far exceed the disadvantages attached to farm life. Having lived on a farm all my life (over 30 years) I can honestly say with Mrs. Lyons that farm life is ideal, and never have I longed for the crowded and noisy life of the city.

Mrs. E. B. Quast, Punthari, S.A.

Not On Our Farm!

LIFE on a farm monotonous? Well, that would be the last word to describe life on our farm.

I do not agree that one does the same things year in year out. Why, even the neighbors' cows, of which Mrs. Allen complains, cause a diversion, even if an unpleasant one. There should be no lack of outside interests in these days of newspapers, magazines, and radio. And, looking over world affairs, surely life on the farm is the best and happiest one could find.

Mrs. N. R. Roberts, Crosby, Kettering, Tas.

No Time For Pleasure

AS a city dweller who has spent many holidays in the country, I agree that life on a farm is indeed monotonous compared with life in the city.

I am taking the woman's point of view. In the country we find she has comparatively few modern savers of labor, and is a drudge, more or less—with so much work that she doesn't get any time to enjoy herself.

Her time is fully employed with washing and ironing, cooking and scrubbing, and rearing children. Give me city life every time.

Miss J. Beale, 79 Ninth Avenue, Campsie, N.S.W.

Snap Out Of It!

LIFE is what you make it. Even though you live in a small community and you cannot get into town very often, surely there are neighbors who are friendly and congenial. And there are lots of ways in which you can brighten the home at a little cost.

Mrs. D. J. Bradshaw, Cryna, Beaudesert, Qld.

City Life Best

I AGREE with Mrs. Allen. Until recently we lived on a farm, and it was anything but ideal—and we knew nothing of droughts, fires, or floods.

Coming to the city gave my children the confidence they always lacked, less hard work, and more congenial companionship, and I am realising afresh each day just what country women miss—meeting with all types of people and being able to keep abreast of the times.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 20 Cubden St., Belmore, N.S.W.

Pure Air and Peace

I LIVE on a farm, and, while I admit its disadvantages, its advantages outweigh them. There is an abundance of pure air, healthful foods, and, above all, there is the peace of the country. After

REJOICE in fresh air and sun

all, locality does not make so very much difference to happiness; it is the attitude one brings to one's work, and the power to rise above the irritating little things.

Mrs. M. Byrnes, Spring Ridge, Roma, Qld.

Rests With Yourself

DOES not Mrs. Allen realise that "Happiness comes from within," and "Life is what we make it" are very true as well as very old sayings?

For the very poor, life on a farm is hard; but is not that equally true of the poor in the cities?

If life in the small community is dull, why not do something to enliven it?

Mrs. Rupert Watt, Yamboon, Mandagery, Forbes Line, N.S.W.

Cause of Deaths—Why Not Wipe Out Aviation?

M. FRANCIS, in her letter (1/8/36) thinks that aviation should be abolished, but apparently she knows very little about the real state of affairs.

The greatest number of deaths in aviation are caused by attempts to lower records.

As a famous British aircraft manufacturer has said: "Aviation will not be a success until the adventure is taken out of it." To-day the adventure is being taken out of it very rapidly with automatic pilots, anti-stalling slots, low landing speeds, beacons on fields, and parachutes that automatically operate within one hundred and fifty feet.

K. Hatton, 18 Irene St., Abbotsford, Sydney, N.S.W.

Human Progress

WHILE I agree that the aeroplane has taken toll of many valuable lives, one must realise that it is in the cause of human progress.

It is also well to remember that aviation is in its infancy, and that the early days of motoring saw just as many casualties. In fact, in those days the motor-car was considered so dangerous that a man was required to go ahead of the vehicle waving a red flag.

Mrs. E. Creelman, Walls St., Camperdown, Vic.

"Love at First Sight"

"LOVE at first sight" is one of the most ridiculous, obviously untrue, and widely-used expressions in the English language. How could one love a person at a first meeting? Love is based on friendship, common interests, intellectual companionship, as well as physical agreeableness. To be attracted at first sight—oh, yes—but please not "love at first sight."

B. Atkinson, 46 Beach Rd., Darling Point, N.S.W.

Aviation a Necessity

WHY not remove aviation, the cause of so many deaths? asks Miss Francis. Why then should we not remove motor-cars, the cause of the deaths of nineteen people a day in one Australian State?

Aviation is fast becoming a necessity. Day by day we read of aeroplanes bringing help and relief to the sick and beleaguered. Speed, nowadays, in such times of international crises is of paramount importance, and the aeroplane is thus superior to other methods of travel.

To urge the abolition of aviation is sheer futility. It is inexorable, inevitable. The men who have died have done so in the pioneering of aviation.

Mr. John H. E. Flak, 278 Annandale Street, Annandale, N.S.W.

Because They're New—

I DO not agree with M. Francis re the abolition of aeroplanes (1/8/36).

After all, aeroplanes are not the only things by which accidents are caused.

As soon as a new device for travelling is brought in, people begin to worry about the safety of it.

Many business transactions have been of profit to a company through quick exchange of letters, mail, etc., which can be done in these days only by air.

E. Milsom, 21 Charles Street, Forestville, Adelaide.

Advance Civilisation

M. FRANCIS points out that it seems very unimportant that a person should arrive at his or her destination a few days sooner than formerly, but what if that person is a member of the medical profession, or an officer of the law? Would there not be a great outcry if lives were lost because a doctor had M. Francis' outlook, and refused to travel any way other than that done by his forefathers, or, if a dangerous criminal were to cause havoc unchecked because an officer refused to travel through the air?

Those pilots who have laid down their lives did so that aviation may improve, just as our soldiers laid down their lives during the war, that civilisation and all that goes with it might also improve.

Miss N. Ellis, 47 Duncan Street, Arncliffe, N.S.W.

Has Widow Better Chance of Wedded Bliss?

RE W. J. Bayes' question (1/8/36): Do widows make the best wives? In general, I do not think so.

It is true they are experienced, but a young girl married for the first time will bring an eagerness and fresh happiness into married life.

A widow might make a good, sensible companion, but a man who wants romance would do better to choose a girl who has never been married before.

Mrs. B. Watherston, Comboyne, via Wingham, N.S.W.

Widows Might Compare!

I DO not agree with W. J. Bayes (1/8/36) that widows make the best wives. In many cases, if the first

LIVING in the past!

union has been a happy one, there is an inclination to live in the past a great deal, and should the second husband have many faults there is always the possibility that an unfavorable comparison will be made.

Mrs. J. Renard, Victor St., Holland Park, Brisbane S.E.3.

Better Chance

I THINK eighty per cent. of widows who marry again make a splendid job of the affair. They have learnt not to expect too much from a man. They forgive more easily, because they have been tutored by experience to be more tolerant.

I wouldn't say widows make better wives than spinsters, but I do think they have a better chance of making marriage a success.

Mrs. F. Pitt, 21 Queen St., Burnie, Tas.

Marriage Not a Job

DO widows make better wives than their single sisters?" asks W. J. Bayes (1/8/36). Perhaps they come to their second marriage with a more experienced hand than the "new chums," but a knowledge of how to manage a home does not necessarily mean automatic happiness. The single girl may enter marriage relatively ignorant of many things domestic, yet have compensating qualities that make for real happiness.

It would be a sorry day if we had to apply for marriage licences, enclosing details of experience and references. Marriage is hardly "a job."

Miss Dorothy Liddicoat, c/o L. May, Summit Drive, Eaglemont, Vic.

Profits By Experience

I AM convinced that widows do make the best wives. The widow understands men, and knows that in marriage there must be give and take.

The single girl, on the other hand, is apt to think that life from her wedding day will be a bed of roses. The awakening is a bitter one, and the reaction that follows can be imagined.

The second wife, if she is wise, will profit by her first experience. She knows that her husband is only a boy grown up. So she humors him, and, as a result, her second venture is usually successful.

A Brown, 20 Princes St., Adelaide.

Single Girl Happiest

I THINK that the single girl makes the best wife. She gives to marriage and home-making an enthusiasm which her already-married sister lacks. The widow is tired of home-making, and although she now has no need to experiment, her home lacks the brightness which is given by the just-married girl.

Mrs. M. Wallis, 61 Morang Rd., Hawthorn E2, Vic.

Would Prefer Widow

WERE I a man, I would prefer to marry a widow rather than a spinster.

If a woman is a good housekeeper, patient, loyal, careful, sensible, this will go a long way to a happy, successful marriage, and a sensible widow, marrying again, should have all these qualities.

A young girl certainly brings a happier enthusiasm into marriage, but, after all, this soon wears off.

Jessie Peterson, Huonville, Tas.

THIS FREEDOM!

WE are supposed to live in an age of freedom, but are we not, in some things, as slaves ruled by tyrannical masters?

There is one who says: "You must not read this book—it is bad for you." Another: "You must not see this film, it is immoral." Surely we have a right to judge for ourselves what is good or bad for us? If one has a natural bent to walk the downward path, all the censorship in the world will be useless, and this censorship is often just an incentive to do as one pleases.

K. Toner, 19 Gregory St., Enfield, N.S.W.

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WORKING GIRLS

I WOULD like to make a suggestion which I believe would go a long way towards bringing about the economic recovery of this country.

Girls whose parents' incomes is above a certain amount should be legally prevented from taking positions except those which are suitable only for women. Such parents should be legally obliged to allow their single daughters a certain amount of pocket money weekly—a percentage on their means.

Some women might think this hard, since they have become accustomed to being independent, but the present state of affairs is dangerous, and might bring about the gradual decadence of our country. Serious matters require serious remedies.

N. Wetherall, 109 Alison Rd., Randwick, N.S.W.

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ENCOURAGE OTHERS

THERE are many people capable of doing big things in life who are handicapped by insufficient encouragement. People are all too ready to criticise a person's work, and are often most tactless in doing so. A little less criticism and a liberal dose of encouragement would place new hopes and revive lost ambitions.

It is when hopes are abandoned and a person gives a few words of encouragement that new fire and inspirations are born, and the determination to win through at all costs becomes uppermost.

Viola Foote, Valdarno, 13 Cole St., Hawthorn, Vic.

❖ ❖ ❖

SHAKESPEAREAN STUDY

SHAKESPEARE is England's greatest literary genius, and is more widely read than any other author.

But students, attending our secondary schools, have their reading of this great dramatist's work spoilt for them. They are compelled to analyse, probe and find hidden meanings in words to which Shakespeare gave but the simplest.

The manner in which classics are taught in our schools to-day may be compared with vivisection. The play or novel is pulled to pieces and its delight and freshness are lost, and we are left with the knowledge of what some person thinks Shakespeare meant, and the delicate appeal of his words is gone, to return no more.

Walter Ives, 128 Piper St., Bathurst, N.S.W.

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HOMECRAFT ACADEMY

WE have dressmaking, millinery, dramatic and dancing schools, and business colleges held during the evening, but where can a young woman learn to be a good housewife?

There is little time during week-ends for busy mothers to teach daughters. I would like to see a series of night classes given, where cooking, plain sewing, and housekeeping would be taught by experts for a small fee.

Don't you think happier and healthier homes would be the result?

Miss P. Fort, 9 Young St., Redfern, N.S.W.

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DOG-OWNERS, BEWARE!

WHAT would apparently seem a kindness to take your dog as far as the train or tram when you go out is a dangerous practice, and, in many cases ends in disaster. Often the dogs, when left, wander about, get lost, and become public nuisances.

Recently I saw a beautiful collie accompanying its mistress to the tram. After the tram moved off the dog stood watching its mistress out of sight, then leisurely sauntered across the road, right under a heavy motor bus.

May these few words make owners more considerate of their pets.

Mrs. Daly, 43 Clifton Rd., E. Hawthorn, Vic.

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IS ASTOR DIARY *a Work of* FICTION?

Family Friend Horton Does Not Fear Revelations

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

LONDON, Sunday.

"I don't think there is anything sensational in Mary Astor's diary about the hidden life of film folks," said Edward Everett Horton, famous Hollywood star, on his arrival in England to play the lead in the British film, "The Man in the Mirror."

Horton is a personal friend of both Mary Astor and her husband, Dr. Franklin Thorpe, whose divorce court wrangle over the custody of the child of the marriage resulted in Mary Astor's diary becoming the sensation of the proceedings.

IT has been said that the diary contains frank and startling revelations about famous men and women film stars, and that Mary compiled a list of the perfect lovers of Hollywood, together with other information of a sensational nature about the film colony.

"I suppose Mary's diary is like most diaries—a work of fiction," Horton told me. "Suppose she did make a diary of the most attractive men in Hollywood. Well, what about it? Anybody might write anything in a diary.

Devoted Mother

"DESPITE the charge and counter-charge hurled in the divorce courts I see Mary Astor as a devoted mother and her husband as a man anxious for her health and proud of her success, and I am delighted that the trouble is now to be settled out of court."

Horton, who will soon get to work on his film, said he was not perturbed about the dairy, and he thought that altogether too much had been made of it.

"I have been a close friend of Mary and her husband for years. Mary is delicate and highly strung, and her doctor-husband cut out the gay night life for the sake of her health.

He left her to choose between her film career and a life of gay amusement, as she was not strong enough to pursue both with the feverish activity of so many people in Hollywood.

"Mary agreed, but she broke away from this self discipline when her husband was away hunting with his greatest friend, Clark Gable. She hit the high spots and filled the house with gay friends of her childhood and the days when she was an unknown actress with her career before her.

"Certainly there may have been wild parties and a lot of noise. But, personally, I do not believe that there is any harm in Mary. She is nervous and fanciful. The much-discussed diary, in my opinion, is largely a work of imagination.

"I was a frequent visitor to her house and was allowed to come and go when other men friends had been banned by her husbad.

"This diary bother is a complete relevation to me. I cannot believe that there is anything sensational in it."

BEAUTIFUL MARY ASTOR

WANTS TO *Buy the Hordern* MANSION

Man who Gave £1000 Party Missed Historic Home by £10,000!

Only a few pounds—£10,000 to be exact—which is a mere nothing in the wealth of the Hordern family, stood in the way of the sale of Babworth House, the beautiful home of Sir Samuel and Lady Hordern at Darling Point, in the past few days.

Mr. J. Woolcott Forbes, of Eastbourne Road, Darling Point, had designs on the historic old mansion, which with its magnificent position, immense size, and big acreage would be an ideal residence for his family.

A FEW days ago, Mr. Woolcott Forbes made an offer of £40,000 cash to Sir Samuel's legal representative in Sydney for the home, and accompanied the offer with a cheque for £1000.

The offer was immediately cabled to Sir Samuel Hordern, who is in England with Lady Hordern. The offer was refused, £50,000 being fixed as the price of the home.

A further difficulty in connection with the transaction was that the magnificent furniture in Babworth House, estimated to be worth £25,000, is the property of Lady Hordern, and she preferred to do nothing in the matter of disposing of it until her return to Sydney.

In these circumstances negotiations were broken off during the past week, and Mr. Woolcott Forbes had his cheque returned to him.

MR. AND MRS. WOOLCOTT FORBES

In Honor of His Wife

MR. WOOLCOTT FORBES is a well-known Sydney company director with offices in Barrack Street, Sydney, and recently came very much into the limelight when he gave a most lavish birthday party at the Hotel Australia in honor of his wife's birthday. The entertainment, which was on a scale unheard of in Australia before, cost £1000.

Sir Samuel Hordern, who has a life interest in the £3,000,000 estate of his late father, Mr. Samuel Hordern, is one of the best known and most highly respected business men in the State, and after his father's death carried on the business of Anthony Hordern and Sons emporium in Brickfield Hill until the business was floated into a public company.

Lady Hordern is a daughter of the late Sir John See, a former Premier of New South Wales.

Sir Samuel and Lady Hordern have lived at Babworth House for over thirty years. They reared their family of two daughters and one son there, but the children have all married now and established homes of their own.

Sir Samuel and Lady Hordern are expected to return from a visit to their daughter, Doreen, Mrs. Oscar Peall, who is living in England, towards the end of the present year.

Shoes for Girls and Shoes for Boys—

GOOD SHOES *for* YOUNG FEET

Special Bargains!

KKD 11 — "Little gent" — for the growing boys. In black or tan calf, popular Derby design, genuine bull soles.
Sizes 10-13, 12/6, now 10/6
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12/6 10/6

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Size 12, was 10/6, now 8/11
Sizes 11-1, were 12/11, now 10/11
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10/6 8/11

These shoes are a small selection picked from the large range in our children's section—but they're enough to give you an idea of the keen values offering. When you bring your children to Hunter's for their shoes—you get extra service. Experts advise you on the faultless fitting of growing feet. Benefit by their long experience—for a little care in foot fitment now means a lifetime of comfort for your children.

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FWT 2 — This new tan calf two-hole tie features the new flexible Wonder Well Soles. Here's a lightweight for the girl that is ever so serviceable.
Sizes 7-10, 11/9, now 10/6
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11/9 10/6

JAP 523—A bargain for the growing girl. A popular centre buckle instep bar design. White and Sons' well-known manufacture. These are in black patent with genuine pump soles.
Sizes 3-6, 8/6, now 6/11
Sizes 7-10, 10/6, now 8/11
Sizes 11-1, 12/6, now 11/11

8/6 6/11

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This attractive Trousseau Chest is selected from a very large range of designs displayed in our new Showrooms. Call and see them; you will be delighted.

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In this new Bedroom Suite, contrasting Walnut veneers and attractive design are worthy of Suites costing much more than our special reduced price. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe. 3ft. 9in. kneehole Dressing-table and Double Loughboy are all fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. The Suite has bar-handles and cabriole legs. Do not fail to secure at

This Week's Cash Price. (Bedstead Extra) £16/19/6
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This modern 4ft. 6in. Breakfast Room Cabinet has numerous compartments, including Bread Cupboard and one drawer divided for Cutlery. Leadlight doors are particularly attractive. The construction and finish are excellent.

This Week's Cash Price 85/-
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This new Dining Room Set is another remarkable example of Warehouse values. 4ft. 6in. Sideboard has Oak Veneer fronts and usual cupboards and drawers; 5ft. Refectory Table has splayed box-legs giving massive appearance; four Chairs have upholstered lift-out seats and comfort-shaped backs.

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This fully-fitted Loughboy is an ideal gift for a gentleman. It has sliding trays, trouser-rails, useful mirror, and fitted hanging compartment. Don't miss this bargain.

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BLOSSOMS

The waking buds burst into song,
They've been asleep so long, so long;
Such dreams of spring they have to tell,
When flaunting color rings her bell.

Then fragrance comes to join the show
Of love-kissed blossoms — how they glow!
Tune-in with them—be gay and sing,
And dance—you must—it is the spring.

—Anita Panne.

BACK *to* LAVENDER

Continued from Page 16

"FEW things last in themselves. But their spirit lingers. Fifty years hence, Rex, your grandchildren will turn to back files of the 'Mercury' and laugh at the pictures of Brailstead folk in bygone nineteen-thirty and forty."

Somehow he managed to laugh and say "Yes."

His visit to Yorkshire was profitable. Rotherson treated him as a welcome guest, insisted on his staying there for several days and offered him the editorship of one of the provincial newspapers he controlled. Rex was grateful, but nothing seemed to matter very much. He could not forget the approaching end of his grandmother's beloved "Mercury."

He returned to Brailstead on a day of bitter significance—Friday. It marked the penultimate appearance of the paper.

Brailstead station was never less welcome to him than to-day. He got out of the train and walked towards the exit.

Passing the bookstall he heard someone say: "Brailstead 'Mercury,' please."

"Sorry, Mr. Wilton, we're sold out. Deliver you a copy in an hour or so."

Rex stopped and stared. For twelve months the bookstall people and newsagents had been returning unsolds, increasing in bulk each week.

There was a bigger surprise to follow.

"Right, get me a copy, will you? And I'll have it sent regularly in future."

He walked away puzzled. The idea of any fresh reader ordering the "Mercury" these days seemed incredible. The new subscriber was unlucky. He would have to content himself with one more issue.

Outside the station he met Shawfield, an estate agent in business next door to the "Mercury" offices. Reputed to be a busy man, Shawfield usually nodded and passed on.

To-day he paused, grinning widely.

"Good wheeze," he said. "Often wondered how you were going to pull the 'Mercury' round. Don't mind my saying it, do you? But we all knew the paper was on its beam ends. Now—" He gave an approving nod.

Rex said nothing. Amazement silenced him.

"Cute," went on Shawfield. "Can't often turn a thing's weakness into its strength. You've done it, though, and more power to your elbow. The whole crowd in my building have been giggling like a lot of school kids. Don't suppose one of 'em knows or cares where Brailstead begins or ends. They aren't parish patriots. But to see them snuggering over that picture of the High Street in 1870—and that priceless one of the old joker with side-whiskers, straw hat, and stove-pipe trousers——"

He wagged his head, and hurried on.

THE bewildered Rex stood motionless for a moment. Then he walked over to a stationer's opposite. He was glad the shopman did not know him. An editor buying a copy of his own paper seemed ridiculous.

"'Mercury,' sir?" said the man doubtfully. He rummaged on a counter. "Let's see—yes, just one left. Been a rush on the paper for once. Not surprising, in a way. Nobody's interested in present-day Brailstead. It's a half-way area, that's all. But the Brailstead of seventy years ago makes such a contrast, you can't help being tickled."

Rex had not heard him. He was staring at the middle page. Instead of the valedictory announcement to readers, there were huge headlines—

THE STORY OF BRAILSTEAD
Begins To-day on Page 3

Underneath ran a notice: "This story, the history of our district since it first saw bricks and mortar, will appear in eight weekly parts, together with numerous illustrations taken from early files of the 'Mercury' and other sources. We are sure our readers will appreciate . . ."

He scanned column after column, page after page. No reference to the "Mercury's" imminent demise, nothing giving a clue to the actual state of affairs.

HE left the shop in a daze. Everywhere, on walls, in shop windows, even emblazoned on a banner suspended between two grimy houses, was the slogan "Read the Story of Brailstead in the 'Mercury.'" The posters bore a large illustration in which side-whiskers and crinolins predominated.

"Golly!" he said.

Joan had done this. No doubt about it. Old Wickens hadn't the daring.

His guess was confirmed when Joan herself opened the door of the old, grey basement-house. She looked at him with eyes of victory.

"Rex! You don't mind?"

"Mind!"

"I had no right to take the risk. But my heart just ached for your grandmother. I had a little money of my own to pay for the extra posters and things. I had an awful fight with the printers and old Wickens. I didn't tell you anything in case you wouldn't agree."

"Joan," he said, "angels are beneath you."

"I haven't slept all night. I was so scared. If it had failed—but, thank heaven, it hasn't. I know it can't last. They'll begin to lose interest in a few weeks. But you'll be able to carry on until——"

"Is that Rex back?" came the fluty voice of Mrs. Woodfall.

They ran upstairs. The old lady, her cap a trifle askew, was sitting up in bed. Her thin, veined hands held a copy of the "Mercury."

"Fie, Rex!" she said. "So! You never said a word to me about this idea of the History. Ah, well, we all like to arrange surprises. You've given Brailstead a treat, to be sure."

She smoothed the paper with her fingers. "Dear old 'Mercury'! Wouldn't John be proud if he could see you these days? But there, I daresay he looks down sometimes and knows that you're strong and safe as the Bank of England itself."

She turned her head and stared at Joan. "Why, I do declare, child," she quavered, "you're making grimaces at me!"

Joan swallowed and laughed. "Sorry," she said. "Something in my throat."

(Copyright)

JOAN BENNETT, 20th Century Player, achieves sleekness in this dusty-pink matelasse satin gown. The skirt is designed with a front drapery intricately looped through an emerald and diamond ornament at the waist, while the fitted bodice is offset with a deep cowl both back and front.

Science Introduces A Startling New Discovery That is Bringing Glorious Relief to Untold Thousands of

SKINNY, PALE, RUN-DOWN, WEAK, NERVOUS, SICKLY MEN AND WOMEN!

How "VIKELP," the Amazing Mineral Concentrate from the Sea, Now considered World's Richest Storehouse of Life-Giving Minerals and Iodine, Quickly gets at the cause of Weakened Tired-Out Bodies, IODINE STARVED BLOOD and GLANDS.

How, within 10 days this Wonderful Body Builder puts on 5 Pounds of Solid Flesh, BUILDS RICH RED BLOOD, RUGGED STRENGTH, VITAL ENERGY, CALMS NERVES, BRINGS REST-FUL SLEEP AND AN APPETITE TO ENJOY FOOD.

VIKELP MUST QUICKLY CORRECT

CONSTIPATION SLEEPLESSNESS
INDIGESTION NERVOUSNESS
LOSS OF ENERGY
RHEUMATISM GOITRE
FEMALE WEAKNESS
THIN WATERY BLOOD
Without the Use of Drugs, or
Money Is Refunded

DON'T be discouraged if you are tired out, weak, sickly, run-down and nervous, constantly sick and suffering with stomach disorders, lack of energy and fatigue. Science now traces the simple and easily corrected cause—glands starving for iodine. These tiny, hidden internal glands need a definite ration of NATURAL FOOD IODINE all the time (don't confuse this with ordinary liquid iodine, which is frequently toxic). Without it, assimilation fails, metabolism (the body's building process) is irregular and the food you eat, instead of building firm flesh, rugged strength and tireless energy, simply passes through the system virtually unused. Now, however, with "Vikelp," the astonishing new mineral concentrate from the sea, and the world's richest source of life-giving minerals and iodine, your food is put to work for you. "Vikelp's" minerals—such as iron, copper, calcium, phosphorus and 9 other needed body minerals—stimulate the digestive juices needed for perfect digestion of fats and starches, the weight-making elements in food. Then its iodine assures the conversion of this digested material into firm flesh, muscular power and the rich red blood that nourishes you and keeps you strong and well. "Vikelp" is 1300 times richer in NATURAL FOOD IODINE than oysters. 3 "VIKELP" Tablets contain more iron and copper than a pound of spinach, 7½ pounds of fresh tomatoes, more calcium than 6 eggs, more phosphorus than 1½ lbs. of carrots.

HAVE YOU THESE SYMPTOMS OF IODINE STARVATION?

PROVE IT—OR MONEY BACK

Start "Vikelp" today. Weigh and measure yourself. Then see how far you can walk or how long you can work without growing tired. Next, take 3 "VIKELP" Tablets with each meal for 30 days, and again weigh and measure yourself and test your endurance. You will be amazed at the difference it makes, how much better you feel, how at least 5 lbs. have taken the place of scrawny flesh, how well you sleep, how your appetite has improved and the complete relief and elimination of constipation, indigestion, nervousness and all the ailments that usually follow in their wake—or your money will be refunded. Just send back the empty bottle.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

"I have taken 'VIKELP' Tablets for several weeks. I FEEL A NEW MAN. MY NERVES ARE QUITE NORMAL, MY ENERGY AND APPETITE GREATLY IMPROVED." E. L., Neath.

"I used to feel so tired and lack-compared after doing my housework, but thanks to 'VIKELP' Tablets I now have energy and vitality. 7 pounds may not seem a lot to gain but it is to me — always being thin and never gaining weight." V. Pugler, Mordon.

"I am perfectly satisfied with my course of 'VIKELP' treatment. "VIKELP" is a wonderful flesh builder and has gained 7½ pounds of firm healthy flesh for me and I have never felt so full of PEP at I do now. Before taking "VIKELP" I used to play tennis, go swimming and dancing; and the strain was beginning to tell on me but since taking "VIKELP" I HAVE FELT NONE OF THIS. IMPROVED M.T. RECREATIONS 100%, AND BECOME MOST POPULAR WITH EVERYBODY. I shall be ever thankful I tried "VIKELP" and I am telling my friends about these wonderful Tablets.

Please send me another tin of "VIKELP" for which P.O. is enclosed." P. E. K. Rochester.

WHAT "VIKELP'S" PRECIOUS CONCENTRATED MINERALS MEAN TO YOU

In Rich Supply of	Corrects	Results in
Iodine	Goitre, nervousness, skinniness, low vitality, skin diseases.	Normal weight, increased vitality, improved reproduction.
Iron	Anemia, headaches, weakness, asthma.	Red blood cells, more vitality.
Copper	Anemia	Red blood cells.
Calcium	Stomach trouble, rickets, eczema.	Good teeth, alkalinity.
Phosphorus	Mental exhaustion, subnormal growth.	Sturdy bones, clear thought.
Sodium	Stomach trouble, rheumatism, kidney & bladder disorders.	Normal digestion, alkalinity, ligament health.
Potassium	Acidosis, heart disorders, constipation.	Improved heart and liver action.
Magnesium	Underweight, skin diseases.	Normal weight, clear skin.
Sulphur	Constipation, blood and liver disorders.	Clear skin, healthy liver, strong nerves.
Manganese	Anemia, gout, general debility.	Increased vitality, improved reproduction.

What World's Heavyweight Champion "JIMMY" BRADDOCK says about "VIKELP"

"For years before winning the World's Heavyweight Championship, I had lacked the weight and rugged extra strength needed to compete as a genuine heavyweight. At the suggestion of a noted physical trainer, I tried "Vikelp," and in 6 short weeks put on 26 lbs. of husky, needed flesh and shattering new strength. I have never had more endurance, felt stronger or tired less in all my experience in the ring. You can tell any skinny, weak, underweight man or woman anywhere that "Vikelp" is the greatest weight and strength builder there is."—"Jimmy" Braddock, World's Heavyweight Boxing Champion.

VIKELP *Body Building Tablets*

Sold as Kelpamalt in U.S.A.

Don't wait any longer. Order "Vikelp" to-day. Regain lost vigour and youthful energy this easy scientific way. Special short time introductory offer gives you 10-day trial treatment of "Vikelp" (100 tablets) for 6/-. Regular large size tin (225 tablets) 4 to 9 times the size of ordinary tablets for only 11/6. Get your "Vikelp" before this offer expires.

Vikelp, Dept. WWE/4
Box 3879 BB, Sydney.
Please send me POST FREE
☐ 10 Day Trial Treatment of "Vikelp" (100 tablets) 6/-.
☐ 225 "VIKELP" Tablets—11/6.
(Price's amount wanted)
for which enclosed find.....
Name .....
Address .....
(Please write in capitals.) Dept. WW E/4

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Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:

MANDRAKE: A master with magic, who uses it in the cause of justice, and

LOTHAR: A powerful Nubian, his faithful servant. Seeking relaxation, after a stirring adventure werewolf-hunting, they meet

SIR OSWALD: Out shooting game, killing everything that comes within range. Mandrake, surprised, tells him that only when he is hungry does he kill animals, and then he does it with a spear at close quarters, as this gives the animal a sporting chance. Sir Oswald laughs, and seeing a mountain lion in the distance takes aim. Mandrake decides to teach him a lesson, and to Sir Oswald's astonishment the lion stands up, with a rifle in his paws, and takes aim. Sir Oswald runs for cover

NOW READ ON

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Mother! WORMS may be the trouble

If your child's health has been worrying you take particular notice of the symptoms. If bad nerves, night terrors, irregular appetite, itching or weakness are the trouble, take immediate action against worms. At least 5 out of every 10 children suffer from worms at some time or other. Your child may be one of the victims.

The Guaranteed Remedy

The easiest and safest way to remove intestinal worms is to use Baxter's Worm Tablets. Guaranteed worm expellers, Baxter's Worm Tablets cure the most difficult cases without the slightest harm. Baxter's Worm Tablets do not contain Santonin or injurious compounds.

FREE BOOKLET

Find out all you should know about intestinal worms. Everything is simply explained in the Baxter's Worm Tablet Booklet, which will be sent

Without Obligation

Send now for your free copy to Laxette Mfg. Co., Dept. XA4 366 Swanston Street, Melbourne. If tablets are unobtainable locally, send 3/6 for a course of treatment (or 6/- for double size). Posted Free in plain wrapper.

BAXTER'S Worm Tablets

Bran Tub Competitions

RESULT OF DOTS AND DASHES No. 3.

The interpretation of the picture is as under: One of the - - - - - got behind the - - - - - - dog, flew on his - - - - - - back, and started to - - - - - him. When the dog turned to - - - - - - it, the other bird stole the - - - -.

The winners' missing words were as under: Mr. M. Batten, Bli Bli Road, via Nambour, Queensland: Rooks, Hoodoo, Sooty, Spoof, Oppose, Food. Mr. E. T. Bensen, Albury, New South Wales: Rooks, Hoodoo, Wooly, Toots, Oppose, Food. Mr. O. Glen, 183 Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill, New South Wales: Rooks, Hoodoo, Sooty, Toots, Foredo, Food.

As these persons tied with a total of 14 Points, the whole of the Prize Money (£7/5) will be divided equally between them.

NOTE.—(Hoodoo, meaning Unlucky.)

Prize Money will be posted on Friday, 4th September.

A NEW TYPE OF COMPETITION WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF THIS PAPER.***

A *Nice* NEIGHBOR

Continued from Page 7

MRS. AINSMORE, sensing masculine sympathy, plunged into an account of the difficulty she had with this house. Mrs. Ainsmore needed sympathy, and her tenants were the only people who encouraged her to keep this house open. This young man seemed so capable . . . she wondered . . .

When Eddie crept back upstairs, shaken by the ruin he'd almost brought down on his own hopes, he'd made up his mind he'd do something definite about getting to know Arlie.

That night when Arlie came up the stairs wearing dandelions pinned to her coat like a little girl, Eddie got a grip on himself and spoke about the weather. Finding that she agreed quite reasonably that it was a beautiful night, he got very bold and looked at her, her wide-apart, dark eyes, the soft little mouth, the chin that at this moment had a reflection of yellow shining on it from the dandelions.

"I see you like butter," he said, and his palms were wet and his tongue was dry.

"This isn't butter. It's paint," Arlie told him seriously, looking down at the little package in her hand.

"Oh, no . . . I meant the dandelions. They shine on your chin. Or maybe you were brought up in the city, and didn't know about that stuff when you were a kid."

"Oh . . . that!" she said, "If we raised them in hot-houses and had to weed out the orchids so they wouldn't choke the dandelions, we'd see how beautiful they are."

"There might be a moral in that," Eddie said. "Behold a tired Diogenes snooping out morals in everything."

"That sounds rather dreary. Is it your job, or something?"

So he told her about the terrible stuff he had to write, with a committee of religious spinsters who wore their hats tipsily atop grey pompadours, and said "Oh, fudge," to show they were modern girls. Eddie had no illusions about his paper. He pictured his young readers taking it in doses, like castor oil. "I'll read that old 'Clean Fun' or I'll practise an hour, but durned if I ought to have to do both," he imagined them saying rebelliously.

"But it pays," he said grandly. "Not much, but something." His fifteen swelled to fifty in that modest sentence, and Arlie opened her eyes with the wide admiration of the freelance for those who possess jobs.

Then she told him about her work, about the prise she'd won in Buffalo, on which she was now living, and it, too, burgeoned into something substantial. They couldn't help wanting admiration, so they borrowed from a future they were certain could lend generously to this meagre moment.

"But I'd like to get some commercial work to do," she said with a little sigh. She had painted a bowl of tomato soup, but when she showed it to the manufacturer he said it looked like strawberry gelatine. That gave her an idea, so she took it to a gelatine company. But they thought it looked like soup.

WHEN they simultaneously realised they'd been standing in the shadowy hall talking and laughing as though they really knew each other, they were so startled that they jangled their latchkeys and dashed for their respective doors.

"Gracious!" said Arlie to herself, "I wouldn't want him to think!"

But he did think. He thought of nothing else, practically, except how darling she was, and how inconceivably wonderful it was that out of all the girls in the world, this only one he could love should have been brought and left on his very doorstep, like his life's valentine. No mistake about it, Eddie was in love now.

After that first evening, she was more than formal when they met, as they seemed to rather frequently. Not that she returned to her policy of mistaking him for dust on the stairs, but she spoke with high fences around her words, and Eddie just couldn't leap over them, without spoiling all chances by making her suspicious.

"At this rate," he said to himself, "we'll be fifty-four by the time I've chalked up ten hours of acquaintance. Five minutes a day, multiplied by 365 . . ."

Sometimes he admitted how little progress he'd made in these weeks, and determined that he'd just give up all this nonsense, and settle down and forget. Maybe he'd even move into a room he could afford, and begin eating again. He took savage satisfaction in thinking about trading the sight of Arlie for a juicy steak, and giving up all chance of talking to her, even if she did say only, "Yes, it is a lovely evening, Mr Patterson." But in his heart he knew that was only desecration caused by being so lonely and loving her so senselessly. For as soon as events threatened, he found himself fighting to keep even this unproductive situation intact.

Events, as always in that house, meant Mrs Ainsmore. She was feeling very low about the house. Mr. Forbes had written her a letter, a mean, nasty letter. Eddie, stopping on the way up to explain that he couldn't quite pay his rent again, found her sitting in a sort of nest she'd built of scribblings, looking most wretched and bewildered.

"Well, I'll just give it all up," she said, letting out an explosive sigh. "It's just too much for me, and I can't make it pay."

"Give it up?" Eddie said. "Give what up?"

"Why, the house. I'll just close it, or let the bank grab it or something. I'm sick and tired of it." Eddie went cold all over. It was one thing for him to contemplate giving up, but when Fate herself said it (all the tenants thought of Mrs Ainsmore as Fate!) that was something to worry about.

"YOU mean we'd just move out?" he cried.

Mrs. Ainsmore nodded gloomily. She showed him the tangle of figures, and the one which popped up every month and had to be knocked down by a figure squeezed out of somewhere else to meet the deficit. It did look pretty bad.

"But we can't do that!" Eddie said. "We've got to think of something." He pushed books off a chair and sat down beside Mrs. Ainsmore, and began sorting out her scribblings.

"Well, no wonder," he said, as if he'd made a discovery. "You've got people in here who can't afford to live here!"

"But nobody can afford to live, these days," she said sadly. "I keep hoping something will happen."

"That's the trouble with everybody," Eddie said sternly. "We've got to make it happen." But Mrs. Ainsmore was thoroughly sick of this game, which started out such fun, and then got so tiresome. "I'm just going to let somebody else worry about it," she said. "I'll go down the cape, and everyone else can move where they please."

Please turn to Page 26

MIRIAM HOPKINS chooses a rich silver lame gown for dining and dancing. The sheath-like skirt falls in graceful folds around the feet. The tight-fitting bodice with its swathed decolletage reveals the shoulders.

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation

Actual Photo. Mrs. Marion Beltner, age 33. Darlinghurst Road. Takes Dec. 18, 1933.

Actual Photo. Mrs. Marion Beltner, taken Jan. 8, 1936, after 8 applications of New Plasmic.

Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the skin, Pimples, etc., developed by Old Age or Other Causes.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG.
YOUNG FACES KEPT YOUNG.
BLEMISHED SKINS MADE PERFECT.

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION or Large Tube sufficient for twelve treatments posted free to any address for 5/-.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them (with full directions) for postal note of 1/- and two penny stamps.

JOHN AFRIAT, Radio House, 296 Pitt Street, Sydney.

YOURS for 2/- DEPOSIT

30/- Model for 17/6

Don't miss this genuine offer. Charming frock in latest floral Spun de Chene. Sent on FREE APPROVAL to any address in the Commonwealth.

A dainty Creation by our Fashion Expert, and designed particularly for Spring and Summer wear. An attractive feature is the smart Peter Pan Collar with unusually effective pleated labels and jabot of self material.

The sleeves are short, with opening on top of arm, and roule edge. Waist finished with belt of self material and white buckle. Box pleats form panel at front and back of skirt.

Floral designs in latest shades, predominating colours, Blue, Pink, and Green, all on White ground. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W., O.S., and X.O.S.

Simply send postal note for 2/-, plus 4d. for postage, with order, and this attractive model will be forwarded by return mail. Balance of payment in easy instalments of only 2/- fortnightly. Full price only 17/6. O.S. and X.O.S. 2/6 extra.
If not satisfied, return frock unworn within 7 days and your deposit will be refunded.
Write NOW, stating size and colour of frock required.

FELIX ARDEN
Dept. W.8, 71 YORK ST., SYDNEY.

Drink habit soon banished

"20 years ago you cured my husband. Now I want it for a son," writes a grateful woman. You CAN bring happiness to YOUR home by using Eucrasy.

It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Not costly. Call or write to-day for a FREE SAMPLE, Booklet, and many testimonials.

Dept. B., THE EUCRASY CO.,
297 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

FLU and COLDS

STOP them before they get started by taking Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Used successfully in past epidemics. Recommended by the medical profession and used in Australia's largest hospitals. Powders and Tablets: 1/6 and 2/6.

All Chemists and Stores, or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, 76-78 Liverpool Street, Sydney.

GENUINE VINCENT'S A.P.C.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

Her frock is a *Model*

. . . her taste is cultivated Kraft Cheese is served in her home . . .

Women who from birth have been educated to appreciate the good things of life find in Kraft the perfect cheese. Always fresh, delightfully flavoured, rich in concentrated food value its unvarying high quality makes it absolutely "correct" at all times. Thrifty women make it the foundation of the majority of their dishes when entertaining because it is so economical. There is no rind and NO WASTE when you use Kraft Cheese, and it has an amazing variety of uses.

KRAFT CHEESE

in 4 oz. and 8 oz. packets

Kraft Cheese is sold in 4 oz. and 8 oz. packets, 1 and 2 oz. portions—wrapped in hygienic silver foil, to protect its flavour, purity and freshness.

FREE RECIPE BOOK. The Kraft Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It," contains scores of ideas for unusual new dishes. Write to Kraft Walker Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd., Riverside Avenue, Melbourne, 58 Clarence Street, Sydney, or 74 Eagle Street, Brisbane, for your copy.

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What Women Are Doing

Fine Record

THE National Council of Women in N.S.W. has a proud record, embracing forty years of uninterrupted work.

At the reception held last week to celebrate its fortieth birthday the founder, Miss Margaret Windeyer, and two of the original members, Lady MacCallum and Miss Edith Fry, attended. Mrs. B. Muscio is president of the society.

◆ ◆ ◆

Delegates To W.C.T.U. Conference

OF the sixty delegates from all States to travel to Perth for the tenth triennial convention of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, to be held between September 4 and 11, twenty-six will be from Victoria.

This Victorian delegation will be led by Mrs. Evan Rees, president of the Victorian Union, of which she was secretary for twenty years before she took over the presidential chair three years ago. Mrs. Rees is also hon. secretary of the Australian Union, and she has arranged the programme for the convention. Other well-known Victorians to make the trip with her will be Mrs. Griffiths Lloyd, a former Victorian president, and a vice-president of the Australian Union; Mrs. J. H. Chesterfield and Mrs. E. G. Hallebone, hon. treasurer and vice-president for Victoria.

◆ ◆ ◆

Going Abroad to Study Forestry

MISS SHIRLEY HOETTE, M.Sc., who sails from Melbourne on October 27 to study abroad, has gained one of the coveted free passages as a result of her brilliant record at Melbourne University.

She has collected a large number of honors since she won the German Honors Exhibition during her last year at Warwick College. In her first year at the University she gained the exhibition in Botany Part 1; in her second year exhibitions in Botany and Zoology; in her third year an exhibition in Zoology; and in her last year carried off the Caroline King Scholarship for two years of research.

Since then she has spent six months in Queensland doing research work on banana diseases for the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research, and is at present working on wood fungi at the Melbourne laboratories of the council.

Most of Miss Hoette's time abroad will be spent at the forestry school near Berlin, but she will also study at Princes Risborough School of Research in England.

◆ ◆ ◆

Australian "Blue" to Melbourne Girl

THE only all-Australian "blue" to come to Melbourne this year, and the only woman's award, was won by Miss Shirley Whittaker for inter-Varsity tennis. Miss Whittaker, who hopes to finish her arts course next year, won her Melbourne University "blue" for tennis three years ago. The Australian "blue" is the result of her excellent play in the combined Australian tennis team that played a South Australian team in Adelaide last May.

Miss Shirley Whittaker —Allan Farrow.

Last year Miss Whittaker won the Melbourne University championship. She has played interstate tennis for Victoria against N.S.W. and S.A., and won the New Zealand mixed doubles with Fred Perry last year.

◆ ◆ ◆

S.A. Women's Book to be Sent to Queen Mary

MISS PHEBE WATSON (convenor) and her committee comprising Mrs. R. Brown, Mrs. C. E. C. de Crespigny, Miss K. Kyffin Thomas, and Miss Mary P. Harris must feel proud of their efforts, which have resulted in the Women's Centenary Book, a copy of which is to be sent to Queen Mary by the Governor of South Australia (Sir Winston Dugan).

The book is in the hands of the printers, and is expected to be ready for sale by the end of this month. The 100 de-luxe copies to be printed have been sold before the book has appeared.

The copy which will be forwarded to Queen Mary on behalf of the women of South Australia will be specially bound.

Famous Australian

MRS. PHILIPPA PARRY MARTIN, F.R.C.S., M.S., whom the London cables announce as the first woman to be appointed Hunterian Professor by the Royal College of Surgeons, is an Australian, having been born in Rockhampton (Q.).

Mrs. Martin is an ophthalmic surgeon, and has gained many coveted honors and degrees in her profession.

Her father, Canon Pughe, was at one time curate of All Saints' Church, Brisbane, and later he was stationed at Toowoomba.

Mrs. Martin's husband is also a famous surgeon, and they have a family of three children.

She Is Worker For Women and Children

PIONEERING causes, particularly those affecting women and children, has been the work of Mrs. A. K. Goode, who has been appointed a vice-president of the S.A. Council for Mental Hygiene.

Mrs. A. K. Goode

Mrs. Goode is a Justice of the Peace for S.A., N.S.W., and Victoria, being the first woman in the British Empire to preside in a Court of Justice, and has, in 20 years of public life, been instrumental in gaining numerous reforms and amendments in law.

She is a municipal councillor for Hackney Ward, a member of the Advisory Board of Censors of Cinematograph Films since 1917, honorary life vice-president of the Housewives' Association, and a member of the executive of the Free Kindergarten Union. Since she has relinquished her numerous public positions she has literature as her chief interest. She has also started a bookbinding class.

◆ ◆ ◆

Girl Made Chief Ranger of Friendly Society

MISS HELEN ELLENDEN, who is not quite 18 years of age, has been made Chief Ranger of Court Fortitude of the Ancient Order of Foresters, the oldest friendly society court or lodge in Queensland. The court has been in existence since 1855, and this will be the first time that a woman has presided.

Miss Ellenden will follow her brother as Chief Ranger. Her father, who has been twenty-five years in the order, has also held that position.

Miss Ellenden is a machinist in a printing firm.

Tells of American Women's Activities

TELLING Australian women all about the activities of women in America is part of what Mrs. I. L. Doggett, wife of the retired president of the Y.M.C.A. International Training College at Springfield, U.S.A., is doing in a trip round the world with her husband. Mrs. Doggett has spoken at women's meetings in the Australian capitals. She is a graduate of the Union Theological College in New York and an active social worker.

After visiting Melbourne, Sydney, Hobart, and South Australia (all places where there are former students of the American College), Dr. and Mrs. Doggett will go to China, Japan, and Siam and then to Mysore for the World Conference of the Y.M.C.A. in January next year.

◆ ◆ ◆

Awarded Red Cross Service Medal

IN recognition of her twenty years' unbroken service to the Red Cross Society in Brisbane, Mrs. M. S. Herring has been awarded a service medal.

Mrs. M. S. Herring

In spite of that long service, Mrs. Herring found time to help other organisations, one of the main ones being the Creche and Kindergarten Association. With Mrs. M. Christopherson, another great kindergarten worker, Mrs. Herring collected £650 for the Penny Appeal Children's Stretcher Fund in connection with the kindergarten, the largest sum ever collected by two women. For this she was made a life member.

Mrs. Herring has just had a busy time arranging the Toc H. ball, which took place on August 7.

Girls' Week of the Adelaide "Y."

MISS MEYSIE LAW, activities secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in Adelaide, should be delighted with the results of her efforts as organiser of Girls' Week held in Adelaide in connection with the Y.W.C.A.

The highlights of this were a demonstration attended by about 150 girls employed by various industries, who organised themselves into a "march of industries," and about 200 girls from the Y.W.C.A.

The "Century of Song," an all-Australian broadcast arranged by Mrs. John Horner, was held with songs of the last century taking pride of place. The week finished with a service in the Flinders St. Baptist Church, led by Mrs. J. A. Lewis.

◆ ◆ ◆

Queensland Scientist Teaching in Adelaide

ALTHOUGH she looks far too young to have acquired a degree of any sort, Miss Joan Cue gained her Master of Science degree at the University of Queensland in 1932, and since then has done most interesting work.

At present she is senior science mistress at St. Peter's Girls' School, Adelaide, where she rushed to take up her appointment following a telegram from the school. The subjects she teaches now are physiology, chemistry, physics and botany. Before that, however, she was a resident tutor at the Women's College, University of Queensland, and at the same time was science abstractor to the Commonwealth Prickly Pear Laboratory, in Brisbane—really a library job which required a scientific knowledge.

◆ ◆ ◆

Guiders to Confer at Festival Week

A SERIOUS side is being arranged to the South Australian Girl Guides' Festival Week, for the general business affairs of the association will be discussed at the meeting of the general council of the Girl Guides' Association of Australia, which will be held as part of the Guides' Week.

Lady Gowrie, the Association's Federal President, will preside at the meeting, and Lady Dugan, Chief Guide in South Australia, will be present, besides many interstate officials. Miss Kelso King, the deputy Chief Commissioner and Federal Secretary for Australia, Miss Sybil Irving, Victorian State Secretary, Miss Ruth Herricks, Chief Commissioner for New Zealand and interstate parties of Commissioners, Guiders, Rangers, and Guides will be in Adelaide for the festival.

West Australia will not be represented as similar Guide celebrations will be in progress in Perth.

September Is Her Busy Month

NOBODY has a busier September than Mrs. Louis Monod, wife of the secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society of Victoria. Ever since 1932 she has had charge of the Women's Industries section of the Melbourne Show (September 17 to 26), and this year, with her helpers, she hopes to handle some 2000 entries.

Mrs. Monod. —Broothorn.

The big job begins a week before the Show, when entries start to arrive. All have to be numbered and classified ready for the judges, and, after judging, they must be arranged in display cases. Then, after the Show is over on the Saturday, all exhibits must be parcelled and posted home. It says something for Mrs. Monod's organising ability that every woman's exhibit is out of the grounds by the Monday at noon.

◆ ◆ ◆

World-wide Link of Ex-students

IT was a happy thought on someone's part that prompted the celebrations of ex-students of the Melbourne Methodist Ladies' College last week. On the same date in London, Adelaide, Sydney, Brisbane, and Melbourne "old girls" of the school gathered for their sixth annual dinner.

◆ ◆ ◆

Kindergarten Conference Planned For Adelaide

LADY GOWRIE, Lady Huntingfield and Lady Dugan will all be speakers at the South Australian Free Kindergarten Informative Conference to be held in Adelaide on September 15 and 16. Lady Gowrie suggested that such a conference should be held as a preliminary to an interstate conference later.

Miss Doris Beeston, secretary of the South Australian Free Kindergarten Union, is organiser and is arranging for papers on the various branches of the work to be written by the principals in each State. Miss E. M. Slack and Miss Z. Benjamin, of the Sydney Kindergarten Training College, and Miss Gerahty, acting principal of the Melbourne Nursery Schools, will be delegates, but papers from Queensland, Tasmania and West Australia will be read.

Lady Bonython, the South Australian president, and Mrs. T. a'Beckett, the president in Victoria, will also speak.

◆ ◆ ◆

Queenslander Scores Success As Dancer

A CLEVER Queenslander who is achieving success in the sphere of the modern dance is Miss Joyce Lodge. After studying with Irene Vera Young for four years, during which time she appeared at various recitals, Miss Lodge has now opened her own studio in Sydney, and is working for a recital at the Savoy Theatre on October 6.

Miss Joyce Lodge —Raymond Sawyer.

Last year Miss Lodge won the City of Sydney Eisteddfod's prize for a character solo dance in the student teachers' section, and she also appeared in a solo number at the matinee dance recital given by Fraulein Norda Mata on her recent visit to Sydney, as well as appearing in a duet with the famous dancer.

◆ ◆ ◆

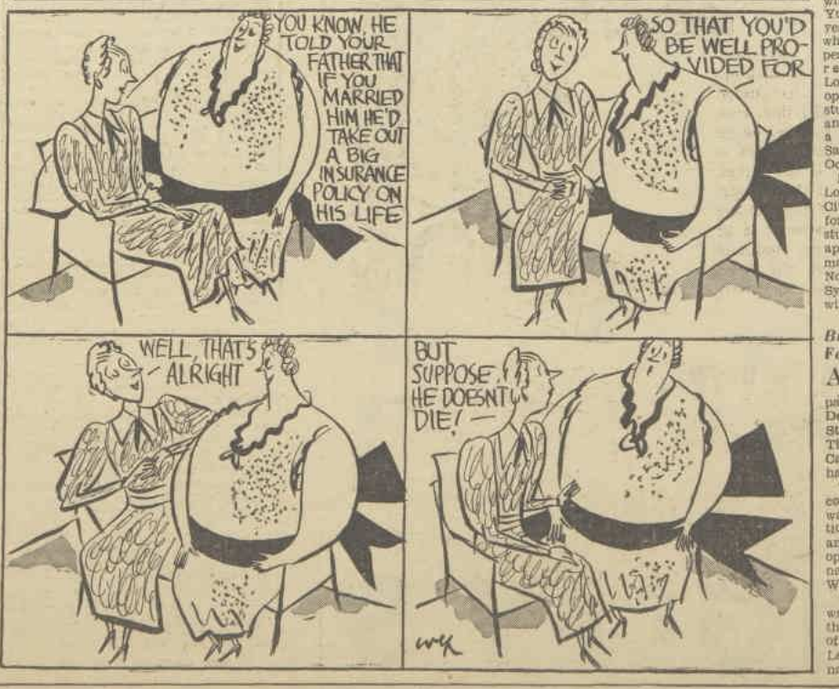
Branch of St. Joan's Alliance For Australia

A WELL-KNOWN Australian, Miss M. M. Flynn, of the primary department of the Victorian Education Department, is organising a branch of St. Joan's Alliance in Melbourne. This is the well-known International Catholic women's organisation which has its headquarters in London.

The aim of the alliance is to encourage Catholic women to come forward and voice their opinions on questions affecting women and children, and it is intended to work in co-operation with the ideals of the International and National Councils of Women.

While abroad last year, Miss Flynn was appointed one of the delegates of this organisation to attend a meeting of the liaison committee between the League of Nations and the International women's organisations.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY - - By WEP



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Are you subject to fits of depression; a prey to fears you cannot explain? Always tired, cross, "nervy," seldom a day without headache, heartburn, flatulence?

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'Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach

A concentrated preparation, very economical. *The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark* BISMAG

A *Nice* NEIGHBOR

Continued from Page 24

SUDDENLY Eddie saw how useless it was to try to reason with her. He went over the figures hastily, but the more he talked with her, the more he realised that Mrs. Ainsmore was really a rather stupid little girl disguising as a grown-up, wilful woman. She kept confusing personal grievances with business factors, in a maddening way.

"If I just had a son of my own," she said weepily; "if I weren't such a lonely woman with nobody really to help me. That bank is so unsympathetic!"

So Eddie went slowly upstairs, knowing that this was the end. He'd lose his chance. They'd move away, and some day he might convince himself that Arlie had been just a girl, and not the invitation to a life. He went into his lonely studio and dropped down, in a spasm of loneliness so acute that he felt slightly ill. Perhaps he'd not eaten enough lately, what with one thing and another.

Just then a little sprig of song bloomed in the silence and he heard Arlie rattling her neat little trash basket. Automatically he jumped up, seized a paper bag, blew it up and slightly crumpled it, so it looked fullish. He dashed out into the hall with it, just as Arlie was bending over to empty something. He pretended to be doing the same thing.

"I ought to have a dog," he said. "These steak scraps are too good to throw away."

"He could have my chicken bones, too," Arlie said. "And I might give him some of my biscuits and gravy."

"Is that what you're having for dinner?" Eddie said. "Gosh, I didn't even know they made such things any more." She smiled, and he could see from that smile that she was one of those old-fashioned little cooks, who love to lean on their elbows and watch a man devour their handiwork. He felt quakey inside, just thinking about that chicken, about those tender biscuits swimming in delicate gravy. They talked a minute of this-and-that, deliriously.

"I must get back," she said at last. "I wouldn't want that chicken to get too brown in the oven."

She went in almost reluctantly, and he heard the door close as though it were a book too delightful to stop reading. He stood in the hall and thought a minute; this was the last night, perhaps. To-morrow Mrs. Ainsmore would give them notice. He ran to his own studio and snatched up a handful of pencils and a shiny little tin cup, and before he could lose his courage he tapped boldly on Arlie's door.

Almost as though she were standing there waiting, she opened it immediately. He held out the tin cup and the pencils, and tried to speak, cocked up his mouth in a lopsided smile that intended to be gay and whimsical about this silly game. But then he couldn't smile, because suddenly he saw that he was a beggar, blind with love, hoping she'd throw him a coin or two before she went on her way.

She looked at him, and her dark eyes opened as wide as possible, as though suddenly they saw what the cup and the pencils really meant. Her hand went out vaguely and touched his sleeve as in a dream. Then both she and Eddie recovered their lightness.

"Lady, could you give a guy a meal?" he said in a little whisper. "I haven't et since yesterday. Honest, lady."

"But the steak? You threw some away."

"Scrap paper," he said ruefully. "I wouldn't know a steak if I saw one. I'm so devilish broke all the time."

"ARE you?" she said, as though that mattered not at all. "Come in, you poor darling." They stood together in her little hall, forgetting self and thinking of each other. Saying nothing at all, they got better acquainted in that ninety seconds than many people can in years.

"I could have borne it if you hadn't mentioned the chicken," Eddie said. "That undid me."

"Chicken? Oh!" Arlie looked stricken with apology. "Well, it would have been a chicken in six months or so. Now it's only an egg." Then they both did laugh, and all the fearsomeness of prizemoney getting very low, and Mrs. Ainsmore about to close her house, and jobs that just didn't pay enough money to live on, became the minority. For the majority was youngness, and the zest of getting to know each other at last, and brave to-morrow, and sweet to-night.

She wore an organdie apron, fragile as a flower, and she made little feminine clucking sounds as she ran about filling up the teapot, cutting the bread in small triangles to psychologically multiply the quantity.

"She shouldn't be wasting her dear time on paint," Eddie said to himself. "She should be cooking for me. To-morrow I'll get a man-sized job somewhere, and buy her all kinds of stuff." A delightful breeze seemed to be blowing all along his spine, just under his skin, and he felt full of power and courage.

THEY sat on either side of Arlie's little table with lighted candles between them and a handful of petunias from her window-box between the candles. The tomatoes were daintily thin, so you'd never have guessed it was only one tomato, and the egg that pretended to be a chicken was joined by his brother and became quite an amount when whipped up with rice and cheese.

"I'll take light meat and no gravy," Eddie said drooling, practically, at the thought of the gravy. "Well, some day we will have gravy."

"With lovely lumps in it," Arlie promised. After dinner . . . Eddie had to loosen his belt, because he'd eaten so much, he said . . . they sat on the window seat, one at each end like people in a gondola, and paddled up and down the canals of the sky.

"Only this is better than Venice," Eddie pointed out. "No rats swimming in the water. Only stars. Make-believe is usually better than reality, Arlita."

"Not always," she said wisely.

"Certainly not always," he agreed, because this moment was so much more beautiful than all his mad imagining of it had been.

Arlie held up her little face to the stars, so that her silken hair fell away from her silver forehead.

"I can smell the stars to-night," she said. "They're as big and close as the clematis flowers we had at home. I used to lie under them when I was a little girl."

"I can see you now, lying with your little head in a pool of golden hair," he said, "and I can smell your clematis flowers." But he knew it wasn't the clematis, or even the stars he smelled, but the incense in his own happy heart.

They were quiet for long times because the things they thought of saying couldn't be said yet. Time must pass first somehow. A little calendar stood on the desk near Eddie's hand. He picked it up and looked at its full, ordered pages. June, July, August, there they lay waiting to be lived, written with meaning, to-night illegible, but sure and predictable as to-morrow's sun. Sure, that is, if he could just keep this girl close enough to accomplish the miracle pulsing in his heart.

"Time," he said, "is funny stuff. Just shift a few of these little pages, and everything would be different. What will we be saying on this page, and this?" He knew that on all pages, whether he said it aloud or to himself, he'd be telling her he loved her and loved her.

But Arlie knew nothing about such mystery. She reached for the calendar and looked earnestly at the pages to come, and whether she was hearing the unspoken sentences those months would bring, or whether she was merely computing how much longer her poor little prize-money would last, Eddie could not know. He did know, however, that any other girl in the world would have made little flippant repartee, but not Arlie, of the silken hair and the satin eyelids. Arlie knew the sweet rhetoric of stillness, and she smiled.

"If you had to move away from here, where'd you go?" he asked after a while.

"Home, I guess," she said dreamily. "I couldn't afford moving. I can't afford staying either."

"We've got to keep this house together somehow," he said. "We've got so much to do in the next weeks." And suddenly he made a vow with himself that he'd do this thing. That was a man-sized job. That was opportunity, and almost he hadn't seen it waiting outside his door.

IN his own studio, a little drunk with the intoxication of this beautiful evening, he thought out his fantastic ambition. The figures scribbled in Mrs. Ainsmore's petulant hand danced before his eyes. Excitedly he scratched some more of his own. Then he plunged down the steps to Mrs. Ainsmore's door.

Please turn to Page 42

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THE MOVIE WORLD

August 22, 1936. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page 27

CALLING *Australia!*

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY

from Hollywood and London

Merle Cashes In

IT is reported that the suit brought by Merle Oberon against the Selznick Studios for 125,000 dollars has been settled out of court. Miss Oberon charged that she was signed for the starring role in "Garden of Allah," but that it was afterwards given to Marlene Dietrich.

While the amount of the settlement was not announced, it is said that David Selznick gave her a cheque for 10,000 dollars, as well as 12,000 dollars for the time she was on call for "Garden of Allah," and that in addition she will receive from Selznick 60,000 dollars for a new picture in technicolor, "It Happened in Hollywood."

All of which totals up to 82,000 dollars.

Wouldn't You Like to See It?

CLARK GABLE'S success (alleged) as a boxer, developed in making "Cain and Mabel," has stirred other stars to master the fistic art. We now have George Raft announcing that he would like to take on Clark as a boxing opponent in a benefit match, Marquis of Queensberry rules or catch-as-catch-can.

The challenge has not been taken up—so far. Before entering motion pictures, George did some fighting as a lightweight.

Stage Wins Lillian

THESE film stars are funny. Lillian Gish who, even before the end of the "silent" era, had faded away from the studios, has now announced that she is "through with films," and intends to make the legitimate stage a present of herself.

Her first appearance will be in a Shakesperean drama in New York next October. Although no definite announcement has been made, it is possible that Lillian will seize this opportunity to satisfy her expressed ambition to play an ethereal Ophelia to the Hamlet of John Gielgud, the theatrical idol of London.

Gossip also has it that Miss Gish will follow up other theatrical lines, too; it is whispered that she will shortly become the bride of George Abbott, well-known Broadway producer.

Merle Oberon, Starring in "These Three"

Divorce and Marriage

RUMOR is now busy in connection with Ann Sothern. It's this way:

Mrs. Priscilla M. Pryor has just been granted a divorce from husband Roger Pryor, actor and son of the famous dance-band conductor, custody of the couple's five-year-old daughter, Priscilla, going to Mrs. Pryor.

Ann and Roger have been seen meeting by accident, or even, maybe, having a cup of coffee together. Every gossip-writer in New York has everything all set for the wedding bells to peal out once more in the near future. Perhaps they will.

Tauber Menage

RICHARD TAUBER and his bride, Diana Napier, are hard at work at Denham on Capitol's "Land Without Music."

It tells the story of a Princess Regent, who, having banished music from her country, herself fell to the charms of a singer. Richard is the singer, Diana the Princess Regent.

The newly-weds have rented a small house near the studio where delightfully informal parties are the order of the day when they are not at work.

Not Rehearsed

WE have an amusing story about the Myrna Loy—Arthur Hornblow wedding. Myrna has been married a dozen times on the screen. Arthur Hornblow is a sophisticate admired for his poise. Yet when their big moment came they missed their cues and lost their props. When they arrived in Ensenada for the ceremony, Hornblow spent ten hectic minutes locating the ring. Then it was discovered that Myrna had no bridal bouquet . . . So their best man had to go on a flower-picking expedition to gather a posy for one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars.

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SCANDAL—THE INSIDIOUS ENEMY OF All the STARS

Hollywood Fights Gossip-Mongers and Blackmailers

By JEANNETTE MacMAHON

BEING constantly in the limelight of public curiosity, your every move publicised by gossip writers and chewed over the tea-table by scandal-mongers, scared to submit to any of the little characteristic foibles which are part and parcel in the make-up of every one of us—that is the unfortunate position in which the movie stars of to-day find themselves.

In a business which is made up almost entirely of ballyhoo, of pictures and personalities, the people who earn big money for the major producing studios must be always on the qui vive for that insidious thing which has done so much to wreck or retard many promising careers before the cameras . . . SCANDAL ! !

IT is not often that I get hot under the collar about any particular subject . . . I'm too easy going, and, perhaps, wise enough to mind my own business. But, as I sit at the little old typewriter at this very moment, I simply can't help wielding a cudgel in defence of those grand people of Hollywood who have been responsible for so many hours of entertaining and enjoyable relaxation for each and every one of us.

No such colony of people in any other corner of the globe is constantly watched with such intent as are these troupers.

So that, whenever some trifling misdemeanor is uncovered by so-called journalists or "radio gossipers," it is instantly amplified, and, by the time it reaches the ears of the millions for whom it is intended, it has assumed a size which in many instances threatens to jeopardise the popularity and consequent box-office appeal of whoever is concerned.

The Bennetts' Fight

MY reason for this outburst is the outcome of a certain gentleman with powers of both radio and journalism behind him, who spoke some nonsense about Carole Lombard, one of the happiest, most carefree stars in all moviedom. Carole likes a good time, and is excellent company for anybody who is able to stand up to her rapier-like wit and rapid-fire enthusiasm for everything she undertakes. So that when some guy misconstrues something she has said or done, and makes the fact public to the extreme embarrassment of the blonde beauty, about whom nobody should say an unkind word, I just stand right up and shout.

This gossipmongering, though still Public Enemy No. 1 as far as Hollywoodians are concerned, is, however, not half so bad as it was a few months back. At a time when those responsible were running riot with their so-called "intimate gossip," manufactured from nowhere and simply invented to acquire circulation, something big and really fine loomed up on an otherwise sooty horizon. For the first time the stars fought back. And the studios, with their vast resources of finance and legal brains, solidly backed them in their determination to declare war on vicious and damaging tongues and pens.

Fortunately, some startling rumors, without any foundation in fact whatsoever, were nipped in the bud. Untrue and destructive gossip about Mae West, Marlene Dietrich, Charlie Chaplin, Lee Tracey, Barbara Stanwyck, and Ruth Chatterton was squelched absolutely flat.

The fighting Bennett sisters, Joan and Constance, set a good example to their contemporaries. By launching big libel suits right and left—two big New York dailies and one London daily paper were among the defendants—they threw a terrific scare into those who had been rumoring that Constance was "playing around" with Gilbert Roland during her husband's absence in the South Seas, that she would divorce the marquis and marry Roland, and that she had once been seen crouching on the floor of Roland's car to escape the observation of people who knew her; also that Joan was about to split from her husband.

Bebe Daniels established another precedent by legal proceedings against a gossip writer who blabbed about her "blessed event." That broke the scribe's heart, for hitherto it was the custom to give out that rumor without any basis of actual fact or even hearsay information. It was the reliable standby of the gossiper who ran out of information; he'd pick "blessed event" information right out of the air.

There was a story started about Mae West, who, by the very reason of her characterisations, is wide open for all kinds of talk. In reality, however, she is a serious-minded and intellectual woman. Mae, clever girl, stopped the yarn without having to resort to litigation, but later learned to her dismay that some pugilistic admirers who had underworld connections were seriously thinking of taking the scandal-venders "for a ride."

Wise stars have been organising themselves to combat the menace which they realise means so much to them personally as well as to the successful continuance of their careers. Their campaign relies neither on the crude violence of those pals of Mae's, nor on the milder extreme of damage suits. The keynote consists of making malicious scandalmongering and some quaint customs connected with it, which have been regularly used in dealing with the hitherto helpless celebrities, a sure route to prison. Practices hitherto considered safe enough by the deeper-dyed yellow journalists are shown to be well within the law's definitions of crimes punishable by prison sentences.

Legal Methods

A WEST COAST legal big-wig recently investigated the motives which prompt unkind words against those who matter. And he pointed out that several unethical but familiar methods of gossip-mongering are serious crimes under the Penal Code. Here is a sample of what he termed the "Gossip Trade" racket:

The scandalmonger, known as a "writer," but whose hold on that title consists of getting "inside scoops" of usually unreliable authenticity, digs up an objectionable story on a star. It may be something so "hot" he wouldn't dare print it anyway, or—as is oft-times the case—something so innocent that, if it were told about anyone but a movie star, would be entirely harmless.

Specifically, it might be a hitherto unrevealed love affair, or hitherto unmentioned, but quite legitimate and well-loved children!

Says the scheming writer, not exactly threatening the star:

"This is a swell story and it's my duty to publish it. But I like you, so I'll sacrifice my interests in your behalf if you'll do something for me in return. You're going to be married soon. Do so secretly, and withhold from everyone but myself all knowledge of the affair until I print it. That will give me a scoop. That's fair, isn't it?"

Just Blackmail

FAIR? Perhaps! But it is also a felony, according to the Penal Code, for the transaction, if consummated, has all the legal earmarks of extortion.

The truth or falsity of such stories, or whatever it is that the writer uses as a club to induce the star to save a "scoop" for him, has no legal significance. True or false, using the threat to publish it, even an implied threat, is clear-cut extortion in the eyes of the law. And extortion is a felony, punishable by imprisonment.

But if a threat to publish a true story is made, that's blackmail. And if an untrue story is published, that's libel, and may also be that not-so-nice criminal libel. Finally, if it's true but harmful to a star's reputation, damaging to him and to the company that owns his contract, it's sure-fire grounds for a big damage suit.

It's high time that these facts were brought to light. Too long have the creators of fun and romance been subject to scornful slander, just because they are advertised and surrounded by wealth, glamor, and the recollection of high times that once were Hollywood. The laws covering the cases I have cited aren't new, but the ruthless prosecution which the stars and their studios are able to deal out, should the occasion warrant it, will put them into operation in double-quick time. Which is exactly as it should be.

● *JOAN BENNETT, one of the two fighting sisters whose spirited defence against scandalmongering parasites has done much to suppress these hangers-on to a great industry.*

● *ALTHOUGH GOSSIP about Mae West, mostly built on the screen character she has built for herself, did much to make her fame, the gossip-writers got a bit too hot even for Mae. She shut them up in her own unorthodox fashion.*

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FADS and FANCIES of HOLLYWOOD

Nothing Lasts In Movie Colony—Change Rules

By MARY OLIVIER

IT'S the craziest, maddest place in the world, this Hollywood. Nobody here stays put. Nothing remains the same overnight. To-day's sensation is to-morrow's memory. Games, fashions, fads, sports, and crazes move with a delirious speed sufficient to take the average person's breath away. It's just as though a double-speed camera had been turned on the whole business and no one knows which way to turn it off.

Every day brings new people, who stay a while and leave their impressions, or just pass on, forgotten before they depart. Every week starts a fresh craze, a different sensation, and the stars, never to be outdone by their neighbors, plunge headlong into the new interest or enterprise in one mad rush to keep up with the cycle of events, which change with lightning-like rapidity.

HOLLYWOOD takes its fun in various guises, but it never has time to settle down to enjoy one interest before another descends upon the town. Going back a couple of years we find the whole of Hollywood Malibu mad.

Somebody discovered a stretch of the Pacific which looked inviting, set up a two-by-four cottage, told his friends about it, and overnight shacks, rabbit-like, grew and multiplied. People came trekking from Hollywood armed with plans, architects, and decorations. It was no time before mansions, modern to the last detail, sprang up along the sea-weedy shore. John Boles, Norma Shearer, Bebe Daniels, and Marion Davies were among the well-known personalities who built at Malibu—not little week-enders, but huge buildings to rival Beverley Hills' loveliest homes.

Then suddenly Hollywood didn't go Malibu any more. Hollywood had moved its sunbaking to another spot, and the Ambassadors Hotel, Palm Springs, became the Mecca of the movie-folk. Its popularity, too, was short lived. The crowd had gone to Beverley Hills, and they were all riding around on two wheels. In short, Hollywood had taken to shorts—and bicycles. Machines of all sizes and colors flew along the boulevardes and up and down the highways and byways of Beverley Hills. What a boon they were to the star whose greatest worry is keeping on the right side of the scales. No more did they have to hike surreptitiously in the early hours of the morning. Out they came into the open, and all atop of two rubber tyres.

The stars had hardly learned to maintain their balance, however, than bicycles were passe. Done. Everyone glided along on roller skates. Hollywood hadn't done so much sitting down since the days of slapstick. The nicest people in town sat down in the streets and stood up at home. Oh, the bruises! But not for long. Someone had seen Charlie Farrell and a couple of the boys playing polo, and Hollywood became polo conscious.

Those who couldn't ride a pony sat atop cars, rails, and boxes, and cheered those who could. Those who could ride a pony and did, suddenly found themselves in bad with the studio bosses, who were alarmed for the safety of their highly-paid stars. Still, polo continued to be the rage until someone discovered that badminton was a sport in which all could participate. So polo was left to the select few while people badmintoned all over the place.

This new sport had barely reached the height of its popularity when Fred Perry hit town. Immediately badminton was forgotten and everyone was playing tennis. There wasn't an unoccupied court in the whole of Hollywood. Folks who hadn't even battled an eyelash before, now battled tennis balls all over their own and other people's courts. Even Garbo brought out her racquet and played with Herbert Marshall, Dolores Del Rio, and George Brent.

Said Hollywood, what next? We've tried most of the things you can do on land—let's try the sea! The following week everybody was out on the Pacific hanging over a yacht rail. Yachts simply polluted the ocean. Odd people who had once viewed the sea from the steerage now gave it a bored look from the upper deck of luxurious craft belonging to Cecil De Mille, Charlie Farrell, Warren William, John Barrymore, or one of the other fortunates who could haul up a couple of sails or produce an auxiliary motor.

Green Envy

IT lasted for a few weeks. But those who didn't turn green with envy turned green for other more personal reasons before Hollywood found its land legs again.

Perhaps the pace had been too strenuous. I don't know. Anyway, the movie folk decided to make their pastimes a little less exacting on the constitution and to give their minds some exercise instead.

Parlor games had arrived! Anagrams, for instance, took the place by storm. They anagrammed all over the place, before breakfast and after supper. Next came "murder." Nobody could go to a Hollywood party without becoming a judge, a member of the jury, the guilty party, or, maybe, his victim. Corpses by the dozen were scattered over the lounges of all the best people. Those who were dead at the box-office now became dead at parties.

Baby Craze

THE fad did not last for long. Deaths gave place to births as the baby craze swept the town. It descended like an avalanche, taking Hollywood by storm. All the screen's most dashing heroes became daddies, and the lovely heroines retired to become mothers. Frances Dee did it. Norma Shearer gave little Irving a sister to play with. Joan Blondell, Arline Judge, and Sally Eilers decided to be in the fashion. Bing Crosby became a daddy. His pal, Dick Arlen, followed suit. Bing doubled up—with twins. Richard Dix redoubled, and twins became the vogue. Hollywood talked of nothing but arrowroot and babies' food. Until Ann Harding took to the air.

Immediately babies were put to bed and the town went winging through the clouds, led by Wallace Beery, George Brent, Clarence Brown, and others who did not mind risking their necks for a new thrill.

"High C's"

A FEW weeks later found high rhythm giving place to high C's as Joan Crawford, complete with music teacher, was raising her voice in song, setting yet another new fashion for others to follow. To sleep in Hollywood after six in the morning was impossible. Everyone was practising scales. Add a dozen or so real opera stars to the budding Tibbetts and Grace Moores and tell me what chance had a poor working girl for more than thirty-nine winks?

I had just started looking for a padded cell when the tumult and the shouting died. Hollywood had gone racing mad. All the stars seemed to be buying racehorses. Clark Gable invested in one which he named Beverley Hills. Bing Crosby annexed a whole stableful, and numerous others, not to mention Connie Bennett and Joe E. Brown, became proud owners of a couple of nags. But the horses became too much of a drag on the pockets of the owners and the unsuccessful punters, and the crowd turned to something less expensive.

But the pace is getting too hot for me. I'm off to a rest home for a couple of weeks to prepare myself for another plunge into the Hollywood whirl.

CAROLE LOMBARD, whose parties were the feature of the Big Party era in Hollywood.

ABOVE: Following the he-man fashion set by Gable, John Boles took up hunting. He looks too neat to be a real hunter.

CENTRE: A lovely sample of the girls who rushed for bathing suits when Malibu Beach became popular.

LEFT: The yachting craze caught Claire Trevor. She looks decorative on a boat.

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INTIMATE GLIMPSE Of Josephine Hutchinson

Lunch and Chat With Charming Star

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, Our Special Representative in Hollywood

"The road to success on stage or screen, and, I suppose, all other professions, means work, work, and more work!" Thus spake Josephine Hutchinson as we sat at lunch in the sunny patio of her Beverly Hills home—a home proving definitely that by means of her work, work formula Josephine has reached success.

And Josephine knows just what work means. The daughter of a well-known actress, she showed an inclination toward the dramatic at an early age and was continually aided by her talented mother.

"I WAS full of ambition," she told me, "and when friends of the family showered praise upon me for my supposed 'talents,' I, being young, took them all seriously and was convinced that my debut on the stage would bring me overnight success. Of course, it didn't take long to get that idea out of my head."

*

That, in Josephine's opinion, is the trouble with young people to-day. They come out of school filled with a desire to act, for instance, and expect immediate success without training and hard work. Consequently, when the success does not come, they are bitterly disappointed.

Stage Training

HOWEVER, there must have been some of the "talents" she so laughingly refers to, for when enrolled in a dramatic school she won a scholarship which took her to the East and gave her a drama course and some valuable training with a Little Theatre group.

At the age of seventeen, still convinced of her impending success, she made her Broadway debut. As a coincidence, in the play, "A Man's Man," there was also a young actor by the name of Pat O'Brien. To-day Josephine has starred with Pat in "Oil for the Lamps of China," and recently in "I Married a Doctor."

When the brilliant success did not come she managed to get into Eva Le Gallienne's famous Civic Repertory Company in New York. "I stayed there for seven years," she said, "and it was the most valuable experience of my life. I took a small apartment near the theatre, and during all those years I didn't visit a night club or any place of amusement. In fact, my entire life consisted of walking to the theatre in the morning, working all day, sometimes half the night, then walking home again."

When touring with a stock company Josephine was spotted by a studio scout and given a contract. She has only been in Hollywood two years, but in that time has played opposite some of Hollywood's most famous stars, including the role of Paul Muni's wife in "The Story of Louis Pasteur."

Her Home

HER home has a delightful air of informality about it. It is a white brick affair set back on a green lawn, typical of those surrounding the lovely homes along Beverly Drive. One of her two colored servants inspects all visitors through a peep-hole in the door before letting them in. The butler is referred to as A.D. "He hasn't any name," she laughingly informed me. "Just A.D."

While waiting in the spacious cream-and-brown living-room I was amused by the rumpus being made by a small grey pup as it romped around in the patio and yelped and scratched at the screen door. Soon Josephine bounced in, clad in riding clothes, ready with a warm handshake and friendly smile, and full of apologies for being late.

Referring to the pup, she explained, "Isn't he a darling? He only came this morning, and we haven't named him yet. You see, we had a birthday here, and someone gave him to Jimmy." Jimmy Townsend is her good-looking husband, an actors' agent.

Off-screen, Josephine Hutchinson is striking if not conventionally beautiful. Her hair is bright red, her eyes amber, and her complexion unusually fair, with an occasional freckle.

During lunch the pup proved quite a diversion. Josephine's little Cairn terrier, Puckie, was definitely upset over the arrival of the stranger, and at frequent intervals patted his mistress with a paw as if to make sure of her continued affection. The Persian cat, Padda, was completely disgusted with the entire affair, and had gone off sulking.

Josephine proudly discussed each plant in the little patio, and told of her trials in raising it. There were two huge potted plants which had travelled 'll over America with her. "I'd feel quite at home," she said, "if I just had a piece of land with those two plants on it."

We discussed goldfish, frogs, and horseback riding, agreeing that the latter is quite ideal, and comparing notes on various local stables and their respective mounts. Concerning goldfish she told me of a recent tragedy when Padda, the cat, had gone fishing in the pond and murdered two placatorial gems in cold blood.

For amusement between pictures, Josephine enjoys her daily riding, driving about in a little inexpensive coupe, playing draughts, caring for her lovely garden, reading novels, and various magazines, smoking once in a while, and doing a bit of piano playing. She displayed short clipped nails as evidence that she has again taken up the study of piano after leaving it for several years from lack of funds and time. Her only eccentricity is a habit of liking or disliking persons on first meeting them according to the vibration they give out. Brush up on your "vibrations," friends!

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON, Warner Brothers star, who, after only two years in Hollywood, has already made a place for herself by her work in such pictures as "The Life of Louis Pasteur," and "I Married a Doctor."

THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

Phew! I'm all of a-dither! I've just been at the *St. James*, watching what is without doubt the greatest picture lil ol' Sydney town has seen for years, *"San Francisco."*

* * * *

There's every chance that you have already gloried in the magnificent entertainment that *"San Francisco"* brings to the screen. If so, you'll agree that no superlatives can do full justice to the romance, excitement, music and unforgettable spectacle that makes it M-G-M's proudest offering.

* * * *

Clark Gable, the hard-boiled boss of "The Paradise", hottest spot on the Barbary Coast. Handsome but rough! He never met his match till *Jeanette* came to 'Frisco with a love song in her heart. She sings "Would You", "San Francisco" and excerpts from "Faust".

* * * *

Clark gets some hefty competition from *Spencer Tracy* and *Jack Holt*, both of whom are in the big cast of favorites. You'll also see *Ted Healy*, *Jessie Ralph*, *Shirley Ross* and many former stars who play character parts.

* * * *

Happy audiences at the *St. James*, too, are having lots of laughs dodging the missiles that come from the screen in *"Audioscopiks"*. Don't forget to get those little red-and-green spectacles when you enter, because without them you miss the fun of this 3rd dimensional combination of sound, color and stereoscopic vision.

* * * *

No need for me to tell you to see *"San Francisco"* at *St. James* . . . . your friends will . . . . because the whole city is cuh-razy about it. And *Melbourne* is next, because it starts at the *Metro* following *Jean Harlow*, *Spencer Tracy* in *"Riffraff"* and *Loretta Young* and *Franchot Tone* in *"The Unguarded Hour"* the current happy show from M-G-M.

* * * *

Meanwhile all *Brisbane* is crowding to *Cremorne* to see *Ronald Colman* in *"A Tale of Two Cities"*. *"Audioscopiks"* is making 'em dodge and duck up there too. It's a wow!

* * * *

See you at *"San Francisco"*.

* * * *

LEO, of M-G-M.

£25 CASH £25 Must Be Won

MOTOR CAR COMPETITION No. 16

Twenty-five Pounds cash will be awarded to the competitor with the greatest score obtained from the names below. In the event of ties, prize money will be divided equally.

Here is a splendid new competition consisting of ten names of motor-cars, each name being jumbled, with the addition of one unnecessary letter. A code is set out below, in which the alphabet is numbered 1 to 26. All you have to do is to find the hidden names and substitute the letters for their corresponding values. For example, No. 1, with the letter "T" omitted, could be arranged to form the motor-car name, "FORD," the letter values of which are 6, 15, 18, 4. A total of 43.

1. FODRT
2. AGEIPA
3. EWETTOJ
4. APLANETARRE
5. SONOHUD
6. YERLIETB
7. FITAR
8. UMPHFTRI
9. BENAG
10. ICKBRU

When you have completed the ten motor-car names, work out the total score obtainable from each as in the example. Write your list of names on a sheet of paper, place opposite each name its total score, add up the ten totals, and this will give you the final total score of your solution. Enclose a postal note for 1/- with each entry, and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, not later than **FRIDAY, 28th AUGUST, 1936, to MOTOR-CAR COMPETITION, G.P.O. BOX 3834T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.**

Prize money is deposited with Australian Women's Weekly. Results will be published in issue dated 12th September, 1936. Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final. This competition is sponsored by J. Montgomery & Co., G.P.O. Box 3834T, Sydney.

All communications concerning this competition must be made to J. Montgomery, 1 Yorkshire House, Spring Street, Sydney.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

RESULTS MOTOR CAR COMPETITION No. 13

Two competitors submitted entries containing a total of 621 points. This was the highest correct total received, and they share the prize-money, each receiving £12/10/-.

K. H. MacFARLANE, 48 BOURKE ST., MELBOURNE.
C. MARKS, COMMONWEALTH HOTEL, GEORGE ST., SYDNEY.

WINNING NAMES

1. DORMAN. 2. RAPIER. 3. BUICK. 4. ANSALDO. 5. NASH. 6. DODGE. 7. FAST. 8. STUTZ. 9. LEVIS. 10. STANDARD

Every car name submitted is checked for verification individually. When no information whatever can be obtained about any name submitted, this name is not accepted as correct. In this respect the adjudicator's decision must be accepted as final and binding.

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POWELL, DETECTIVE

● "THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD" is another of those mystery-comedies in which Bill Powell shines. In this one he is partnered by Jean Arthur. In the group of five (centre) are Lila Lee, Frank Reicher, Ralph Morgan, Erin O'Brien-Moore, and Eric Blore, while James Gleason and his wife, Lucile (bottom left), also add to the comedy.

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Brownish Blondes *bring out those* **GOLDEN GLINTS**

that lie hidden below **DARKENED, Mousy HAIR**

True natural Blondes are most fascinating to both men and women but if hair darkens—becomes brownish and mousy you lose that charm—it makes you look years older. Now at last you can bring back that lovely natural blond colour of childhood that lies hidden below even the most faded and colourless light hair. STA-BLOND, the new secret formula shampoo—is a new discovery that combines the advantages of both soap and soapless products without the disadvantages of either. Also it contains no dyes or injurious bleaches. It will not only make your hair 2-4 shades lighter but will give it that luxurious shining silkiness, softness and beauty that makes all true Blondes stand out. Prevents light blond hair from darkening and makes the perm last longer. Used by millions of women all over the world. Known in America as Blondex. Sole distributors: Fassett & Johnson, Ltd, P.O. Box 3679, s.s. Sydney.

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WHO IS Leading Man Of Screen?

Robert Taylor Hot Favorite

By JOHN B. DAVIES
Our Special Correspondent in Hollywood

Just as Mary Pickford has achieved immortality as the first great sweetheart of the screen, so did Rodolph Valentino become famous as the first great lover, adored by millions of women the world over for his magnificent physique, his perfect features, and his Latin fervor.

To-day the first romantic lady of the screen is Greta Garbo. As for the most popular man in pictures, if a year or two ago a vote were cast Clark Gable would have been awarded first place without a doubt. To-day that isn't quite so certain.

ANYWAY, if you ask the friends of Robert Taylor, Clark Gable and his he-man appeal may just as well fold up and retire to the old men's home for, say they, Bob Taylor is the screen's most gorgeous male since Valentino.

He is younger and more romantic than Gable, and yet has all the forceful appeal and charm that set the girls' hearts a'fluttering.

ROBERT TAYLOR, Screendom's latest male idol.

Outwardly Bob is the perfect answer to a maiden's prayer. He stands six feet tall, and his 165 pounds of weight are all muscle and brawn. Like Valentino, he stretches wide across the shoulders and tapers down to the waist with perfect symmetry. He has a full set of even white teeth and sea-blue eyes; his dark brown hair has a wave, not enough to detract an iota from his masculinity. In brief, a very good-looking young man.

Bob was born and bred in Nebraska, and his face and personality reflect the rugged spirit typical of the American Westerner. Keeping fit is a religion with him. He takes excellent care of himself. His real name is Brough. His father was a doctor, so at first he thought he, too, would study medicine. He soon found it didn't suit him. Then he concentrated for a while on business administration, and shifted to psychiatry because he thought he could apply that to a personal job. Then came the death of his father and the depression.

While Bob was finishing up his college work in Pomona, California, he went in for acting and played in "Journey' End." It was then a movie talent scout spotted him. Before the curtain went down he had a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. That didn't prevent his completing his course, and he was graduated with a Liberal Arts degree. Bob is an accomplished pianist, and also plays the cello.

His movie career dates only about 12 months back. His meteoric rise to stardom has been built with each new picture opposite this star and that, all headliners in their own right. He himself attributes his dazzling success to lucky breaks, not his own talents, and he is keeping his fingers crossed in the hope that his luck continues. He has nothing but praise for every star he has played with, and his latest assignment to play Armand to Garbo's Camille shows he is still on the up-grade.

"I'm a little confused by it all," says Bob. "I get embarrassed easily, for what happened to me has been sheer luck, and I know it can't last. I'm in for some tough spots, and I know it. Nobody can keep luck like this forever—or for very long."

Garbo Film

BUT there is no tough luck immediately ahead of him. He is now appearing opposite Loretta Young in "Private Number," and will then start "His Brother's Wife" with Barbara Stanwyck. Playing with Barbara hasn't got him worried, but he admits he's nervous about the Garbo film. He shouldn't be, because he played the part of Armand on the stage in the early days of his career.

Only two years ago Bob was earning 35dol. a week at M.-G.-M. under a little contract he had with them that made him nothing more than a glorified extra. He was getting nowhere. He and Don Milo had an apartment together to save expense, and Irene Hervey was a friend of both. Both Bob and Don thought Irene was a very "swell fellow." It didn't seem to matter to her that the budget didn't include evenings at the Trocadero. But the three of them would get all dressed up in evening clothes (naturally they had to have evening clothes as part of their equipment) and the handsome trio would appear at the most popular night club in town—to mingle with the others, but not to eat, for they hadn't even enough to pay for the cover charge. They managed to look nonchalant, buy a small drink apiece at the bar, where they would make it last all the evening. They watched the great movie stars go by.

Irene would invite the two boys to wonderful dinners so they could eat until their vests had to be unbuttoned.

One day she took Bob aside for a heart-to-heart talk. She thought that M.-G.-M. weren't giving him the opportunities he deserved.

"Why don't you ask for a release from your contract?" she advised. "Maybe some other studio will give you the breaks you haven't been getting."

Rise To Fame

BOB shook his head. He was afraid. He didn't know how to go about it.

Irene urged him on. "Go to one of the executives. Tell him you're unhappy. Maybe they don't even know you have a contract with them. That might be the very thing to make them realise you're on the lot."

Bob raised his right hand. "I promise." he said.

Instead of the curt dismissal he expected from the studio executive, Bob received kindly, fatherly advice. He was told that if he didn't break his contract he would be "taken care of."

He was. His salary was increased. He was given a more elaborate test, and promptly given a featured role in "Society Doctor." He was headed for stardom.

Then came the deluge of fan mail, and Metro swung into action, making up for lost time. One picture followed another, and he has become one of the biggest hits in pictures. The best women stars appeared with him—Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young. England wants him, everybody wants him. Garbo thinks he's a fine actor.

To-day in Hollywood the most persistent story is that he will be Barbara's leading man in real life as well as in "His Brother's Wife." Now he's building a house on 1½ acres he bought in a Beverly Hills canyon. He is designing it himself, and that adds to the popular belief that he has marriage in mind.

Meanwhile Bob remembers that he left poverty behind only a short time ago. He is intent on hard work, building new success upon old. He is saving his money. "All this won't last," he says. "I'll end up in business in five years."

But a large and adoring public don't agree. They mean to hold on to him.

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HERE'S *Hot News* FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives

BUT for the quick thinking of a Chinese extra Hollywood might have been relieved of another annoying newsgatherer the other afternoon, namely—your correspondent. I was standing on M.-G.-M.'s back lot watching scenes for "The Good Earth." Standing, in fact, in the shadow of the Great Wall of China—or, at least, a piece of it.

It was the time of famine, and farmers were camped beneath the wall prior to entering the city. A steady stream of traffic passed through the huge archway—coolies clad in rags, carrying dead geese, baskets of smelly vegetables on poles, others pulling their rich masters in rickshaws.

I watched the director as he silently placed his extras about the scene. Suddenly a ragged Chinese grabbed my arm and pulled me into a gutter with little ceremony—just in time to keep me from being obliterated by a heavy rickshaw which was bearing down the narrow path. It all adds a little spice to life!

✦ ✦ ✦

MUCH has been heard about Marlene Dietrich as the reformed violinist who turned to films. Now she is going to exhibit her musical talents when she plays duets on her fiddle with Joseph Schildkraut. When the "Garden of Allah," on which they are now working, is finished, they will serenade the entire company.

✦ ✦ ✦

When Carole Lombard vtsited Marion Davies on the "Cain and Mabel" set, Clark Gable, also in the film, offered to show her the wonders he had done to the ramshackle Ford she gave him by installing a racing car engine. The laugh was on Clark, though, for when he started the demonstration the heavy engine fell right out of the car!

✦ ✦ ✦

ANN HARDING has taken a house in Buckinghamshire quite close to the Denham studios where her English film is going to be made. But before they settle down there she and her small daughter, Jane, have gone off on a motor tour of England. Jane wants to see "cathedrals and things, Shakespeare's house, and the castle where Queen Elizabeth lived . . ."

I think she must mean Kenilworth, where Elizabeth was so often entertained by the Earl of Leicester, and about which so much of Elizabethan history turns.

✦ ✦ ✦

MARION DAVIES tells me of a neat little trick twenty-five extras in "Cain and Mabel" pulled on her leading man, Clark Gable. Just before the director called time out for lunch one day, there was a great deal of whispering and fussing among the extras. Marion heard they were planning a little joke for Gable. Somewhat suspicious, that worthy left the set and drove to a wayside inn for a quick lunch. Soon the extras piled in and filled the place.

A Neat Trick

After his sandwich Gable made ready to leave, but could not locate his car keys. He fumed, fretted, turned his pockets inside out, and ran around in circles while hordes of autograph seekers descended upon him. Meanwhile the extras filed out, leaving their lunch bills for Clarkie. He rushed after them, promising to pay if they would return his keys. The deal was made, and the merry mob returned to work. Clark a little short of cash, but quite genial about the whole affair.

✦ ✦ ✦

NOBODY laughed harder than Shirley herself when, in the midst of a song, her false tooth fell out! Shirley has to fill in the open spaces while her teeth are changing.

One of Shirley Temple's best friends is her pony, Rex. Her favorite pastime these days is riding, and Rex has learned to take a bow when Shirley taps him on the knee. Before long Shirley will be going in for trick horseback riding.

✦ ✦ ✦

W. W. JACOBS' story, "Beauty and the Barge," is to be filmed by Twickenham Studios. Henry Edwards will produce it, Gordon Harker will star, and Judy Gunn and Jack Hawkins will play leading roles.

A barge is being specially built, and the scenes will be shot on the Thames at various points between Hammersmith Bridge—one of the vantage points in the Varsity boat race—and Southend.

The story will be adapted by H. Fowler Mear and, if all I hear is correct, he is going to import the Jacobs humor straight into the picture. It will be a laughing picture, for the W. W. Jacobs stories are among the high spots of British laughter-makers.

✦ ✦ ✦

Is Joan Crawford a sincere actress? You should see her living her part in "The Gorgeous Hussy." After doing four days of crying scenes, she was finally sent home ill to recuperate.

✦ ✦ ✦

EIGHTY young Turks have been found to play small parts in a screen version of Denis Wheatley's thriller, "The Eunuch of Stamboul." A British diplomat who seems to know more about the Turkish language than the Turks themselves has been sitting in judgment on their accents at Elstree, weeding out Greeks, Armenians, and Indians who thought appearance would be enough to secure them jobs.

There are some Turkish lines in the script, and these, according to Producer Wainwright, must be correctly spoken.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE little salmon-fishing town of Ketchikan, Alaska, is due for the biggest excitement it's had since the gold rush, when, in a few days, the "Spawn of the North" company goes on location up there. In this merry crowd will be Carole Lombard, Cary Grant, John Howard, director Henry Hathaway, and some fifty technicians. The flicker will be in full color, the first of this species for La Lombard. She, incidentally, is none too happy about the whole business and would much rather stay at home for her tennis and swimming—and a gent named Gable.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE damage that was caused by fire at the Denham studios last March is now almost repaired. Stages 6 and 7, which were demolished, have been rebuilt and the roof replaced.

They will be in commission again next month, when Edward G. Robinson, who has arrived from America, will be ready to forsake acting to direct the Esway production, "Thunder in the City."

Robert Flaherty and Zoltan Korda, who are on the way back from Mysore, will also start shooting the indoor scenes of "Elephant Boy" in these renovated studios.

The location shots in India have all been successfully completed.

✦ ✦ ✦

The stork plant to visit Fay Wray some time this fall. There isn't a happier girl in the world than Fay, who, after eight years of married life, is to have the baby she and her husband have so greatly desired. The husband, John Monk Saunders, a successful writer, has been working in London, but is hurrying back to be with his wife until the big event.

SCREEN ODDITIES
✦ By Captain Fawcett ✦

THEATRE ROYAL
Sydney's Leading Theatre.
HURRY! LAST NIGHTS!
"Waltzes From Vienna"
STRELLA WILSON — MARIE BREMNER
CHARLES BESLOP
Aug. 29: "YES, MADAM."

DOTS and DASHES

GROUCHO MARX having a new garage built to fit the new car he's bought—that's too big for the old one • Wendy Barrie taking on all and sundry at bowls • Fred MacMurray practising vigorously for his part as a band-leader opposite Gladys Swarthout in "Champagne Waltz" • Gertrude Michael replacing her lost dachshund, Johannesburg, with a new pet of the same breed • Jean Parker and husband getting settled in their new apartment, specially designed for an ideal honeymoon • Jean Harlow going all musical with her new white baby grand.

THE bad man of the films, Edward G. Robinson, world famous for his gangster parts, is not very happy in London. He is pining for his wife and three-year-old son.

"You know, we married men always think it would be nice to get away from home and family ties for a while. But, believe me, when we do, we're miserable. I feel quite lost. I'm going to cable to my wife to come across as soon as she can.

"My kid's a great kid. He's only like me when he makes faces. He doesn't care for me in pictures . . . in fact, he doesn't like any pictures but Mickey Mouse.

"The truth is, I love my home and my pipe and my pictures. (Mr. Robinson has a fine collection of modern paintings.) In fact, I'm a happy man—when my wife is with me."

AFTER trying for years to put on weight, Karen Morley finally succeeded in gaining 15 pounds within a few months, and she's been flooded with requests from girls all over the country asking how she did it. Karen is amazed that so many girls suffer from being too thin—so much more attention is paid to those who want to reduce.

Here are her rules for gaining weight:

1. Don't worry about being thin, for worry in itself keeps you that way.
2. Exercise all you wish, even though rest is usually prescribed.
3. Eat only when hungry, and, above all, don't stuff yourself with "fattening" foods. She tried this for years, to no avail.
4. Live outdoors in fresh air and sunshine.
5. Swimming is the best exercise for those who wish to gain weight.

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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
TWICE AS BIG
as present 1/3 size

Colgate's NEW GIANT tube is THE LARGEST 2/- DENTAL CREAM ON THE MARKET. Again, Colgate gives better value for less money. The GIANT size is a tube for the whole family and will mean a big saving in toothpaste costs. Buy Colgate's NEW GIANT size Dental Cream to-day, and start saving!

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FOR LESS THAN DOUBLE THE MONEY

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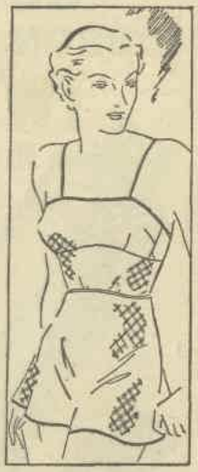
● The glow of assurance that comes of wearing beneath your frock

● UNDIES and STOCKINGS by Lustre

● The lovely lady is wearing beneath her gown two exquisite LUSTRE garments. The VEST 1259 is made from Warp Loom Velvaray Fabric in a dainty diamond pattern, lace trimmed at 4/11. The KNICKERS 1025, in the same fabric, are 5/6 in SW. W. and OS. Both styles are in a choice of Camelia Pink, Pearl-glow or White.

● The STOCKINGS, Ivory Line X. Sheer, Ringless and Pure Silk, 6/11 pair.



Lustre

See Youth Return

"Facial Youth" clears, smoothes, and revives the skin. Correct make-up accentuates the improvement. Compare the two pictures above. Note the difference. Use "Facial Youth" Cream, "Facial Youth" Powder and "Rose Petal" Rouge and Lipstick and increased charm MUST result...

Be more lovely to-night!

EVERYTHING has a cause. In the case of Skin Illness and Facial Ageing—the cause is known. It is the weakening of the sub-skin oil glands, blood vessels and tiny nerves. When these are vigorous, lines, wrinkles, blackheads, pimples, blemishes, sallow "muddy" skin, and such troubles do not occur. Restore the vigour, and humiliating skin outbreaks or ageing signs quickly depart.

Clear, Youthful Skin for YOU

Kathleen Court's "Facial Youth" stimulates the tiny nerves beneath the skin-surface, tones the vital blood vessels, and braces the entire tissue structure. It does things no ordinary face cream can possibly do. Swiftly, without any burning or irritating action, "Facial Youth" stimulates the tired, under-nourished or enfeebled skin foundation. At once, the skin cells awake, as refreshing rain revives a parched plant. Tissues firm—lines, tiny red veins and blemishes disappear. Sallowness is replaced by warm, living natural colour. Ugly open pores close, "oil balance" is corrected. Swiftly, the roughest, most fatigued skin becomes SMOOTH—within a surprisingly short time a woman of 35 to 38 will look a good five years younger, while a woman of over 45 will often look a good ten years younger. Even a young girl will gain appealing skin freshness and charm from this effective beautifier. No drawbacks with "Facial Youth." Positively no unlooked-for effects can happen. This complexion-clarifying and rejuvenating Cream is guaranteed safe and harmless. It works on known, scientific principles. It is unfailing.

Chemists and Stores sell "Facial Youth," in tubes at 1/- and 1/9, jars at 2/6. Powder, Rouge, and Lipsticks, are equally moderately priced.

The kathleen court beautifiers REJUVENATE

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . . . no good.

★★★ SAN FRANCISCO

Clark Gable, Jeannette MacDonald. (M.-G.-M.)

AS popular entertainment, this film could not be bettered.

It has everything — strong drama, plenty of music, some astonishing spectacle—and Jeannette MacDonald and Clark Gable as stars. Director W. S. Van Dyke certainly is to be commended. In another man's hands "San Francisco" would have been too emotional. As it is, the film is one of the best I have seen.

Those riotous, wealthy days before the earthquake, when San Francisco was the "wickedest city in the world," make the background of the plot. When the earthquake comes, it is terrific. I can well believe the stories of Californian audiences leaping to their feet.

An unusual twist of characters in the Van Dyke manner assigns Jack Holt to the role of a wealthy opera-lover, and Spencer Tracy to that of a priest. Tracy, who is fully aware of the responsibilities of his part, turns in an excellent job—as do Jeannette and Gable. The pair make a great star-team.

Another Van Dyke feature is the realism of the Barbary Coast background—he himself knew California well in the days which he brings to life.

Ted Healy makes a fine stooge for Gable. I doubt if the star himself has enjoyed anything as much as the role of a Barbary Coast cafe owner.—St. James; showing.

★★ POPPY

W. C. Fields, Rochelle Hudson, Richard Cromwell. (Paramount.)

IT is grand to find Bill Fields back in harness again. He is a comedian after the theatre-goer's own heart—a real trouper.

In this film, Bill draws upon his Broadway experience to give two of his brightest pantomime acts—a croquet match and a musical instrument performance. The Fields vocabulary is here in all its fruitiness, too.

Apart from Bill, who is always fine entertainment, the film is a very slight affair. Arriving in a small town with his daughter, Professor Eustace McGargle finds that a long-lost heiress is being sought. He has the bright idea of declaring his daughter to be the missing girl, and is, of course, found out.

In frail scenes that are too drawn-out, Rochelle Hudson and Richard Cromwell share the romantic parts. There is one song, and some patchy humor from Catherine Doucet and Lynne Overmann.—Prince Edward; showing.

CHARLES FARRELL, star of "The Flying Doctor," soon to be released in Sydney. Its world premiere will take place in Brisbane.

★★ LIVING DANGEROUSLY

Otto Kruger, Leonora Corbett. (Associated Distributors.)

CONNOISSEURS of detective fiction will be inclined to regard somewhat supercilliously the amateurish attempt at a "perfect murder" which forms the basis of this story, but the fact remains that the methods used are just about on a level with those which an intelligent man with no criminal training would be likely to adopt. And Otto Kruger, in playing Dr. Stanley, the murderer, is supposed to be an average intelligent man.

Taking the picture as a whole, I found it enjoyable. I liked Kruger's acting; I enjoyed that of Miss Corbett. Francis Lester and Aileen Marson made an excellent supporting couple for this story of love between a doctor and his partner's wife, of disgrace, regeneration, and final climax in tragedy.

Again, the realistic connoisseur of murder stories may look askance at the action, at the close of the picture, of a hard-boiled American district attorney. Well, perhaps a little quiet doubt may be permissible here, but the line taken by the said D.A., if not likely, is at least human.

Finally, the adroit use as a musical background to the drama of the final sequences of the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is something other producers could copy. Then, in duller films than this, we could at least listen to decent music.—Mayfair; showing.

★ DRACULA'S DAUGHTER

Otto Kruger, Gloria Holden, Marguerite Churchill, Irving Pichel. (Universal.)

AFTER a lapse of several years, once more the horrible human blood-sucking vampire comes to the screen, this time in female guise. Those of you who remember "Dracula" will know just what to expect—horrific stalking for human prey, sinister fog, weird scenic effects, grim, gloomy castle background, hypnotic eyes, all calculated nicely to raise prickles along your spine.

A little sentimentality has been introduced into the theme. Dracula's daughter, Marya (Gloria Holden), though a human vampire by night tries ceaselessly to release herself from the vampire bloodlust by day, so that she becomes an object more to be pitied than feared.

Otto Kruger plays finely Jeffrey Garth, with whom Marya falls in love and seeks to win. Marguerite Churchill gives a spirited rendering of Jeffrey's sweetheart, kidnapped by Marya. Other players who earn acting honors are Edward Van Sloan as Dr. Von Helsing, the same doctor in "Dracula" who drove the stake through the heart of the vampire, Nan Grey as Lili, one of Marya's victims, and Hedda Hopper.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ THE GARDEN MURDER CASE

Edmund Lowe, Virginia Bruce, Gene Lockhart. (M.-G.-M.)

LESS talk and more restraint in the clues would have put this film in the two-star class. S. S. Van Dyne's yarns are always ingenious, and his characters here are lively enough to keep you interested.

I prefer Bill Powell as Philo Vance, but Edmund Lowe does his jaunty best with the role. Virginia Bruce and Jessie Ralph take the honors among the women, while Gene Lockhart, known to you as just a fussy comedian, turns in a bit of menace work that is fine.

"The Garden Murder Case" involves an unpleasant financier, his niece, his friends, and a gentleman rider. There are also, for good measure, a malevolent mother and a scheming nurse. I nearly forgot to mention the blundering policeman—played, as usual, by Nat Pendleton.—Cameo and Civic; showing.

★ BUNKER BEAN

Owen Davis, jun., Robert McWade. (R.K.O.)

WITH all the sympathy in the world for the vagaries and dreamings of the young, I must admit to a feeling that the more intimate absurdities of the late teens and early twenties should not be served up to the public as entertainment.

For example, youthful Mr. Davis' earnest attempts to overcome an inferiority complex by consulting a snide fortune-teller; his conviction that he is a Napoleon reincarnated; his conversations with a fake Egyptian mummy—if these things were burlesqued more they would get by, but, treated seriously, they provoke only rude comments from the more ribald males who are forced to watch.

On the credit side, this film contains enough laughs to earn it its single decoration. These are supplied, in the main, by McWade and Jessie Ralph. Louise Latimer, as the daughter of the rich business man, the girl eventually won by the timid clerk who "makes good," doesn't look as if she'll ever be an actress.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

AIRWOMAN—FILM STAR

LUISE Rainer is always springing surprises on Hollywood. Recently she went to a nearby airport with a party of friends and suddenly decided she'd like to fly one of the machines there. Her friends laughed, but she disappeared, to roar forth into the sky before them in a sleek monoplane.

Luise has her licence from the Viennese authorities, and, she says, has flown quite a lot there.

MISS SUPER SHEEN Jnr. GIVES A WASHDAY TIP!

DO YOU DREAD WASHDAY?

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Intimate Jottings

Have You Heard—

That Admiral Gerald Massey, while impatiently awaiting the arrival of his fiancee, Jean Warren, in London, is filling in time by dashing hither and thither on the Continent? . . . Paris bored him, and Budapest failed to enthral . . . The fault may be "George's" rather than that of the places mentioned.

Farewell Cocktail Party

MRS. HOWARD JOSELAND had a charming trio of her sisters—Mrs. Foster and Mabel and Nona Hay—to help her with the cocktail party at her Edgecliff home last week. Mrs. Foster's impending departure for Auckland was the reason for the party, and lots of her oldest friends foregathered at it.

Among them were Mrs. E. J. Watt (whose husband is "very much better, thank you"), Mrs. T. H. Kelly, Mrs. David Hill, Mrs. Cavaye, Mrs. Spencer Brunton, Mr. Eddie Read (whose wife is still in New Zealand), Mrs. A. E. Hughes, and the John Bruntons.

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Still another grandchild for the Forsaths, of Vaucluse Hall . . . The Frank Falkiners have a small son, born at Charlemont private hospital last week.

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New Home Pre-empted

ALTHOUGH their wedding is still some weeks ahead, Al. Gordon and Betty Shannon have settled on their future home . . . They have taken one of the new flats near the Elizabeth Bay pier and got it in time to have a say in the decor . . . "Lots of windows and lots of electricity points" were their special desire, and they've got them.

The rumor that Anne Gordon would be on her way to England and therefore not a bridesmaid seems to be without foundation.

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Dr. Spiers Kirkland has decided not to leave England till September 12. He has met many Sydneyites in London, including Mrs. Tom Owen, "looking her smartest"; Sir Claude Reading, who'd been ill at Grosvenor House for over six weeks! and George Sayers, who was about to do a motor tour of Scotland.

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Thought For Others

FOR some obscure reason Thursday is the day on which our brightest and best do most frequent the Hotel Australia at the lunch-hour.

Two distinctive figures last week were Mrs. Eric Sheller, wearing white azaleas on her black tailleur, and Mrs. Oliver Osborne, a symphony in grey from head to foot . . . (By the way, grey is the favored shade for the new spring modes!)

They were both keenly discussing details of the "White Ball"—to take place at the Trocadero a few weeks hence in aid of the Blind Institute.

Magpie Effects

THE general public has caught on to this notion of a "White Ball" and the committee feel assured that black, or white (or both) will be the only wear, and the whole effect most distinctive . . . Prizes for the smartest and for the loveliest white gown will be awarded . . . No reward for black garments, however beautiful, as, though allowed, they are not encouraged.

A bevy of Sydney's prettiest girls will sell the white boutonnieres which every man must wear . . . To come down to more mundane matters—something specially good in the way of suppers will be a feature of the entertainment.

Pay and Look Pleasant

SPENDING three carefree weeks in Scotland with Lady Nairn, Mary Doberer thoroughly enjoys life . . . She still holds down her job in a smart Bond Street studio and finds lots of interest in interviewing the well-knowns who bring their youngsters to be photographed . . . The Marcus Adams' Studio is exclusively for children.

Mary says that orders are given and paid for with serene disregard of cost . . . For instance, Countess Reventlow (Barbara Hutton) calmly parted with ninety-six guineas for the photographs of her small son and heir!

Riding and Rusticating

FEELING rather slack after several weeks in hospital, Mrs. Eric Sheller is looking forward to a promised round of country visits and a chance of the riding she loves so much. She goes first to the Leslie Willsallens at Moss Vale, then to the Tony Horderns and (after collecting her small son Leslie Walford from Tudor House) will go on to the Henry Charles Osbornes at Jugiong.

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The Peter Scriveners are rather sorry to leave their very modern flat at Wunulla Road, but they've seized the chance of taking that big, old-fashioned one at Winslow Gardens because of its large garden and move in next month.

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Leaving For London

THE Port Chalmers will carry a charming addition to its ordinary load of cargo when it takes its departure from Sydney at the end of this month . . . Mrs. A. B. Robinson (Joy White) will be aboard . . . Joy looks forward to a long laze and doesn't intend to unpack any of her pretty frocks till she reaches London.

Puckawidgee Sold

MANY Sydney folk who have enjoyed the hospitality of the Cotton family at Puckawidgee as well as residents in the Inverell district are sorry to hear that this month they are leaving that old homestead with the lovely gardens and much-used tennis court . . . The estate has just been sold.

Henry Cotton is acquiring a new property at Moree and "Tommy" and her mother intend to live in Sydney when Mrs. Cotton returns from her trip abroad.

Australians in England

THE Ian McIntyres of Glen Innes have taken a flat in London and are having a very gay time, as Ian's old "nanny" has been installed there to take charge of small Robina while her parents are gadding about.

Ian's brother, Alistair, and his wife, who was Joan Osborne, spent a few days with them on the eve of their week-end visit to the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

Mrs. Alistair McIntyre has been appointed lady-in-waiting to the Duchess and finds her utterly charming.

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While their daughters are abroad, the Frank Evans' are going to try flat life for a while . . . They moved from 52 Macleay St. Ltd., to Point Piper last week . . . Jane and Beatrice Evans are aboard the Orsova.

A CHARMING American bride—Mrs. John Firth . . . Mr. and Mrs. Firth, who have been staying at the Australia, left for New Zealand last week, but intend to be back for the spring races. —Dorothy Welding.

Last year, Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Whiteman, of Edgecliff, with their young daughter, Patricia, went to England via the Suez Canal . . . With the same goal in view they are off again this month—via the Panama Canal this time.

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Name This Child

WHEN the John Thurgate Taylors first daughter, little Jan, was born they wanted to christen her Jacqueline, but the baby's grandmother, Mrs. Daley, restrained them, because "the name savored of talking shop," she said.

However, living in Melbourne now, and away from her influence, they've been and gone and done it this time, and the second daughter has been well and truly christened Jacqueline!

Joan Long Innes is staying with the Taylors at their Toorak home for the squash racquets contests.

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No matter how nice it is one does get fed up with other people's furniture, but the Lane-Pooles have not yet found "just what the doctor ordered" in the way of a house of their own. Now that they have had to give up their former temporary quarters to the Bill Crossings, they are ensconced in the Herbert Allens' flat at Edgecliff.

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Fiesta!

CHEEK by jowl with the Queen's Club are the new quarters of the Italian Club, which had its official opening last Saturday night.

A reception and musicale, with the Consul for Italy, supported by Mr. Hugh Main, making the happiest of speeches, the president, Mr. Frank Lubrano, being toasted and acclaimed with musical honors, much Italian champagne flowing and other Italian vintages and dishes featured and appreciated.

Seen in the enormous crowd were Mrs. Hugh Main, Enid Bayly, Dr. "Jimmy" Woodburn, Dr. Flaschi, Prince del Drago and Mr. and Mrs. Norman McGhie.

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Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Lindsay, of Mia Mia station, Coonabarabran, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son and heir.

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Perennially Successful

BOTH socially and financially this year's Bankers' Ball was an outstanding success . . . Royal Prince Alfred Hospital will benefit, for the sixteenth time, by the profits.

Guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. H. Buchanan, and included the Acting-Premier and Mrs. Bruxner, who trailed blue floral chiffons under her blue velvet coat; Dr. Herbert Schlink, and Matron Dunn, who relieved her black marocain gown with touches of vivid scarlet.

Seen among the dancers were Mr. "Chum" Darvall and Mrs. Darvall, Commander Gifford, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Henry, and Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Uther.

Have You Noticed—

The extremely high crowns of the hats Mrs. Rolph Doyle has brought back from America?

Mrs. Alice Taylor's magnificent kolinski cape—a recent present from her fiance?

Peggy Speill

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If you have bad luck in the Lottery, games, gambling, love, business, you should carry a pair of Mystic Brahma Highly - Dynamic Loadstones. These loadstones are carried by occult Oriental people as a powerful charm—one to prevent bad luck, evil, and misfortune, and the other, to attract much good luck, love, happiness, and prosperity. Posted by return mail, price 4/8 the pair. Posted 3d. extra. Money refunded in 7 days if not satisfied.
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Cameras, Ma Ma Dolls, Fount Pens, many other valuable prizes for selling small parcel of tested garden seeds. Send for parcel and big catalogue of presents. Send no money now, only name and address. Write to-day.
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FITS—TRENCH'S has an Australian record of 40 YEARS' successful treatment of THOUSANDS of cases of Epilepsy. One month's treatment, 11/-. Particulars from The UNION MFG. CO., N—299 Elizabeth St., Melbourne, C.1.

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And an unusual musical session with unique appeal each Wednesday night at 9.45.

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Here is a session which will delight the young folk. Uncle George and Bimbo tell of the careers and achievements of famous Australian sportsmen.
Six nights a week at 5.40.

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How the stars rule your life.
Each WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON at 2.30.

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You know the feeling and its results—everything will go wrong. Sometimes the announcers of 2GB get a touch of it, and on Monday nights at 8.45 they make all sorts of silly mistakes in a novel musical session which is designed to test your skill and musical knowledge.

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS
ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

Most Charming People of the Zodiac Are Leonians

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society

Leonians—those people born between July 23 and August 24—are emotionally some of the most magnetic folk in the world.

In addition, they thoroughly enjoy expressing their electric and vital personalities, with all the distinctive attraction they possess.

Is it any wonder then that they are renowned as the most charming people of the zodiac? Or that they can win over those of the opposite sex whose friendship or love they desire?

STRANGELY enough, many Leonians are tongue-tied. Surprising numbers are born with the actual physical disability, and often remain so throughout life; others seem rather to be possessed of a kind of "dumb-devil" which makes it almost impossible for them to speak freely. They seem forced to hesitate to the point of stuttering, even though the organs of speech are physically perfect.

But when a Leonian can talk—oh! how he talks. Especially if "he" be a "she." They can chatter by the hour and make you like it—and them.

They seem bubbling over with vivacity, optimism, joviality, and good humor. Their laughter is a genuine, hearty thing—very catching.

Leo people often live to a grand old age. They demand respect as their right, and can be masterful to the point of tyranny. Also, they are generous to the point of extravagance.

This being so, they should strive continually to overcome the hardness, selfishness, and touch of cruelty and intolerance in their nature, for their success in life depends upon the magnetism of their personality.

The remainder of this year should prove good and quite eventful for most Leo folk. Opportunities are likely to come their way, especially during August and December, so that they should live active and desirable lives unless the individual horoscope happens to prove contrary.

Disturbing conditions may affect courtships, marriage, or children, bringing small disappointments but big pleasures.

Speculating in stocks or shares is not advised this year for those of this sign of the zodiac, though notable success can come their way through business extensions or promotion, and through safe investments. They should collect their profits without delay, for they can disappear through the unreliability of others.

Many Leonians will change their occupations or move into new homes this year. Others will travel (probably rather unexpectedly) or make changes in regard to domestic conditions and children. There can be a marriage in the family; also legal or family disputes.

Those born about August 7 should enjoy unusual happiness and prosperity, beginning the day of birth. And most Leonians will find that 1936 has produced much excitement, activity, and interest. They can afford to live quietly during the first three weeks of November, but should get busy thereafter, and keep busy till the end of the year.

Celebrities Born Under the Sign Leo
Henry Ford
Mussolini
Raymond Poincare
Stanley Baldwin
George Bernard Shaw
Sir Harry Lauder
Lord Tennyson
Alexander Dumas
Guy de Maupassant

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES PEOPLE (March 21 to April 21): Keep busy. Good for you this week excepting on the 20th p.m., 21st, and 22nd.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Not really good for you, although the 18th, 19th, and until noon on the 20th can be fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Fair on the 20th after noon, 21st, and 22nd, but go slowly on the 18th, 19th, and early 20th.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Fair enough on the 23rd, 24th, and early 25th.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Make the most of your opportunities from the 18th to 22nd, but live quietly from the 23rd to the 25th.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): 19th and early 20th fair. Make plans, but do not act until next week.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Fair on the 20th p.m., 21st, and 22nd.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Be cautious most of this week, though August 23, 24, and early 25 may bring improvements.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Make the most of the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Opportunities are around the corner. Begin to plan ahead. Fair on the 18th, 19th, and 20th. Better next week.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Be on your guard against losses, opposition, partings, and worries, especially on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Try to finalise important affairs this week, especially on the 23rd. Be cautious on the 19th and a.m. of 20th.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

ROSES *Ruined* and REMADE This *Sydney Man's* LIFE!

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

He always loved roses. Yet they were indirectly responsible for Everard Brickhill losing his sight.

Now this blind Australian horticulturist has returned to his old love, and they have inspired him to invent a new spray for garden hoses which has made him financially secure against the future.

MR. BRICKHILL'S whole life has been influenced by his love of roses.

"I have always loved roses," he told me when I talked to him at his flat just off the Strand. "I had a bed of them in my father's garden at our home not far from Sydney. One day, more than twenty years ago, I found that my roses were being harmed by pests, and I decided to mix a spray that would properly exterminate them. I worked with some dangerous acids in the shed. The bowl slipped, and the acid splashed into my eyes, blinding me.

"I was determined that blindness should not ruin my life, so I set to work and, when I was watering my roses, I got my great idea. Water was scarce, and I determined to invent a more economical sprinkler.

"My first effort was made from two umbrella ferrules, and the whole idea took eight years to perfect. During that time I met my wife. She has become my eyes, and spends half her time drawing, from my instructions, the nozzles and slots that have made us financially secure."

AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER

Send one shilling and twopence to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Sydney, for Aunt Mary's Cookery Book—210 pages, 400 recipes and useful hints, illustrated in full colours. Save 50 clean lids for handsome surprise packet free.

ALTHOUGH THE BUILDING of model steamships was heretofore considered the avocation of men and boys, Mabel M. Jacobsen shows that women, too, are among the builders. She was one of 100 finalists in a contest held recently for models of the Normandie.

LIKE *Father... Like Son* & DAUGHTER

Meet the Pioneers of 2GB

Radio is definitely growing up, and in another decade it will have come of age. Next Sunday 2GB will celebrate its tenth anniversary, and already the second generation is taking an active part in the life of the station.

BOTH Miss Evelyn Bennett and Mr. George Bennett, daughter and son of Mr. A. E. Bennett, managing director and founder of 2GB, are well to the fore in broadcasting activities.

After a successful University career, in which she gained her B.A., Miss Bennett spent some time abroad, and since her return she has become well known to 2GB listeners for her book reviews, which she broadcasts in conjunction with the 2GB public library.

MR. GEORGE BENNETT, son of 2GB's managing director, and himself a radio executive.

This is work into which she can put her whole soul, for she is passionately fond of reading. Lately Miss Bennett has been engaged in programme work.

Mr. George Bennett also attended Sydney University, gaining his B.Sc. At the time he intended to become a chemist, but when a radio career opened up for him he decided to follow in his father's footsteps.

After spending a year at 2GB becoming acquainted with the work in various departments he went abroad and visited London, Paris, and Rome, investigating radio programmes and technical equipment, giving particular attention to America to the making of transcriptions. To-day he is busy organising radio productions and supervising 2GB's own sound-recordings.

Vice-Regal Patronage

ONE of the first women's organisations to which Lady Anderson, the wife of the new State Governor, has extended her patronage is Mrs. Stalzer's 2GB Happiness Club. Lady Gowrie is now Federal patron of the club, which grows in membership day by day. At the present moment there are over 12,000 members of the club in Sydney, the surrounding districts, and Newcastle. Mrs. Stelzer reports that new branches are being formed in many centres.

Art's Latest

LATELY all London has been intrigued by the Surrealist Art Exhibition. Surrealism is an international art movement that has been gaining force on the Continent for the last twenty years, but it has only lately reached London, and the London intelligentsia, according to latest reports, have gone "all-surrealist."

If you want to know more about surrealism, Leonard Bennett, of the B.S.A Players, is the man to consult, for one of the leaders of the movement, Joan Miro, is a personal friend. Also, in the course of his dramatic work in Paris and London, he came in contact with many of the artists who contributed to the London exhibition.

New Parlor Game

RADIO is always in search of new and novel entertainment — something with the spice of difference in it—and 2GB seems to have found just that in its new session, Mondayitis.

For the purpose of this session the announcers are attacked by that familiar complaint, and nothing will go right. All sorts of silly mistakes are made; Harry Dearth addresses Eric Colman as Charles, and Charles Cousens announces one record and plays another, and the listener is asked to name as many of the mistakes as possible.

It is an interesting test of musical knowledge and powers of observation—a new radio game.

Our Radio Sessions From 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)

WEDNESDAY, August 19.—11.45 a.m.: "London Calling." 3.30 p.m.: "The Fashion Parade."

THURSDAY, August 20.—11.45 a.m.: "People in the Limelight." 3.30 p.m.: Featuring Claude Hulbert in "Taking Possession."

FRIDAY, August 21.—11.45 a.m.: "So They Say." 3.30 p.m.: "Musical Moods."

SATURDAY, August 22.—6.15 p.m.: "The Music Box." 9.30 p.m.: "B.B.C. Staff Artists."

SUNDAY, August 23.—6.30 p.m.: Ellis Price and his players in scenes from the forthcoming Australian Women's Weekly novel.

MONDAY, August 24.—11.45 a.m.: "In the News." 3.30 p.m.: "Rhythm" (a musical presentation).

TUESDAY, August 25.—11.45 a.m.: "News and Reviews." 3.30 p.m.: Fritz Kreisler selections.

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RUNAWAY

HER confidant was an old German—a professor of music who had lived in London since the war. He and Kitty were great friends. The old man said:

"It iss a pity. He does no work?"

"He hasn't written a line for months—since the book came out."

"Yess. It iss a pity. Perhaps it will pass without harming him. Perhaps not."

"What do you mean?"

He shrugged. "I mean, he is young, impressionable, very sensitive. This—phase—may do him great harm. It may kill what we musical people—sentimentalists—call the soul."

"Yes, I know." Kitty drew a quick breath. "But it isn't that he's blinded by vanity—that his critical faculty has gone. He knows that all this praise is false and shallow, and that the book is false and shallow."

When Peter came home from some party, very happy, garrulous and drunk, she caught at the lapels of his coat, pulled him down beside her on the settee, and said:

"Term ends in three weeks. Let's go to Switzerland. It would be so lovely, and you could finish your book."

He agreed, happily. They would have the same chalet, and the same goat—or would it be too old now to give milk? He became quite tearful over the idea, then laughed and fell asleep with his head in her lap.

But next morning, when she said: "Will we really, truly be in Switzerland in three weeks' time?" he gave her a sidelong glance, scowled, and muttered that he'd thought she was joking. He couldn't leave town now.

"Why not?"

"Why not?" he stuttered a little. "All these b-blessed parties. I'm—hang, it, Kit—I'm booked for weeks. Look here, you go. You need a quiet holiday, and I c-can manage on my own here for a bit."

"And the book?"

"Book?"

"Your 'Come Down From the Mountains.'"

He laughed. "Oh, that old thing. I'm not going back to that. I've got a new book planned. I've been discussing it with Matilda Waring . . ."

Kitty looked at him, her clear eyes measuring him.

"So your mind's quite made up?" she said.

Her look stung color into his face.

"Of course it's made up," he said loudly. "Look here, Kitty, you can't treat me like a child. I can run my own life, and I'm going to. See?"

"I'm sick of this 'Come here. Go there. Do this. Do that.' As for that sloppy old story, I never want to hear any more about it."

"It's the best thing you've ever done," said Kitty.

He flung over to his desk, dragged open a drawer, scattering papers, found the manuscript — an untidy bundle tied with string just as he had brought it from Switzerland, and screwed it into a ball and threw it in the waste-paper basket. He was white with rage.

"There!" he said between his teeth. "That's what I think of it—and now perhaps you'll leave me alone."

WHEN he had gone, Kitty rescued the bundle of papers and carried it to her own room. There she smoothed it out, page by page, on her knee, and read it again. The magic of it was still there. Her eyes were wet when she had finished.

She went on with her preparations for the holiday in Switzerland, with Peter's hearty encouragement whenever he was not too self-engrossed. They had patched up their quarrel, and he saw her off at the station, rushing here and there, buying her flowers and magazines, and being charmingly inconsequent and useless, and waving his hat as the train drew out. She tried to ease her sore heart by picturing his arrival, like a naughty boy, at the chalet.

But he did not come. Instead, all her friends kept her posted with news of the progress of his affair with Matilda Waring.

Kitty came back to London at the end of her holiday, and back to Peter, clinging fast to the idea that somehow, somehow, she must save him. She found him not at all penitent, but inclined to be swaggering and defiant over his affair with the Waring girl. His new book was coming out in a few weeks. Kitty saw it for the first time, in proof, and knew it was a failure.

The advance notices were excellent. Peter had all the publicity he could wish for, but the book was coldly received. The fickle public shrugged its shoulders at this credulous young man who thought he could offer it the same dish twice.

Peter would not believe it. He posed, he talked, he brought his book into conversations, and was snubbed. His publishers lost money on the book. No one paid any attention to Peter's frantic efforts to save it. His brief hour was over. Even Matilda Waring deserted him for a new literary "giant."

Peter saw very little of Kitty these days. She shared the flat, but since his affair with Matilda she had been sleeping in a tiny box of a room partitioned off the kitchen. Sometimes they met at breakfast, when Peter was morose and rude, or gay and preoccupied, or white-faced and sick. Kitty's days were spent at the music school, and in the evenings Peter was nearly always out.

He told Kitty nothing about his third book, never even mentioned its existence, but she followed its progress closely, as it was reflected in his moods. She knew the day he finished it, and the day he took it to his publishers.

It was a Saturday afternoon and she was at home when young Ramsay telephoned. He was the junior partner of the firm who published Peter's books.

"Is Peter in, Mrs. Halse? I mean, will he be in this evening? I'd rather like to run over and talk to him about this new book."

"Yes. Yes. He'll be in. Do, by all means," said Kitty, stiff-lipped.

She went to give Peter the message.

"What's the matter?" he snarled, at her knock, and she repeated Ramsay's message through the closed door. But before she had finished Peter had wrenched it open and was standing there, shaking.

"What did he say?—anything about the book? Did he say whether——"

"Nothing. Only that he wanted to talk to you about it."

DURING dinner he did not speak a word, but Kitty saw that he had bathed and shaved and dressed carefully. When Ramsay came, Kitty felt at once a certain restraint that boded ill in his manner. Both she and Peter saw the bulge of the manuscript in his overcoat pocket.

Kitty went out, but she could not move away from the door. She stood as if rooted there, cold to the very tips of her fingers, trying to hear what they were saying. And suddenly from out of the murmurous, undistinguishable words, she heard Peter say, in a queer, high voice:

"You mean you won't publish it?"

She moved away then.

When Ramsay came out he found her sitting, very still and upright, like a little girl put on her best behaviour, in the window seat. He crossed the room to shake hands, and she rose to see him out. At the door she suddenly said, very nervously:

"There's something I want to talk to you and Mr. O'Connell about. Could I come on Monday to your office. It's—it's something private."

"Of course, Mrs. Halse," said young Ramsay courteously.

In the following week Kitty dreaded every morning to leave the flat, and every evening to return to it, lest Peter's mood of dazed despair should have broken into some wild craziness, but before that happened he received a summons from the senior partner in his publishing firm—old Mr. O'Connell. He waved the note at Kitty when she came in from school. He was wildly jubilant, flushed, and almost incoherent.

"He's come round! I knew he would, the old beggar!" he cried. But during the evening this mood was succeeded by one of nervous despondency.

She hardly knew how she got through her teaching next day, and

Continued from Page 6

when she returned to the flat in the evening she was trembling with nervousness. She thought at first that the place was empty, it was so quiet, but presently she heard him stirring in his workroom, and she sat down at the piano and pretended to be absorbed in work to hide the sheer terror that momentarily possessed her.

She heard the door open, and looked up to see him standing there, his face young and pale, as she had not seen it for a long time, purged of all the dross of recent experiences. His hair was standing up wildly all over his head, as it did when we was working and pushed his hands through it. His eyes called to her across the room, begging her help. He put out an uncertain hand with a bulky manuscript in it.

"Kit——" he said.

She went to him. She could not let him call her and not come.

"How did you do it?" he asked her at last, and she, blushing, trembling, laughing a little, stroked the manuscript she had rescued from the floor.

"I only wrote what I knew was in your mind. You'd told me the story, you know. I finished it in Switzerland."

He put his head down on her shoulder with a sigh. "They've given me fifty pounds advance royalties, Kit; let's go to Switzerland, and never come back."

"Idiot!" said Kitty tenderly. "I must get you your supper."

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Continuing

A.B.C. Murders

from Page 11

"IT makes everything as clear as crystal. I see the answers to all my questions. The reason for Mrs. Ascher (that, it is true, I glimpsed long ago), the reason for Sir Carmichael Clarke, the reason for the Doncaster murder, and finally and supremely important, the reason for Hercule Poirot."

"Could you kindly explain?" I asked.

"Not at the moment. I require first a little more information. That I can get from our Special Legion. And then—then, when I have got the answer to a certain question, I will go and see A.B.C. We will be face to face at last—A.B.C. and Hercule Poirot—the adversaries."

"And then?" I asked.

"And then," said Poirot. "We will talk! Je vous assure, Hastings—there is nothing so dangerous for anyone who has something to hide as conversation! Speech, so a wise old Frenchman said to me once, is an invention of man's to prevent him from thinking. It is also an infallible means of discovering that which he wishes to hide. A human being, Hastings, cannot resist the opportunity to reveal himself and express his personality which conversation gives him. Every time he will give himself away."

"What do you expect Cust to tell you?"

Hercule Poirot smiled.

"A lie," he said. "And by it, I shall know the truth!"

DURING the next few days Poirot was very busy. He made mysterious absences, talked very little, frowned to himself, and consistently refused to satisfy my natural curiosity as to the brilliance had, according to him, displayed in the past.

I was not invited to accompany him on his mysterious comings and goings—a fact which I somewhat resented.

Towards the end of the week, however, he announced his intention of paying a visit to Bexhill and neighborhood and suggested that I should come with him. Needless to say, I accepted with alacrity.

The invitation, I discovered, was not extended to me alone. The members of our Special Legion were also invited.

They were as intrigued by Poirot as I was. Nevertheless, by the end of the day I had at any rate an idea as to the direction in which Poirot's thoughts were tending.

He first visited Mr. and Mrs. Barnard and got an exact account from them as to the hour at which Mr. Cust had called and exactly what he had said. He then went to the hotel at which Cust had put up and extracted a minute description of that gentleman's departure. As far as I could judge, no new facts were elicited by his questions, but he himself seemed quite satisfied.

Next he went to the beach—to the place where Betty Barnard's body had been discovered. Here he walked round in circles for some minutes studying the shingle attentively. I could see little point in this, since the tide covered the spot twice a day.

However, I have learnt by this time that Poirot's actions are usually dictated by an idea—however meaningless they may seem.

He then walked from the beach to the nearest point at which a car could have been parked. From there again he went to the place where the Eastbourne buses waited before leaving Bexhill.

Finally he took us all to the Ginger Cat cafe, where we had a somewhat stale tea served by the plump waitress, Milly Higley.

Her he complimented in a flowing Gallic style on the shape of her ankles.

"The legs of the English—always they are too thin! But you, mademoiselle, have the perfect leg. It has shape—it has an ankle!"

Milly Higley giggled a good deal and told him not to go on so. She knew what French gentlemen were like.

"Voila," said Poirot. "I have finished in Bexhill. Presently I go to Eastbourne. One little inquiry there—that is all. Unnecessary for you all to accompany me. In the meantime come back to the hotel and let us have a cocktail. That Carlton tea, it was abominable!"

Please turn to Page 40

Here's a Tour That You'd Enjoy!

THERE are various interesting ways of getting to Adelaide for a holiday. One might take train to Albury, for instance, and travel by special car to Swan Hill, linking up with the Murray—a quite unusual route, but wonderfully interesting.

Another method is by boat to Melbourne, then by car by way of Lorne, Apollo Bay, Mt. Gambier and its Blue Lake.

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"I had been suffering intense agony from Neuritis—the pain in my neck and shoulder was almost unbearable and I could not move my head. I tried all manner of treatments and nothing did me any good until a Chemist sold me a jar of Schumann's Salts; from that day I never looked back and after three more jars of Schumann's I am completely cured and not had a twinge of pain."

SCHUMANN'S bring quick and lasting relief

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts are a NATURAL aperient. Their action on the liver is to induce a free flow of bile (nature's aperient) and thereby enable the liver to filter away all the body impurities. The kidneys, too, are flushed out, and by these means Uric Acid and all the poisons of constipation are eliminated from the system. In this way the blood stream is purified, the internal organs rejuvenated and the joints, muscles and tissues freed from the poisons which cause crippling pain.

Schumann's Salts taken in a glass of warm water each morning will bring quick relief to sufferers from RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, CONSTIPATION, NEURITIS, BACKACHE and LIVER DISORDER

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15/-

This is the wave that has everything. It lasts long, looks natural, leaves the hair more beautiful. It's been tried by hundreds of Sydney women and found triumphant. Saves money because you can set it yourself!

Waves and curled ends PRICE, 15/-

Curled ends only. PRICE, 12/6

Ring M2384 for an appointment!

2/- deposit 1/- weekly

STRAINED MUSCLES

AFTER THE GAME

That is the time to apply SLOAN'S. It brings comforting warmth to relieve pain from sore muscles, and keeps them from stiffening.

In most cases SLOAN'S will prevent the appearance of disfiguring black and blue spots which follow a bruise. Apply SLOAN'S freely to the bruised spot, patting on gently.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

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Flower Designs

For a charming, quickly-made, personal gift, choose one of Bertha Maxwell's sweet Needlework creations. To obtain, send postal note to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 2607EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

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DON'T CLIP THIS COUPON (...if you're free from Constipation!)

IF your health is ALWAYS one hundred per cent. . . . if you are NEVER "off colour", or below par . . . you are the one reader of this paper who has no need to sample Nyal FIGSEN. You can *forget* this coupon. But if you are one of the tens of thousands who realise that *constipation* is the root cause of the majority of physical ills—if there are frequent times in your life when nature needs aid, then you will welcome the relief and health that Nyal FIGSEN brings. Nyal FIGSEN is the one non-habit-forming laxative that does not purge or gripe. Its action is sure — but gentle and natural. It is pleasant to take, yet it never fails. Why not allow this coupon to bring you a sample?

A tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

NYAL FIGSEN 1/3

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Figsen to The Nyal Company, 411N, Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ WW 22.8.36

A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 39

AS we were sipping our cocktails Franklin Clarke said curiously:

"I suppose we can guess what you are after? You're out to break that alibi. But I can't see what you're so pleased about. You haven't got a new fact of any kind."

"No—that is true."

"Well, then?"

"Patience. Everything arranges itself, given time."

"You seem quite pleased with yourself, anyway."

"Nothing so far has contradicted my little idea—that is why."

His face grew serious.

"My friend Hastings told me once that he had, as a young man, played a game called The Truth. It was a game where everyone in turn was asked three questions—two of which must be answered truthfully. The third one could be barred. The questions, naturally, were of the most indiscreet kind. But to begin with everyone had to swear that they would indeed speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

He paused.

"Well?" said Megan.

"Eh bien—me, I want to play that game. Only it is not necessary to have three questions. One will be enough. One question to each of you."

"Of course," said Clarke impatiently. "We'll answer anything."

"Ah, but I want it to be more serious than that. Do you all swear to speak the truth?"

He was so solemn about it that the others, puzzled, became solemn themselves. They all swore as he demanded.

"Bon," said Poirot briskly. "Let us begin——"

"I'm ready," said Thora Grey.

"Ah, but ladies first—this time it would not be the politeness. We will start elsewhere."

He turned to Franklin Clarke.

"What, mon cher M. Clarke, did you think of the hats the ladies wore at Ascot this year?"

Franklin Clarke stared at him.

"Is this a joke?"

"Certainly not."

"Is that seriously your question?"

"It is."

Clarke began to grin.

"Well, M. Poirot, I didn't actually go to Ascot, but from what I could see of them driving in cars, women's hats for Ascot were an even bigger joke than the hats they wear ordinarily."

"Fantastic?"

"Quite fantastic."

Poirot smiled and turned to Donald Fraser.

"When did you take your holiday this year, monsieur?"

It was Fraser's turn to stare.

"My holiday? The first two weeks in August."

HIS face quivered suddenly. I guessed that the question had brought the loss of the girl he loved back to him.

Poirot, however, did not seem to pay much attention to the reply. He turned to Thora Grey, and I heard the slight difference in his voice. It had tightened up. His question came sharp and clear.

"Mademoiselle, in the event of Lady Clarke's death, would you have married Sir Carmichael if he had asked you?"

The girl sprang up.

"How dare you ask me such a question. It's—it's insulting!"

"Perhaps. But you have sworn to speak the truth. Eh bien—Yes or no?"

"Sir Carmichael was wonderfully kind to me. He treated me almost like a daughter. And that's how I felt to him—just affectionate and grateful."

"Pardon me, but that is not answering Yes or No, mademoiselle."

"The answer, of course, is no!"

He made no comment.

"Thank you, mademoiselle."

He turned to Megan Barnard. The girl's face was very pale. She was breathing hard as though braced up for an ordeal.

Poirot's voice came out like the crack of a whip lash.

"Mademoiselle, what do you hope will be the result of my investigations? Do you want me to find out the truth—or not?"

Her head went back proudly. I was fairly sure of her answer. Megan, I knew, had a fanatical passion for truth.

Her answer came clearly—and it stupefied me.

"No!"

We all jumped. Poirot leaned forward studying her face.

"Mademoiselle Megan," he said, "you may not want the truth but—ma foi—you can speak it!"

He turned towards the door, then, recollecting, went to Mary Drower.

"Tell me, mon enfant, have you a young man?"

Mary, who had been looking apprehensive, looked startled and blushed.

"Oh, Mr. Poirot. I—I—well, I'm not sure."

He smiled.

He looked round for me.

"Come, Hastings, we must start for Eastbourne."

The car was waiting and soon we were driving along the coast road that leads through Pevensey to Eastbourne.

"Is it any use asking you anything, Poirot?"

"NOT at this moment. Draw your own conclusions as to what I am doing."

I relapsed into silence.

Poirot, who seemed pleased with himself, hummed a little tune. As we passed through Pevensey he suggested that we stop and have a look over the castle.

As we were returning towards the car we paused a moment to watch a ring of children—Brownies, I guessed, by their get-up—who were singing a ditty in shrill, untuneful voices . . .

"What is that they say, Hastings? I cannot catch the words."

I listened—till I caught one refrain.

"——And catch a fox
And put him in a box
And never let him go."

"And catch a fox and put him in a box and never let him go!" repeated Poirot.

His face had gone suddenly grave and stern.

"It is very terrible that, Hastings." He was silent a minute. "You hunt the fox here?"

"I don't. I've never been able to afford to hunt. And I don't think there's much hunting in this part of the world."

"I meant in England generally. A strange sport. The waiting at the covert side—then they sound the tally-ho, do they not?—and the run begins—across the country—over the hedges and ditches—and the fox he runs—and sometimes he doubles back—but the dogs——"

"Hounds!"

". . . hounds are on his trail, and at last they catch him and he dies—quickly and horribly."

"I suppose it does sound cruel, but really . . ."

"The fox enjoys it? Do not say anything so foolish, my friend. Anyhow—it is better that—the quick, cruel death—than what those children were singing . . .

Please turn to Page 43

A TWO-TONE WOOLLEN SUIT is ideal for between seasons' wear. The jacket is buttoned high to the throat and is trimmed with large envelope pockets. It is topped with a huge spotted bow tie. An alpine felt hat completes the ensemble.

FAY WRAY
COLUMBIA STAR
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IT *is* true that men just can't help falling in love with soft, smooth skin. The girl who doesn't win this charm—and *keep* it—is a foolish girl indeed! There's really no need to risk spoiling your looks by letting ugly Cosmetic Skin develop. It's when cosmetics are not properly *removed* that tiny blemishes appear, enlarged pores, blackheads, perhaps!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

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9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap that's especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly!* To protect *your* skin—keep it lovely—use Lux Toilet Soap before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed!

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PUCK *and* PETER PAN *of the* *Music* WORLD

DR. MALCOLM SARGENT

Dr. Sargent, Who Will Tour Australia, Is Vivid Personality

The famous conductor, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who arrives in Sydney on September 5 to present on behalf of the Australian Broadcasting Commission a series of orchestral and choral concerts, is a brilliant young man who is famous in England for his conducting, his tireless energy, his witty tongue, and the speed with which he covers not only his work but also his personal activities.

SARGENT neither moves nor talks as most men do. He flashes about, mercurially, and his speech is an extraordinarily rapid flow of words for which the term fluency is quite inadequate.

He has been called the Puck of England's musical world—and also its Peter Pan. He never grows up, and seems to remain for ever young.

His wife is accompanying him on his tour. At present the couple are concluding a season in New Zealand.

He has many hobbies, some of which his serious illness of a couple of years ago compelled him either to abandon or to use sparingly.

Riding is one of his best-loved hobbies; a native of a hard-riding shire, he has always hunted when opportunity offered.

Study of animals is another—he is a dog lover, and has kept many dogs, and has friends among the animals in the London Zoo, which he frequently visits.

His other tastes include love of the theatre, painting, and the arts generally.

Sargent moves freely in London society and has innumerable friends in all ranks—from Royal personages to the humblest of his fellows.

Modern Music "Ugly"

AS to music, he is interested in all of it, attends many concerts, and gets almost as much satisfaction from hearing a good performance by someone else as from one he is himself taking part in—but not quite!

Naturally, he prefers the classical masterpieces—they, he says, have stood the test of time. That, however, does not prevent his interest in modern music, though he has his doubts about the ultra-moderns, much of whose music is, he thinks, too ugly to be lasting.

He adores children—a fact which may account for his success as conductor of the Children's Orchestral Concerts of London and provincial cities. In that regard he stands alone.

One of the sights of London is the Westminster concert hall crammed with thousands of children listening wide-eyed to Sargent talking gaily, eloquently, humorously, instructively—and always swiftly—about the music they are going to hear; and their breathless attention presently when his orchestra plays it to them.

Australia will also find in Sargent a great choral conductor. His societies include the Royal Choral Society of London (800 voices) whose Albert Hall concerts of the great classics have been rejuvenated by him, and the choral societies of Leeds, Huddersfield, Bradford, Nottingham, and Leicester.

DON'T... FORGET

The annual staff dance of Angus and Robertson Ltd. takes place on August 29 in the Blaxland Galleries. Mary Gilmore, Jim Idriess, and other well-known writers will be present, and the proceeds will swell the funds of the Society for Crippled Children.

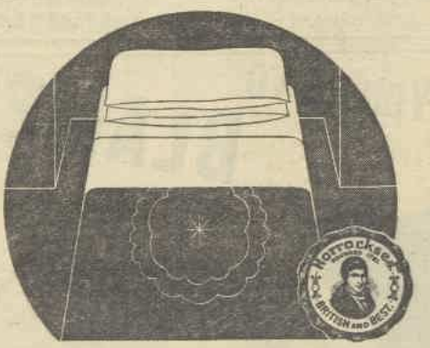
The twelfth annual Staff Ball of William Cooper and Sons will be held at the Hotel Manly on August 29. Proceeds are in aid of the Manly District Hospital.

RESULT OF "FIGURE TRACK" PUZZLE No. 1

The highest total, sent by a large number of competitors, proved to be 161, traceable by starting at figure 9, last figure on the bottom line, then follow on to 3-7-5-1-5-6-8-5-9-6-9-8-4-7-8-6-8-5-7-6-9-3-8-7. Total 161.

All competitors who sent the above solution have been communicated with by letter.

THE NAME IS THE GUARANTEE



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Cuticura purifies and sweetens the pores, thus bringing new health and freshness to the skin. Ugly spots, blackheads and blemishes disappear as the skin sheds its impurities and the pores become healthy and clear.

Twice daily wash the face with Cuticura Soap. The creamy, luxuriant lather, mildly antiseptic in action, washes away all the grime and clogging matter, soothes and softens the skin.

For skin outbreaks, rashes or irritations, apply Cuticura Ointment direct to the affected part.

To refresh and comfort the body after the bath, always use Cuticura Talcum, fragrant and refreshing.

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SOLD BY CHEMISTS, GROCERS AND STORES
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The Food that makes the Baby grow!

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–till the right powder changed her into a *True Blonde*

Are you called a blonde by some—"not a blonde" by others? This girl, too— Her hair still has some of its baby blondeness, her skin is very fair. Yet, with the powder she used, she looked mousy, dim—a plain "in-between."

The Colour Analyst told her to try a blonde's pet shade—Pond's Naturelle. It changed her completely! Her skin brightened with a lovely, luminous look. She herself said "Pond's Naturelle lights up my skin so that even my hair and eyes have more of that true-blonde sparkle!"

What Naturelle does for the near-blonde—one of the other new Pond's shades will do for you. They all add life, colour, tone to the skin.

An optical machine's discoveries made this possible. 200 girls' skins were analysed, hidden tints were revealed. *Bright blue* gives blonde skin that dazzling transparency, while *brilliant green* gives a creamy skin a glowing enchantment. Pond's blended these colours, among others, into entirely new shades of face powder, which bring youth and life to all types of skin. Dull skins, pale skins, sallow and florid—each gets the very tint it needs.

Over 200 girls' skins colour-analysed to find the beauty tints now blended in Pond's new Powder shades.

Perfect Weight and Texture.

Pond's Face Powder thrills every woman who tries it for other reasons, too! It is neither too light or too heavy, but of the exact texture to cling smoothly and evenly for hours, giving a petal-like softness to your make-up. Its rare and delicate perfume is entrancing—and its price so reasonable that everyone can use it. Pond's Powder is sold at all stores for 1/6 and 2/6 per box.

Fill in the coupon below and see what your shade of Pond's can do for your skin.

Trial Offer: Mail coupon with two 1d. stamps to cover postage, package, etc., for free sample of Pond's exquisite new Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ☐, Light Cream ☐, Rose-Cream (Natural) ☐, Naturelle (Light Natural) ☐, Rose Brunette ☐, Dark Brunette (Sunlan) ☐.

POND'S, Dept. W17, Box 1131J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name _____

Address _____

A *Nice* NEIGHBOR

Continued from Page 26

"STILL decided to give up this house?" he asked peremptorily when she appeared.

"There's just nothing else to do," she said, as she'd told herself a thousand times.

"There's lots to do," he told her cheerfully. "Let me take over the house. I've been figuring . . . The whole trouble is that you've got the wrong people in here. We ought to give the house a good shaking, like a furnace, and jolt everybody down into the apartment they're paying for, instead of the ones they wish they could afford. That'll leave the most expensive ones empty, and we'll rent them to the right people."

"Oh, I couldn't," she said wearily. "It's just too much! I'm all worn out with it."

He shoved his way into her living-room, and persuaded her to let him try it out. The old light of enterprise began glowing in her tired eyes again. At last Mrs. Ainsmore had found masculine corroboration for her plans.

"Well, I'll just let you handle everything," she said, after an hour's excited talking back and forth. "I won't interfere at all. I'll make you a sort of manager—with a salary," she said magnificently, and already she was seeing herself liberated from all this tiresome business.

"You'll have to tell a lot of people to move," she said with a little sigh.

"I'll tell 'em," he said jubilantly. "I'll begin at the top floor with Miss Evans."

"She's two months behind," Mrs. Ainsmore confessed wearily, "and the Hodges are four months, and the garden suite is five months."

"Out with 'em all," Eddie said recklessly. "They'll have to live with their in-laws, or find suites without gardens, or something. Some of 'em may even have to get married." He felt a hilarious glee at this adorable jest, which Mrs. Ainsmore couldn't appreciate.

The rest of the night he laid out his campaign. He'd give up his job if need be, but he knew he could fill the house with paying people. As soon as dawn was respectably established in the sky he dressed and went out to see about his new business. By two o'clock he rented one of the most expensive suites, and had prospects for two more.

Under all transactions kept running an imaginary dialogue with Arlie. He'd tap on her door.

"Who's there?" she'd say.

"OWNER'S agent, Madame," he'd tell her. "Here's your notice to vacate the apartment."

"But—but—" she'd say, not knowing how to take the joke.

"You're to move across the hall and occupy the studio with Mr. Patterson. He's looking for a gravy maker." Something outrageous like that.

But when he knocked at her door it retreated under his hand and swung open. The big room was empty. Mrs. Ainsmore's furnishings were there, but the life had gone out of them. All the little hangings, and Arlie's pictures, her doll she'd had since she was seven, her very smell of soap, had gone and left the place quite dead. He ran into the room, crying her name. Even the little calendar, so full of promises, was gone from her desk.

He unlocked his own door and kicked it open angrily. In the darkness he stumbled over a little trunk in his hallway, and that trunk was sitting a shining-haired girl.

"What the heck!" he said. Then he stopped, and his heart whirred up into his throat like a startled pheasant: "Arlie . . . darling . . . this can't be you!"

"Yes," she said in a faint little frightened whisper.

"What are you doing here, Precious?"

"I've moved," she said. "Mrs. Ainsmore told me she'd turned the house over to an agent . . . I wanted to give you my address . . ."

But instead of the address she handed him her little calendar, and he could just make out that the four-lettered month had been torn off and in its place was a page borrowed from the back of the year, wearing a long-named heading, November or December.

It was an exquisite, silent chapter, telling everything if you cared to read, yet telling nothing at all unless you chose to have it Arlie's own way!

"Darling," he said huskily, "it's November!"

"YES," she said with a little shimmering laugh, "I'm tired of summer, anyway. So it's November. And what shall we say?"

"You know what I'd say," he cried, putting his trembling big hands on her shoulders. "The same thing I've said every time I've passed you on the stairs, every time I've borrowed your can-opener."

"Nice evening, Miss Evans?" she asked, and her voice had grace-notes of laughter.

"No. Nice life ahead of us, Arlie." He tipped up her little face so he could see into her velvet eyes. "How could I love you, when I've been able to say so little to you. But I do . . . I do, plenty."

"I know," she said. "I thought we'd never get to know each other. I wanted to so much. And now it's November, and we've skipped all those silly, getting-acquainted months," she said in her dreamy whisper.

"So now it's November, and we're talking about getting married and living magnificently on nothing," he said boldly. "I'm saying 'Arlie, to-morrow.' And you're saying?"

"I'm saying 'Eddie, to-night.'"

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GIRLIGAGS

"FOR A GROOM to be financially able to give his bride the things she has always been accustomed to would be easy if that were all the bride of to-day expected."

EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO

HAS FOR OVER 40 YEARS SET A STANDARD OF PERFECTION THAT HAS NEVER BEEN SURPASSED

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WHEN A DOCTOR Gets INDIGESTION

He doesn't treat it with scorn. He realises that neglected digestive distress may mean danger. The Doctor knows he must get rid of the acid and, more, he must END the cause, and soothe the inflamed tissues. Medical men know nothing better than Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder, made on formula of the famous Prof. H. Maclean, of St. Thomas's Hospital, London. Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder gives quick, safe, effective relief, maintains the normal "balance" required for proper digestion, soothes dangerous stomach-ulceration conditions, and helps the bowels, too. All good Chemists sell HARRISON-MACLEAN Stomach Powder at 2/6.—but beware of "Maclean" substitutes—get genuine HARRISON-Maclean Stomach Powder in White Package. If any difficulty, order (adding 4d. postage) from Ovi Pharmacy, Martin Place, Sydney. EAT WHAT YOU LIKE: BID FAREWELL TO STOMACH UPSETS—HARRISON-MACLEAN Stomach Powder never fails!

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If she loses that smile in the next few years

Nature's been generous to your daughter, Mrs. ..... Her smile wins all hearts—*now!* Will it continue to win them later on when it will mean even more to her? *Not if you neglect to teach her to look after her teeth properly!* Every mother is responsible for the health and beauty of her children's teeth. See that your children use a germicidal tooth paste twice a day, and decay germs will never have a chance. Choose Euthymol, for Euthymol is the tooth paste which kills dental decay germs *within* 30 *seconds*—and it keeps the teeth, gums, and mouth in a healthy condition. Start your family using Euthymol *now!*

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MULTI-SITE LENSES fill a need that no other lenses have done. Three sights in one: DISTANCE, INTERMEDIATE, and READING. The intermediate range gives clear, accurate vision from 24 inches to 48 inches, in addition to distance and reading. Multi-site lenses are being used with great success in Great Britain and America. We now have the necessary machines for making multi-site lenses. Call and we shall be happy to demonstrate the many qualities that Multi-site lenses have.

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CLERGYMAN'S FRANK LETTER

How He Reduced His Waistline by 4½ Inches

There is a delightful frankness about this letter from a clergyman :—

"For some time," the letter reads, "I have been intending to write to tell you how much I have benefited by taking that excellent remedy, Kruschen Salts. When I first started taking Kruschen, my weight was 15 stone 10 lbs. After 12 months it has dropped to 13 stone 2 lbs.

"Formerly my waist measured about 42 inches, now it measures 37½ inches. Before I took Kruschen I often envied the members of my Young Men's Club—that is to say, I envied their suppleness and their good figures. Now that is a thing of the past. I can do physical exercises which I never dreamed of doing before. My health has never been better, and I can put to shame many a young man half my age."—(Rev.) W.H.G.

The six salts in Kruschen assist the liver and kidneys to throw off each day all undigested food substances and excessive watery waste matter. Then, little by little, that ugly fat disappears.

SAVED FROM DRINK

Our free booklet gives scores of instances of successful treatment with "DRINKO," the safe, tasteless treatment for drink addicts. If you are troubled, call or write for free confidential advice. Dept. WW, HOME WELFARE PTY., 333 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 40

"To be shut away—in a box—for ever . . . No, it is not good, that."

He shook his head. Then he said, with a change of tone:

"To-morrow I am to visit the man Cust," and he added to the chauffeur:

"Back to London."

"Aren't you going to Eastbourne?" I cried.

"What need? I know—quite enough for my purpose."

I was not present at the interview that took place between Poirot and that strange man — Alexander Bonaparte Cust. Owing to his association with the police and the peculiar circumstances of the case, Poirot had no difficulty in obtaining a Home Office order—but that order did not extend to me, and in any case it was essential, from Poirot's point of view, that that interview should be absolutely private—the two men face to face.

He has given me, however, such a detailed account of what passed between them that I set it down with as much confidence as though I had actually been present.

Mr. Cust seemed to have shrunk. His stoop was more apparent. His fingers plucked vaguely at his coat.

For some time, I gather, Poirot did not speak.

He sat and looked at the man opposite him.

The atmosphere became restful—soothing—full of infinite leisure . . .

It must have been a dramatic moment—this meeting of the two adversaries in the long drama. In Poirot's place I should have felt the dramatic thrill.

Poirot, however, is nothing if not matter-of-fact. He was absorbed in producing a certain effect upon the man opposite him.

At last he said gently:

"Do you know who I am?"

The other shook his head.

"No—no—I can't say I do. Unless you are Mr. Lucas'—what do they call it?—junior. Or perhaps you come from Mr. Maynard?"

(Maynard & Cole were the defending solicitors.)

His tone was polite, but not very interested. He seemed absorbed in some inner abstraction.

"I am Hercule Poirot . . ."

POIROT said the words very gently . . . and watched for the effect.

Mr. Cust raised his head a little.

"Oh, yes?"

He said it as naturally as Inspector Crome might have said it—but without the supercilliousness.

Then, a minute later, he repeated his remark:

"Oh, yes?" he said, and this time his tone was different—it held an awakened interest. He raised his head and looked at Poirot.

Hercule Poirot met his gaze and nodded his own head gently once or twice.

"Yes," he said. "I am the man to whom you wrote the letters."

At once the contact was broken. Mr. Cust dropped his eyes and spoke irritably and fretfully.

"I never wrote to you. Those letters weren't written by me. I've said so again and again."

"I know," said Poirot. "But if you did not write them, who did?"

"An enemy. I must have an enemy. They are all against me. The police—everyone — all against me. It's a gigantic conspiracy."

Poirot did not reply.

Mr. Cust said:

"Everyone's hand has been against me—always."

"Even when you were a child?"

Mr. Cust seemed to consider.

"No—no—not exactly then. My mother was very fond of me. But she was ambitious—terribly ambitious. That's why she gave me those ridiculous names. She had some absurd idea that I'd cut a figure in the world. She was always urging me to assert myself—talking about will power . . . saying anyone could be master of his fate . . . she said I could do anything!"

He was silent for a minute.

"She was quite wrong, of course. I realised that myself quite soon. I wasn't the sort of person to get on in life. I was always doing foolish things—making myself look ridiculous. And I was timid—afraid of people. I had a bad time at school—the boys found out my Christian names—they used to tease me about them . . . I did very badly at school—in games and work and everything."

He shook his head.

"Just as well poor mother died. She'd have been disappointed . . . Even when I was at the Commercial College I was stupid—it took me longer to learn typing and shorthand than anyone else. And yet I didn't feel stupid—if you know what I mean."

HE cast a sudden appealing look at the other man.

"I know what you mean," said Poirot. "Go on."

"It was just the feeling that everybody else thought me stupid. Very paralysing. It was the same thing later in the office."

"And later still—in the war?" prompted Poirot.

Mr. Cust's face lightened up suddenly.

"You know," he said, "I enjoyed the war. What I had of it, that was. I felt, for the first time, a man like anybody else. We were all in the same box. I was as good as anyone else."

His smile faded.

"And then I got that wound on the head. Very slight. But they found out I had fits . . . I'd always known, of course, that there were times when I hadn't been quite sure what I was doing. Lapses, you know. And, of course, once or twice I'd fallen down. But I don't really think they ought to have discharged me for that. No, I don't think it was right."

"And afterwards?" asked Poirot.

"I got a place as a clerk. Of course there was good money to be got just then. And I didn't do so badly after the war. Of course, a smaller salary . . . And—I didn't seem to get on. I was always being passed over for promotion. I wasn't go-ahead enough. It grew very difficult—really very difficult. Especially when the slump came. To tell you the truth, I'd got hardly enough to keep body and soul together (and you've got to look presentable as a clerk) when I got the offer of this stocking job. A salary and commission!"

Poirot said gently:

"But you are aware, are you not, that the firm whom you say employed you deny the fact?"

Mr. Cust got excited again.

"That's because they're in the conspiracy—they must be in the conspiracy."

He went on:

"I've got written evidence—written evidence. I've got their letters to me, giving me instructions as to what places to go to and a list of people to call on."

"Not written evidence exactly—typewritten evidence."

"It's the same thing. Naturally a big firm of wholesale manufacturers typewrite their 'etters."

Please turn to Page 44

Women who are martyrs to PAIN

If you are subject to attacks of prostrating pain you ought never to be without 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders. At the first sign take a powder and the pain will pass off. Repeat when necessary and you will escape the attack you dread so much. The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'BAYER' A.P.C. Powders, so be sure to get 'Bayer' and avoid disappointment.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6.
Box of 24 powders, 2/6.
Of all Chemists.

'BAYER' A.P.C.
QUICK-SURE-SAFE

Results were Wonderful

Mackay, Q'ld.

"I have been ailing for the last 10 years off and on with nervous breakdowns and at two different times had to be sent away. I had to have a serious operation. My condition afterwards did not seem to be improving at all and I was getting more depressed than ever and worry, as at once I decided I would give Clements Tonic a trial, and believe me the results are more than wonderful.

"I am on my fourth bottle. I can get up in the mornings new as fresh as a daisy and at any hour, and before I was always tired, even worse than I was the night before. Anyone I see or hear out of sorts so rundown I will recommend Clements Tonic."

(Mrs.) W. S.

Original letter on file for inspection.

It is not until one is mature in experience and ripe in knowledge that life really begins. The pity of it is that when life should be beginning for many, all their zest for living has gone. But not for those who have found Clements Tonic and have enjoyed its almost phenomenal benefits. All that the first forty years of strenuous modern-day life take from the system, Clements Tonic helps Nature to restore, building up the nervous and digestive systems, enriching the blood and strengthening the bodily tissues. If lack of energy, lassitude, sleeplessness, nervous aches and pains are making you old before your time, let Clements perform for you the miracles thousands testify that it has done for them.

WHY CLEMENTS TONIC NEVER FAILS TO BENEFIT.

Every ingredient—the best known to medicine —is used in the prescription for a DEFINITE purpose and acts upon the various bodily and nervous disorders, corrects deficiencies in the blood and weakness in the organs; also all tissues of the body are materially benefited.

Thus the whole system is fortified and built up, which means that the nerves are steady and normal, the blood is rich and pure, and sleep comes naturally.

Prices in Capital cities in the Commonwealth, 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all Chemists and Stores.

CLEMENTS TONIC

There is no substitute.

8/226

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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Always late through last-minute STOCKING LADDERS!

MARGARET is always late for appointments. "It's these last minute stocking ladders," she breathlessly explains as she hurries along. "Don't apologise," laughs Joan. "I myself was two minutes late through the same thing." They both agree that ladders are a big nuisance.

. . . UNTIL A SALESWOMAN GAVE HER WASHING ADVICE

MARGARET'S first job is to buy more stockings. "Can you guarantee them?" she asks the saleswoman. "No need for that if you give them Lux care," she replies. Lux cuts down needless ladders because it preserves the natural "elasticity" of stockings, which allows each thread to stretch when the knee is bent, then spring back into place again.

NOW BOTH GIRLS always arrive on time. "It's marvellous what *time* Lux saves," says one, "through cutting down stocking ladders." "And money, too," agrees her friend. Lux lengthens the life of stockings by cutting down ladders, because Lux contains no soda to ruin precious "elasticity."

LUX PRESERVES STOCKING ELASTICITY

S.267.15 A LEVER Product.

A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 43

"DON'T you know, Mr. Cust, that a typewriter can be identified? All those letters were typed by one particular machine."

"What of it?"

"And that machine was your own—the one found in your room."

"It was sent me by the firm at the beginning of my job."

"Yes, but these letters were received afterwards. So it looks, does it not, as though you typed them yourself and posted them to yourself?"

"No, no! It's all part of the plot against me!"

He added suddenly:

"Besides, their letters would be written on the same kind of machine."

"The same kind, but not the same actual machine."

Mr. Cust repeated obstinately:

"It's a plot!"

"And the A.B.C.'s that were found in the cupboard?"

"I know nothing about them. I thought they were all stockings."

"Why did you tick off the name of Mrs. Ascher in that first list of people in Andover?"

"Because I decided to start with her. One must begin somewhere."

"Yes, that is true. One must begin somewhere."

"I don't mean that!" said Mr. Cust. "I don't mean what you mean!"

"But you know what I meant?"

Mr. Cust said nothing. He was trembling.

"I didn't do it!" he said. "I'm perfectly innocent! It's all a mistake. Why, look at that second crime—that Bexhill one. I was playing dominoes at Eastbourne. You've got to admit that!"

His voice was triumphant.

"Yes," said Poirot. His voice was meditative—silky. "But it's so easy, isn't it, to make a mistake of one day? And if you're an obstinate, positive man, like Mr. Strange, you'll never consider the possibility of having been mistaken. What you've said you'll stick to . . . He's that kind of man. And the hotel register—it's very easy to put down the wrong date when you're signing it—probably no one will notice it at the time."

"I was playing dominoes that evening!"

"You play dominoes very well, I believe."

Mr. Cust was a little flurried by this.

"I—I—well, I believe I do."

"It is a very absorbing game, is it not, with a lot of skill in it?"

"Oh, there's a lot of play in it—a lot of play! We used to play a lot in the city, in the lunch hour. You'd be surprised the way total strangers come together over a game of dominoes."

HE chuckled.

"I remember one man—I've never forgotten him because of something he told me—we just got talking over a cup of coffee, and we started dominoes. Well, I felt after twenty minutes that I'd known that man all his life."

"What was it that he told you?" asked Poirot.

Mr. Cust's face clouded over.

"It gave me a turn—a nasty turn. Talking of your fate being written in your hand, he was. And he showed me his hand and the lines that showed he'd have two near escapes of being drowned—and he had had two near escapes. And then he looked at mine and he told me some amazing things. Said I was going to be one of the most celebrated men in England before I died. Said the whole country would be talking about me. But he said—he said . . ."

Mr. Cust broke down—faltered . . .

"Yes?"

Poirot's gaze held a quiet magnetism. Mr. Cust looked at him, looked away, then back again like a fascinated rabbit.

"He said—he said—that it looked as though I might die a violent death—and he laughed and said: 'Almost looks as though you might die on the scaffold,' and then he laughed and said that was only his joke . . ."

He was silent suddenly. His eyes left Poirot's face—they ran from side to side . . .

"My head—I suffer very badly with my head . . . the headaches are something cruel sometimes. And then there are times when I don't know—when I don't know . . ."

He broke down.

Poirot leant forward. He spoke very quietly but with great assurance.

"But you do know, don't you," he said, "that you committed the murders?"

Mr. Cust looked up. His glance was quite simple and direct. All resistance had left him. He looked strangely at peace.

"Yes," he said. "I know."

"But—I am right, am I not?—you don't know why you did them?"

Mr. Cust shook his head.

"No," he said. "I don't."

. . . . . .

We were sitting in a state of tense attention to listen to Poirot's final explanation of the case.

"All along," he said. "I have been worried over the why of this case. Hastings said to me the other day that the case was ended. I replied to him that the case was the man! The mystery was not the mystery of the murders, but the mystery of A.B.C. Why did he find it necessary to commit these murders? Why did he select me as his adversary?

"It is no answer to say that the man was mentally unhinged. To say a man does mad things because he is mad is merely unintelligent and stupid. A madman is as logical and reasoned in his actions as a sane man—given his peculiar biased point of view. For example, if a man insists on going out and squatting about in nothing but a loin cloth his conduct seems eccentric in the extreme. But once you know that the man himself is firmly convinced that he is Mahatma Gandhi, then his conduct becomes perfectly reasonable and logical.

"What was necessary in this case was to imagine a mind so constituted that it was logical and reasonable to commit four or more murders and to announce them beforehand by letters written to Hercule Poirot.

"My friend Hastings will tell you that from the moment I received the first letter I was upset and disturbed. It seemed to me at once that there was something very wrong about the letter."

"You were quite right," said Franklin Clarke dryly.

"Yes. But there, at the very start, I made a grave error. I permitted my feeling—my very strong feeling about the letter—to remain a mere impression. I treated it as though it had been an intuition. In a well-balanced, reasoning mind there is no such thing as an intuition—an inspired guess! You can guess, of course—and a guess is either right or wrong. If it is right you call it an intuition. If it is wrong you usually do not speak of it again. But what is often called an intuition is really an impression based on logical deduction or experience. When an expert feels that there is something wrong about a picture or a piece of furniture or the signature on a cheque he is really basing that feeling on a host of small signs and details.

(To be Continued)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

LIPS CAN TELL SO MUCH WITHOUT YOUR KNOWING

They say — what do they say, those smiling, rosy lips of yours? Let them say, discreetly, that your personal taste is flawless, that you have found the secret of natural, glowing make-up . . . the Coty way to greater charm. Coty Lipsticks are truly Parisian creations. So smooth, the texture blends like a natural bloom on your lips: so utterly pure that your skin is enriched and kept softly healthy. Not really expensive, when you consider how much extra charm and glamour they contribute. *As indelible as it is safe for a lipstick to be* . . . 3/-. Refills 1/9.

Coty

NEW REJUVENATION

RE-AX PHOSPHATED BRAIN AND NERVE TONIC (Concentrated). Restores your lost vitality and energy, soothes the nerves and gives new life, clears the skin, and fortifies the body and muscles. Contains no dangerous drugs and will not affect the heart. 7/6 per box.

RE-AX LABORATORIES, P.O. BOX 44, NEWTOWN.

THE SECRET OF THE PHARAOHS

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Choose Your Holidays Now

Now is the time to plan that annual vacation or long-awaited trip abroad. Let your own Bureau help you. Here are a few holiday trips that are full of interest. Others can be planned to suit individual tastes and circumstances. All trips are subject to accommodation being available at time of writing. The wise holiday seeker will book early.

TOUR
No. 1: LOVELY LORNE .... 14 DAYS
Sydney to Melbourne by boat; car to Lorne; one week in Lorne; two days in Melbourne. Return to Sydney by car via Canberra. Price includes all fares and accommodation. **£15/6/6**

No. 2: WONDERFUL GULF CRUISE
20 DAYS IN ALL. SYDNEY TO ADELAIDE FIRST-CLASS BOAT. 3½ DAYS ADELAIDE. THEN GLORIOUS GULF CRUISE WITH KANGAROO ISLAND, PORT LINCOLN'S BEAUTIFUL HARBOR, PORT PIRIE, PORT HUGHES, PORT AUGUSTA and BACK TO SYDNEY. Price includes accommodation. **£19**

TOUR
No. 3: BARRIER REEF .... 20 DAYS
Sydney to Day Dream Island via Brisbane and Mackay; 8½ days on this lovely isle and back to Sydney by boat. EVERYTHING paid, including island cruising, accommodation, etc. Twenty days in all. **£20/10/-**

No. 4: LIMESTONE CAVES .. 7 DAYS
Leave Sydney on special dates, or any time if party of 4 or more. Klama, Nowra, Robertson, Canberra, Goulburn, Kangaroo Valley, Fitzroy Falls, Bathurst, Cambewarra Pass, etc., etc. Price includes all accommodation and meals throughout. Special party on December 24. **£10/10/-**

TOUR
No. 5: MAGICAL LORD HOWE ISLAND
Summer Sailings, October 17 and 29, November 28, December 16, providing for either 8 or 14 days on Island. With all fares and accommodation, launch parties, coral exploration, etc., £13/5/- (with 5 days on Island), or £16/15/- with 14 days on Island. **£13/5/-**

No. 6: XMAS IN CEYLON .. 41 DAYS
Of special interest to Christmas school vacationists. Sydney to Colombo by big liner and 4 marvellous days in Ceylon. Leave December 19. Return to Sydney January 27. With eleven days in Ceylon. **£50**

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

August 22, 1936. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers—Page One 45

SO GAY ... *and Ever So Easy* TO DO!

Bertha Maxwell Creates these dainty Linen Sets and D'oyleys for quick needles

Read all about them and then order a supply for your home and for gift-giving purposes.

HERE'S a quaint little collection of linen pieces for leisured pastime work, for quick presents, for use in the home. No matter how you need them, you can adapt some of these small things to your uses, especially at this time of the year, with Christmas lists to consider.

IF you can't sew very well, you will find these designs kind to your faults and an education in needlework; if you can sew superlatively, you will be able to finish off as many sets as you want very quickly; for there is scope here for simplicity or dignity in stitchery.

White and cream linen only have been reserved for these linens; white has never been superseded as a decorative linen in the home, it is so silvery clean and so sweet; cream linen is a lovely background for ecru or colored work, possessing the charm of old ivory and a tinting which suits all furniture. Small dressing-table sets and odd d'oyleys are ever in demand in the home; no one ever had enough of either, so you may make these for presents with a happy mind that they will be well received.

Ideal For Show Work

FOR show work, what better could you have than a set of these splendid waratah designs, two round mats and one sandwich shape to match? These are rare designs, so put them away for later work if you do not need them just now.

Almost the designs explain themselves to needleworkers: the small hollyhock set is of unusual shape, suitable for all types of dressing-tables, side-boards or small side tables. The centre will fit a long, narrow tray, while the side mats are very good for plate d'oyleys.

The waratah set is lovely on cream linen, worked in ecru thread number F. 609 or 610 Anchor coton a broder, size 18 or 20. It cuts out to the daintiest imaginable effect, lacy, yet strong and useful.

These are the sizes and prices:

Hollyhock three-piece set, comprising one 7 x 15-inch centre and two 7 x 7-inch mats, stamped as shown with a stamped line all round for buttonholing, hemming or binding, 2/- per set, in best white or cream linen only. Postage, 3d.

Separately, the 7-inch mats cost 9d., and the centre, 1/-. Postage, 2d.

Hollyhock set as above, spoke-stitched for crochet, 2/6 for three pieces. 7-inch mats, spoked, 10d. each. 7 x 15 centre, spoked, 1/3 each. Postage, 2d.

Waratah Designs

WARATAH d'oyley, 7-inch diameter, stamped as shown. Price, 9d., white or cream linen only. Sandwich d'oyley to match, 4½ x 11 inches. Price, 9d., plus postage.

Please note that the waratah designs are not supplied with any spoke-stitching; their own cut edges are a perfect finish for art needlework in a lovely open design such as this.

Colored applique linen pieces are also supplied at 1/- per bundle for the hollyhock set. Each bundle contains enough pink and green linen for working the set.

HOLLYHOCK DESIGN: Quaintest we have published for a long time, it is so effective, so gay and so easy to do; merely several rounded applique pieces in green to represent the rosette of leaves at the base of these charming old-world flowers, and then a few patches of pink for the blossoms and a little stitching for the centres in yellow or deep rose. Or embroider the whole design if you wish.

The green base to every group may be worked in one single piece, the extra curves being stitched in afterwards and giving a perfect effect of several pieces laid in, a great saving of work and time. Where two overlapping flowers occur, the same method may be adopted, the pieces stitched later to show the two parts. The last few little blooms at the top of the stalk should be satin-stitched.

Hollyhock Applique

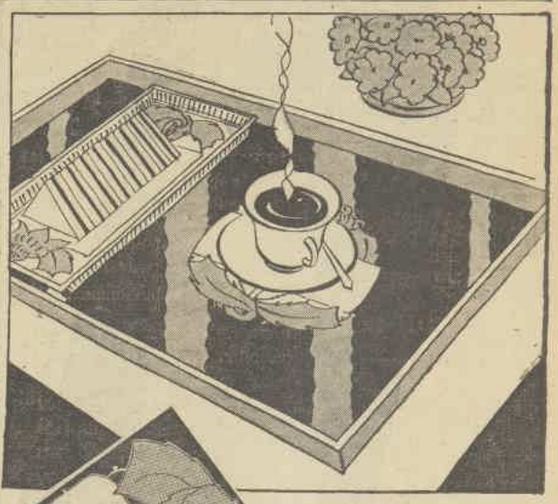
COTTON Colors: You will work your appliques either in buttonholing or in a satin cording over one running thread. The color of the cotton you use, stranded or embroidery, may be an exact match to the linen applique, or a deeper tone of the same color, this last being a very good contrast. If you decide to hem the appliques in place, you will, of course, hem invisibly with a self thread. For binding or buttonholing all round the mats, use green to match the foliage, or a brown or black if you like a sharp note of difference.

WARATAH DESIGN: Work in white on white linen, and in cream or ecru on cream linen. Lay in a padding line of one running thread all round the flower and leaves, then buttonhole over that. There are no bars except several small picoted loops like bars, which occur round the outer edge; they may be omitted, but are beautiful in this kind of work, and give strength to the pattern. Pad and satin-stitch the long shapes packed into the flower head.

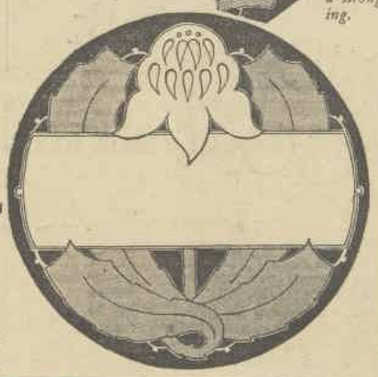
Notice the band of solid linen in the round d'oyley, and the long length of solid material again in the long d'oyley. Treat these parts just as carefully as the designed parts, and do not confuse their turnings with parts of the leaves. Work them as panels by themselves, so that they show up as a special characteristic of this design.

For cutwork, press well before cutting; then brush up the edges at the back and cut again closely.

You may work with quite a large needle and thread if you wish.

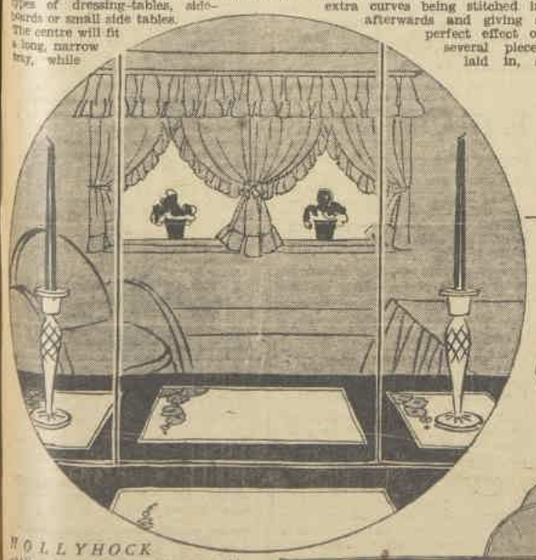


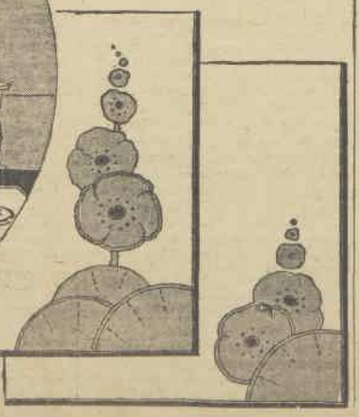
ABOVE you see a tray carrying the lovely waratah linen d'oyleys, which, by the way, would make delightful little gifts for faraway friends. They can be slipped into a strong envelope for easy posting.



LEFT: Showing close-up of Bertha Maxwell's waratah design. See price list on this page.

THE many readers who have been inquiring after Bertha Maxwell's designs featured in earlier issues of The Australian Women's Weekly will be pleased to learn that fresh supplies of all linens, patterns, and transfers are now available.





HOLLYHOCK applique linens for your dressing-table. You can get a three-piece set (see list for sizes) for 2/-. Also bundle of pink and green linen for the applique.

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For those who can't decide between the virtues of a one-piece garment and the practicability of step-in and brassiere, Gossard has created the new Blendalyne, with a detachable top. The brassiere buttons smoothly and invisibly over the girdle, forming an unbroken line, and may be removed at any time for laundering. The Gossard Blendalyne may be obtained with extra brassieres if desired.

Sold by:

Farmer & Co. Ltd. McDowell's Ltd.
Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd. Grace Bros. Ltd.
Murray Bros. (Parramatta) Ltd.

GOSSARD LINE OF BEAUTY

CLEVER IDEAS

TO WASH GEORGETTE: When washing the rather delicate georgette, use very cool, soapy water, and rinse in water of exactly the same temperature. It is usually necessary to give this material a dressing. So add a teaspoon of gum arabic to a pint and a half of boiling water, strain through muslin, and then immerse the garment in it.

REMOVE TRANSFER MARKS: If, after you have traced the design onto the material, you find that you would like to eliminate some of it, you can do this quite easily with the aid of methylated spirit. Brush the unwanted parts gently with an old, clean toothbrush dipped in the spirit, and then iron.

REJUVENATE YOUR CARPET: If your plain carpet is showing a shabby patch where it has constant wear, buy a bottle of spirit hat varnish in a shade to match the carpet, and rub it on in the centre of the patch, working outwards. It will dry in no time, and leave your carpet bright and fresh.

TO CLEAN WHITE CLOTHES: When your white coats and frocks begin to look grubby, take a clean cloth and dip it in ground rice, and rub over the soiled parts, frequently changing your cloth. End the process with a good shaking, and your garment will look like new.

LOOSE SCISSORS: If the blades are loose in your scissors, press a red-hot poker carefully on each side of them, and the heat will expand the rivet and so tighten the blades.

SCORCHED LINEN: Don't despair if you've scorched your linen, unless the threads are absolutely burnt through. Mix together 3oz. Fuller's earth, ½ pint vinegar, and juice of 2 onions, and boil them till they form a paste. Spread the mixture over the scorch and, when dry, wash thoroughly.

VERSATILE *Dishes Win* CASH PRIZES

This Week's Best Recipe Competition Results

Here are six attractive dishes—from snappy breakfast fare to melting party dainties.

They are the favorite recipes of other housewives and win for them cash prizes. Why not send us your special recipe and participate in this exciting competition?

FIRST prize each week is £1, second prize 10/-, and four consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

Here are printed the prize-winning recipes with full addresses of enterprising readers.

LIVER ROLLS WITH LEMON SAUCE

Wash well three-quarters of a pound of lamb's liver, put into saucepan, barely cover with water, and simmer until tender. Drain off water and pass liver through a mincer. Add 1 breakfast-cupful of fine breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, a little grated lemon rind, pinch of powdered thyme, and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Bind together with the lightly beaten yolk of egg.

Take required number of bacon rashers, cut off rinds, and spread liver mixture thickly on each rasher. Roll up and skewer firmly. Bake on a dish in a moderate oven for 30 minutes.

For Lemon Sauce: Melt 1 tablespoon butter in a small saucepan, stir in 1 tablespoon of flour, and blend well until smooth. Cook well for 2 minutes, then blend in about 1½ cupfuls of milk. Add chopped parsley and grated lemon rind to flavor, and just before serving 1 tablespoon of lemon juice.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Clear, 106 Murray St., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

DOMINOES

Shortbread mixture: ½lb. butter, 4oz. castor sugar, 12oz. plain flour, 2oz. rice flour.

Cream butter, add the sugar, and beat well. Sift flour and rice together, and add gradually to the creamed butter and sugar. Mix well and roll out on pastry-board, leave about ¼-inch thick, and cut into pieces about 1½in. long by ¾in. wide. Put on a greased tray, and bake in a slow oven.

When cold, coat the top with melted chocolate, allow to cool. When cool, make royal icing, and, with an icing pump, pipe lines and dots for numbers to represent dominoes.

To make the royal icing for the dominoes, put white of an egg in basin and add gradually ½lb. icing sugar, working well with a wooden spoon. When free from lumps, add the lemon juice and mix well.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. J. Sharrock, Brooklands, Milltown, Vic.

POTATO PANCAKE TOWERS

Six medium-sized raw potatoes, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 eggs (beaten), 1½ teaspoons salt, 2 teaspoons melted fat, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 teaspoon grated raw onion, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons oil for frying.

Grate potatoes, add flour, eggs, salt, fat, milk, and onion. Mix well. Heat fat and oil in frying-pan. Drop tablespoons of potato mixture into it, frying golden brown on both sides. Stack three together, spreading creamed ham mixture between.

Creamed Ham Mixture: Heat 2 tablespoons fat, and add 2 tablespoons flour. Mix well. Add 1 cup milk gradually, cook over hot water until thick. Add 2 cups ground cooked ham, season with pepper. Keep hot over hot water until ready to use.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. McKay, Mintaro, S.A.

BOBOTEE

One pound cold cooked meat, 1 slice bread (soaked in half-pint milk), pepper and salt, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 onions, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 2 eggs, 1oz. butter or dripping.

Fry sliced onions in butter. Add curry powder, pepper, salt and sugar. Then add the vinegar and cook for a few minutes. Cut the meat into dice and add to contents of the frying-pan.

Squeeze milk out of the bread and add bread to the mixture, also one egg well-beaten.

Stir all together, and then pour into a buttered dish.

Beat up other egg with milk and pour over mixture, then bake in oven until set and brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Bamber, No. 3 Flat St. Leonards, 31 Bennett St., Bondi, N.S.W.

RICE AND BANANA CUSTARD

Two cups cooked rice, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2½ tablespoons milk, 6 bananas.

Place 2 cups of rice in a piedish, beat together 3 yolks and white of one egg with 2 tablespoons of sugar. Add milk, and mix evenly with rice. Beat the bananas to a pulp and stir into the rice custard, halve the pulp, and place in a moderate oven to cook for about half an hour.

Allow to cool slightly and spread on remaining banana. Make a meringue with the whites of 2 eggs, and 1 tablespoon of sugar, and heap roughly on top and cook slowly until a nice golden brown. Serve with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Flood, Green Hill, Campbell Town, Tas.

PRUNE MARMALADE RELISH

Wash a quantity of prunes in several changes of lukewarm water, soak for 4 hours, and cook in the same water till tender. Remove stones, cut pulp into small pieces, and to each pound of prunes allow 1 sweet orange cut very small. Add the orange to the prune-pulp, and cook very slowly for 10 minutes, then add sugar, using 1lb to 1½lb prunes. Simmer gently till quite thick, taking care it does not burn, then add 2 tablespoons of coarsely-chopped walnuts, and cook 10 minutes longer. Pour into small jars, and cover when cold. Delicious with cold meat.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss A. Golischewsky, Elliot Railway Station, near Bundaberg, Qld.

MORE WAYS WITH ORANGES!

A few weeks ago our Cookery Expert gave you no fewer than fifteen delicious ways of using oranges. Here are some more!

ORANGE FRUIT CUP

Half a cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons pineapple syrup, sugar, ¾ cup orange pieces, ½ cup diced pineapple, ½ cup one of the following fruits—white grapes, strawberries, peaches, pears, rock-melon, bananas.

Combine fruit juices and sweeten to taste, keeping rather tart. Add mixed fruits. Place on ice. Serve very cold in cocktail or sherbet glasses. Garnish each serving with cherry or strawberry. Use mint if fruits are not in season.

Oranges should have all membrane removed. If grapes are used, seeds should be removed. If strawberries are used, cut in half. Peaches or pears, if used, should be diced. Cherries should be stoned. Rock-melon or bananas should be cut in balls or small sections.

ORANGE FRAPPE

Two cups sugar, 3 cups water, 2 cups orange juice, ½ cup lemon juice.

Boil sugar and water 10 minutes. Cool, add fruit juices. Freeze to a mush.

ORANGE ICE CREAM

Three cups orange juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup thick cream, 2 cups thin cream or milk.

Mix orange juice and sugar thoroughly. Add cream or cream and milk, and freeze. Or add just thin cream or milk, freeze to a mush, add whipped cream, and continue freezing.

UNDERWEIGHT ADE

One egg-yolk, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup thin cream, sugar if desired.

Beat egg-yolk until light, add orange juice, and blend thoroughly. Pour into glass and stir in cream. Sweeten to taste. Serve at once.

ORANGE CREAM PUNCH

To two cupfuls of whole milk and two cupfuls of thin cream add two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, one cupful of orange juice, and sugar to taste. Fold in the beaten whites of four eggs and serve at once. This is best if served very cold, provided the children are willing to sip it slowly.

"Up to mischief"

But still they can't go far wrong. Their cooking should be a grand success for they are certainly using the finest ingredients. The kiddies love the way Cerebos pours; and it will go on pouring no matter how damp the atmosphere. It never cakes and none is ever wasted. Careful housewives have proved that it is a wise economy to pay the little more for Cerebos.

CEREBOS
TABLE SALT
Saves in the long run

Science finds new natural way to end Constipation

Women advised to stop dangerous laxative habit!

Harsh, habit-forming purgatives are no longer necessary. Constipation can be cured without steady dosing, which destroys natural functions. Guard the family health by serving food rich in "bulk."

"Bulk" is necessary to maintain normal, regular elimination. The best source of "bulk" is Kellogg's All-Bran. It provides elements lacking in modern, over-refined foods. All-Bran gently strengthens weakened organs, relieves constipation the natural way. Very soon you no longer need a laxative of any sort.

Two tablespoonsful of All-Bran, served daily for one week covered with milk or cream, will relieve constipation. After that, 3 servings a week maintain regular normal elimination. Sold by all grocers.

COUGHS are Nature's DANGER SIGNALS

A repeated cough—one that hangs on, is a definite signal of some inward trouble.
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy stops coughs and so prevents more serious ailments developing.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

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THIS *Stimulating* BEVERAGE *Called* TEA!

It is estimated that over two hundred thousand million cupfuls of tea are consumed yearly by the tired and thirsty dwellers of the universe!

Here is given the right way to make a good cup of steaming, hot tea; also various delicious ways of serving it.

By RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

All these Recipes have been Tested in our own Kitchens

A TRADITION in almost every home throughout the length and breadth of this country: morning and afternoon tea . . . at left, Russian tea ready to serve, and below, utensils ready for fruited iced tea.

FROM the days when Hazlitt drank nearly two pounds a week of the best souchong tea at 12/- a pound, and drank it black, and when Carlyle took his own black tea to an entertainment where he suspected green tea might be served, people have evolved their own particular way of taking tea, and refused to vary it. Yet there are countless different ways of serving it so that its delicious flavor is retained and an extra fillip imparted.

TEA is a beverage brewed from the tender leaves of a plant of the camellia variety, cultivated in large gardens in China, India, Ceylon, and Java.

It has an ancient origin. According to the Chinese it was discovered by chance by the philosopher, Shennung, in 2737 B.C. Indians give the credit for its discovery to a Hindu ascetic. It first came to prominence in England about 1658, and from then quickly established itself as a fashionable drink, unanimously voted as being stimulating, thirst-quenching, and conducive to intimate conversation. Now, it is estimated that throughout the world 200,000,000,000 cups of tea are taken each year.

Tea is a beverage peculiarly suited to modern conditions, and especially to the Australian climate, but to be enjoyed thoroughly must be made carefully. So many people are content with throwing the tea into a cold teapot and, without allowing it to stand a sufficient length of time, pouring it out, but if they will only take note of the following recipe they will never err again.

How To Make Tea

SELECT a good quality tea and keep it in an airtight canister. Allow ½ to 1 teaspoon of leaves to each ½ pint of water. Boil fresh water. Have ready 2 dry, warmed teapots. Put the leaves into one of them and, as soon as the water boils, **take the teapot to the kettle** and pour onto the leaves. Replace lid and stand about 3 minutes, then pour the infusion into the second teapot. It can then stand for any length of time without any harmful results.

ICED TEA

Two teaspoonfuls tea, 1 quart boiling water, milk, sugar.

Make tea, allow to infuse. Place large piece of ice in a jug, pour the hot tea over the ice, add milk and sugar to taste. Serve when tea is very cold.

LEMON TEA

Allow 1 teaspoonful of tea (or less if preferred) and ½ lemon for each person. Squeeze lemons into a jug, add ½ pint boiling water. Pour onto tea in warmed pot, and allow to stand for several minutes. Fill up teapot with boiling water, and stand for a further three minutes. Serve in glasses with cut slices of lemon served separately.

RUSSIAN TEA

Pour teaspoons tea to 2 pints of freshly-boiled water. Allow to infuse 5 minutes, then strain carefully through fine strainer. Serve either hot or iced, with slice of lemon.

CARAVAN ICED TEA

Put 2 teaspoons tea into a jug, pour on ½ pint **cold** water. Place in a refrigerator or ice-chest overnight. Stir well, then strain into iced jug. Serve in glasses with lemon. Add icing sugar if liked. This recipe produces a beautifully clear and palatable tea.

ICED TEA SERVED WITH CRYSTALLISED MINT

With afternoon tea, either hot or iced, serve thinly-sliced lemon and crystallised mint leaves prepared as follows: Wipe fresh mint leaves, remove from stems, and brush each leaf with egg-white. Add 5 drops oil of peppermint to 1-3rd cup of granulated sugar, and dip each side of mint leaves in the sugar.

Place close together on a rack covered with wax paper and stand in a warm place till dry.

AMERICAN ICED TEA

One of the simplest ways of making iced tea is as follows: Have ready a brew of good strong tea. Take a tall glass and fill to the brim with cracked ice, strain in tea very carefully, and add sugar to taste. Serve with a slice of lemon hung on the side of the glass, and two straws.

TEA PUNCH WITH PINEAPPLE

Pour 1 cup of boiling water over 1 teaspoon of best-quality tea, and let stand for five minutes.

Strain carefully. Add 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, and 1 cup syrup from tinned pineapple. Serve in small glasses with crushed ice. Garnish with very thin strips of pineapple.

TEA GLACE

Two tablespoons tea, 1 quart boiling water, 4oz. sugar, 1 pint cream, 1 lemon.

Make tea and allow to infuse, pour off into ice-cream freezer previously placed in tub of broken ice and coarse salt. Add sugar and cream, freeze mixture until of a creamy appearance, then pour off into glass jugs and serve in glasses. Cut lemon into thin slices and hand round with the iced tea.

FRUITED ICED TEA

Make tea in usual way. Allow to stand 5 minutes, strain carefully into a jug in which ice has previously been put. Add juice of 1 orange and 1 lemon, and 1 teaspoon sugar to every 4 cups of tea. Serve in glasses, with straws.

PINEAPPLE ICED TEA

Make tea in usual way. Allow to stand 5 minutes. Strain through muslin into jug, add 4 tablespoons pineapple juice, juice 1 lemon, and 1 teaspoon sugar and shaved ice to each 4 cups tea. Serve in glasses, with straws.

MILK TEA

Make tea in the ordinary way, but only put in half the usual amount of water. Infuse 4 minutes. Pour out, but only half-fill the cup. Fill up cup with hot milk, add sugar to taste, and serve at once.

TEA PUNCH

One cup hot tea (ordinary strength), 9 tablespoons orange juice, 4oz. sugar, 2 cups ginger ale, 2 cups soda water, 3 tablespoons sherry (if liked), mint leaves, slices of orange.

Make tea and pour over sugar. Stir well. Add orange juice. Strain into jug. Chill. Just before serving add ginger ale, soda water, and sherry. Garnish with mint leaves and thick slices of orange.

FRUIT PUNCH

Two cups water, 6 cups sugar, 2 cups strong tea infusion, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 cup grated pineapple, 1 cup maraschino cherries and juice, 1 bottle apollinaris water, 1 bottle ginger ale.

Boil water and sugar to a syrup, cool, add all other ingredients excepting apollinaris, ginger ale, and cherries. Let stand one hour, strain, add ice water to make 2 gallons of liquid. Add other ingredients, and serve in punch bowl.

TEA FRUIT CUP

Make 1 quart of weak tea, allow to stand 3 minutes. Strain through muslin and, when quite cold, add strained juice of 6 oranges and 4 lemons, sugar and wine to taste. Pour into jug. Allow jug to stand embedded in ice for 1 hour before serving. Any fruit juices can be used, such as passionfruit and pineapple, and then garnish with stoned grapes or cherries.

TEA PLUM PUDDING

Half-pound butter, ½lb. sugar, 4 eggs, ½lb. plain flour, ½lb. breadcrumbs, ½lb. sultanas, ½lb. raisins, 2oz. almonds, ½lb. dates, ½ teaspoon spice, grated nutmeg, cinnamon, soda, 2oz. mixed peel, ½ cup strong cold tea.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, then fruits, crumbs, sifted dry ingredients, and cold tea, mixing all well together. Tie firmly in floured cloth. Plunge into boiling water. Boil 4 hours. Remove from cloth and serve with sweet sauce.

MAKES ALUMINIUM LOOK LIKE NEW!
Steelo
Steelo restores the natural sheen and colour of the metal. It does it quickly, too, with less rubbing than ever. A packet contains 5 pads and special soap.

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INDIGESTION is NEVER confined to the STOMACH

THEREFORE

to banish ALL your digestive troubles and make a good recovery you need 'BiSoDoL'—it helps a weak digestion "ALL THE WAY"

'BiSoDoL' is a logical and scientific remedy which far surpasses other remedies in the scope of its action and the completeness of its effect. While ordinary stomach remedies or bicarbonate of soda act in the stomach, 'BiSoDoL' puts the entire digestive system right. On taking 'BiSoDoL' the first act of this remedy is to sweeten the sour fermenting contents of the stomach and give immediately relief from pain, fullness and flatulence. It soothes the gastric nerves and thus restores the acid balance of the gastric juice, so that food no longer turns sour, and stomach digestion proceeds in comfort.

But the restorative action of 'BiSoDoL' does not end in the stomach. The headaches, the liver attacks, the mental sluggishness and bodily lethargy, the fits of depression, the abdominal flatulence and distension—distressing symptoms of intestinal or bowel indigestion which are only too well known, especially to middle-aged and elderly people—quickly vanish when 'BiSoDoL' is taken. 'BiSoDoL' actively assists the digestion of meats, fats, starches, indeed all foods. It supports the feeble digestion — ALL THE WAY—until digestive power is fully recovered.

"I have lost my Indigestion completely"

Miss C. L. J. writes:—"I have lost my indigestion completely after the second tin of 'BiSoDoL' for I have not had a return for weeks past. It is a real treat to be able to enjoy my meals and to have full nights' sleep. Since I have not had indigestion I have been a new woman altogether."

"It made a Wonderful Change in me"

Nurse W. writes:—"It gives me great pleasure to write a few lines of honest praise for your remedy for indigestion. I have suffered for years from flatulence but the first few doses of 'BiSoDoL' made a wonderful change in me. Any wise person will take and recommend this wonderful remedy."

BiSoDoL (REGD.)

Try 'BiSoDoL' and you will realize what a great stride has been made in the conquest of indigestion by the discovery of this remedy which helps a weak digestion "ALL THE WAY."

1/9 and 2/6 OF ALL CHEMISTS
Pronounce it BY-SO-DOL

Savage loveliness for your lips

...a new, more exotic lipstick!

Warm, enthralling, exciting SAVAGE colour ...tempered to the subtlety of sophistication for fascinating lips. SAVAGE... actually indelible... the clear, transparent colour clings, pastelessly smooth and tempting. As smart as the lipstick itself is the clever Savage case with its whirling, dancing figures. Know the thrill of savage loveliness on *your* lips! One of the five stirring shades of SAVAGE Lipstick is *your* shade. See them all at your favorite store. TANGERINE.. FLAME.. NATURAL.. BLUSH.. JUNGLE.

2/6

The highly indelible

SAVAGE LIPSTICK

Savagely clings to lovely lips

Colorful Everlastings!

They give color and novelty to garden and then, when winter comes, their picturesque beauty will brighten rooms . . . Sow seeds now!

EVERLASTINGS . . . . They bloom happily through summer, and then when the last of the chrysanthemums have faded, and before vivid poppies, the silvery-green buds of spring flowers unfold, they brighten rooms with their starry beauty. Picture shows Lilian Harvey, of Fox, among her favorites.

:: By ::
THE OLD GARDENER

In this article the Old Gardener will inspire you to grow this accommodating group of flowers, which retain their characteristics of form and color long after being dried.

Not only are you told how to grow them and what varieties to grow, but you are given the simple method of preparation for keeping them fresh and bright indefinitely.

KEEN gardeners love to be up to date and try out new flowers. So this week I will introduce to you several everlasting flowers, a group that successfully challenges decay, and the flowers of which will retain their bright colors right through winter.

Before describing these valuable gems, I wish to state that every flower discussed in The Australian Women's Weekly has been grown by me successfully, and the advice given is from practical work done from day to day in the large garden which I personally supervise.

Everlasting flowers adapt themselves to almost every climate and condition. They are invaluable for home decoration, and in districts devoid of water and other garden facilities or the crowded areas of large cities they bloom with little trouble.

They may also be grown, dried and put away for future decorations.

All classes of soil will suit their cultivation, from sandy, loamy, to heavy soil, but the moderately sandy soil suits them admirably.

Soil Preparation

PREPARE the ground carefully and dig well in whatever material is available in the form of old manure, grass, dead flowers, and vegetable tops. Any kind of humus we can add to the soil in all garden operations will certainly assist in every way. In loose, sandy soil humus closes up and makes it more retentive, darkens the soil, and assists in holding water and moisture much longer. In very heavy soils humus assists in breaking down, making it more friable and easier to cultivate.

When the beds have been thoroughly dug, sprinkle over the surface a double handful of blood and bone mixed in equal parts and rake lightly in. This will give the young plants a good start. If we can keep our plants on the move right from the start we naturally will be successful.

How to Sow Seeds

SOW the seeds under cover in the cooler districts, but in warmer climates, where there is no danger of frosts, they can be sown in the open. Select a corner of the garden facing the north-east, where they will receive plenty of morning sun. Make the seed beds and sprinkle the seed on the surface, then cover lightly with old, well-decayed manure rubbed through a fine sieve. Most of the seeds of the everlasting are feathery or silvery, and should be planted about a quarter of an inch deep. Water well, and in a few days the young plants will be through.

When they are large enough to handle, prick out into boxes, spacing them about one inch apart. Keep them damp, but don't over water. To be successful in raising your own plants, they must not be allowed to become dry and neglected.

In selecting a permanent bed for the plants, see that it is well out in the open and in a position to catch all the morning sun. Everlastings are drought-resisters and stand up well to adverse conditions.

Varieties to Grow

HONESTY (Lunaria Biennis), known as the satin flower, grows about 18 inches high, is a free-bloomer, and has attractive silvery seed pods, which when cut and dried are splendid for decorative purposes, and last for a very long period.

Acroclinium is a beautiful everlasting, can be dried and put away for winter decorations; grows about 12 inches high, and is attractive massed in beds about six inches apart.

There are many varieties: Roseum double is a rich rose-color. There is also a single Roseum. The white Album is a single, and Acroclinium Helipterum is double, mixed with rich shades of salmon, apricot, pink, rose, cream and white. The flowers are very large, and the plants continue to flower for a long period.

Helichrysum is another popular everlasting. Monstrosum Rose Queen is a rose-colored variety, flowers large; Alba has large white flowers; Compositum Purpureum is a popular type, with large purplish-red flowers, and is excellent for border work; Monstrosum Silvery Pink bears immense double flowers of a delicate silver-pink.

Rhodante is another popular everlasting flower, also Manglesi Major with its large, bright pink, daisy-like flowers. Maculata flowers early with pink, attractive blooms.

How to Keep Them

THOSE who depend on the everlastings for decorative purposes should try this easy way of keeping them fresh and bright indefinitely. First, remove all leaves, flowerless stems, and damaged flowers, tying the stalks in loose bunches, with the cord close to the end of the stalk (this is necessary, for if tied otherwise the stalks will curl and dry that way), and hanging (flower heads downward), in a dark, dry and fairly airy place.

The stems and stalks will dry stiff and slightly brittle, and in a number of bouquets will be satisfactory this way, but should it be desirable to have a more graceful flower arrangement some of the stems may be dried slightly curved, by fastening them with string to a properly curved wire, the length of the stem, and suspended at such an angle that the flower head will hang properly in relation to the stem. When properly dry and ready for use, the wire can be removed, and the stem will retain the curve given it.

WINDOW GARDENS

The following seeds will make a blaze of color for many months. For Window Boxes, Rockeries, etc.

BALCONY PETUNIAS—Cornflower Blue, Fiery Rose, Steel Blue and Violet, Malva Pink, Velvety Violet. Large flowers, in masses. 1/- pkt. The set of 5 pkts., 4/-. NASTURTIUMS—Dwarf Single; separate shades—Terracotta, Crimson, Yellow, Salmon, Rose, Scarlet, etc. 6d. pkt.; 6 pkts. for 2/6. Dwarf Double "Golden Globe" and Mixed, at 1/- pkt. PHLOX—Separate shades: Purple, Scarlet, Red and White, Rose and White, Reddish Lilac, Rosy Chamois, Buff Yellow, Salmon, Vermilion Red, White, etc., and Mixed. 6d. pkt.; 6 pkts. for 2/6. SPECIAL OFFER: 6 specially-chosen, colorful, permanent Window-Box or Rockery Plants, 5/6. Postage 1/6 extra. "SNOW ON THE MOUNTAINS" (as described on this page last week), 1/- pkt. All Post Free.

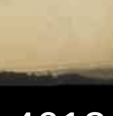
ANDERSON & CO. LTD.,
399-401 George St., and 100 Pitt St., SYDNEY.
Box 1008BB, G.P.O. 'Phones: BW1021-B0556.

CHAPPED HANDS

SMOOTH Rexona Ointment over those painful chapped hands. It stops the irritation instantly and heals up the dry cracked skin overnight. Now, during the winter months, a tin of Rexona is a necessity for everyone. Rexona is made from special soothing, healing ingredients which soothe the skin as no other ointment can.

TREATMENT. Wash hands with REXONA MEDICATED SOAP. Dry them thoroughly after washing—never leave your hands damp. Rub in Rexona Ointment before retiring. Rexona Soap contains the same healing properties as Rexona Ointment. Together they form a perfect skin treatment.

"I ALWAYS USE REXONA NOW," writes Mrs. Money, of 45 Wilford Street, Lower Hutt, Wellington, N.Z. "*I can thoroughly recommend Rexona Ointment and Rexona Soap. I had chapped hands every winter until I started using Rexona Ointment. It is excellent. I wouldn't be without it now.*"



Rexona

The Rapid Healer

OINTMENT, 1/6 per tin. SOAP, 9d. tablet. (City and Suburbs)

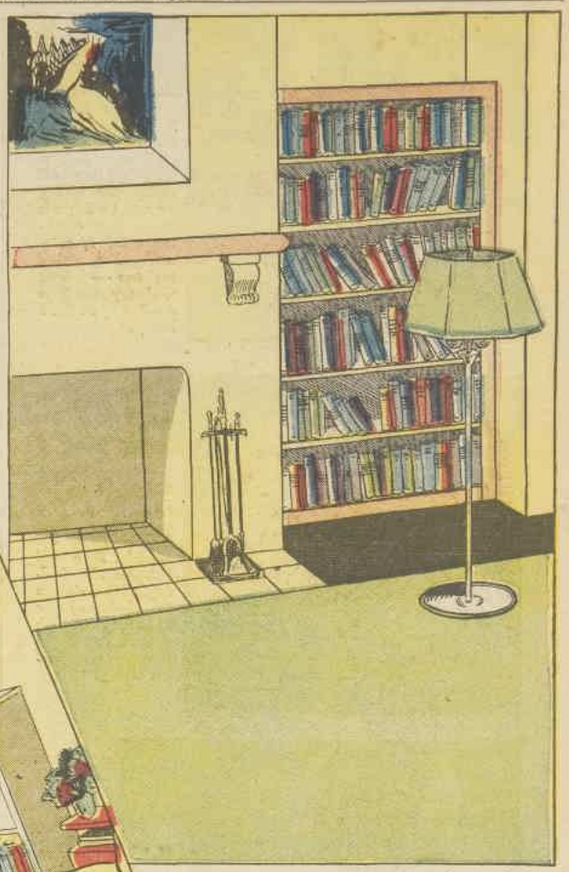
LET THEM *Tell a Decorative* STORY

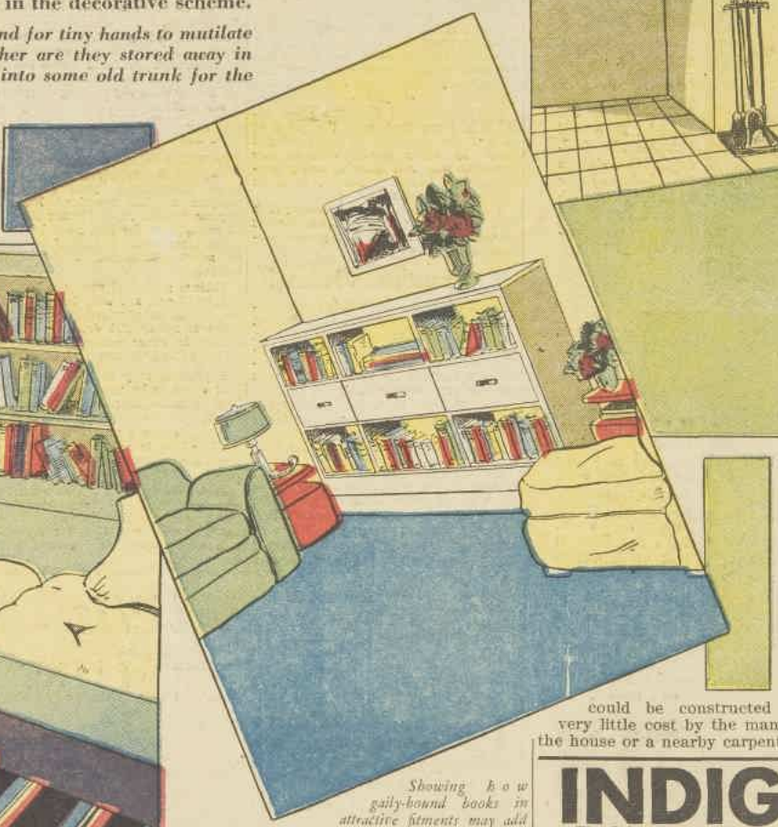
Attractive shelves, carrying well-bound books, lend a dignity and charm to your rooms.

By . . . Our Home Decorator

IN the eye of the discerning homemaker, books are not regarded merely as vehicles for information or entertainment. They are looked upon as definite assets in the decorative scheme.

They are not left lying around for tiny hands to mutilate or the pet hound to maul; neither are they stored away in some built-in cupboard, thrown into some old trunk for the yearly feast of the moths. Instead, they make a feast for the eyes happily arranged on shelves, in attractive bookcases, or standing between fascinating book-ends.





Showing how gaily-bound books in attractive fitments may add to the beauty of rooms.

ABOVE YOU SEE how a fireplace recess can be utilised to hold your treasures. The building of such shelves need not be a costly undertaking.

AT LEFT is shown an attractive piece of furniture designed to hold books with shelf for flowers, and ornaments and drawers for papers, magazines, etc.

THERE are many spots in the home where shelves can be arranged to hold your ever-growing collection of books.

If you have a fireplace with adjoining recesses, after the style of the one pictured at the top-right of this page, you can fill in both sides with shelves. These can be made quite cheaply by the local carpenter, or, if your husband is handy with hammer and nails, measure up the recesses, order the timber, and prevail upon him to do the job.

Use Inch-thick Wood

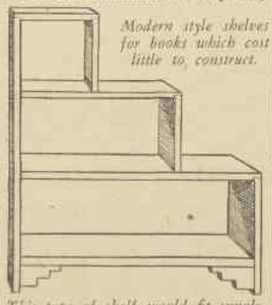
ANY timber merchant will cut shelves and uprights to exact measurements. Inch-thick pine will serve.

When completed, the shelves can be painted to match the color of the walls, or in some bright color to harmonise with the general color scheme of the room, or stained to match the woodwork.

Unless you own your home, don't attach the shelves to the walls. You know the old trouble attached to damaged paint or wallpaper, etc.

A rather attractive idea is to run a couple of shelves below the window seat and fill them with brightly-bound books — reds, greens, gold and yellow, brown, and blue.

Another very decorative plan is to build bookshelves into a corner of a room and make a really cosy corner of it by placing a comfortable divan beneath. Note illustration of this idea here on this page. Doesn't this arrangement appeal to you?



Modern style shelves for books which cost little to construct.

This type of shelf would fit snugly to the wall, take up little space and, in addition to holding books, can be used to display odd souvenirs or gay pieces of pottery.

One of our recent young-marrieds who was seeking a bright idea for a corner tells me she is having both shelves and divan built-in in this way. She purposes having the shelves painted an oatmeal shade to match the walls of her living-room, and will have the lounge upholstered in a dull jade-colored fabric to match exactly the floor covering. Multicolored greens, red, buff, and brown covered books will fill the shelves above the divan.

Utility Bookcase

NOW the central illustration on this page shows a cupboard-like bookcase which has many points in its favor. The drawers may hold papers, magazines, etc., or anything else you might feel inclined to tuck away into their capacious holds.

This bookcase, you will note, adds interest and brightness to the corner, is within easy reach of the "comfy" chairs, and is in itself an attractive piece of furniture.

The bookshelves sketched in black and white here might inspire you to build such a fitment for your "good companions." It could be constructed at very little cost by the man of the house or a nearby carpenter, and would prove a welcome change to the ordinary bookcase or row of shelves.

Objects of art, souvenirs, a gay bowl, flower-filled, or pottery can decorate the "stairs."—E.E.G.

INDIGESTION

When Indigestion has really taken a firm hold, the unfortunate sufferer feels condemned to a life of pain and barred from the enjoyment of good food.

Now, with De Witt's Antacid Powder there is no longer any need for suffering or dieting. The complicated disorders are quickly dispelled.

Mrs. M. Ray, writing from Grafton, N.S.W., says:—"I am a music teacher, and for years I suffered from stomach disorders, acid dyspepsia, flatulence, palpitation and sleepless nights. My diet was most stringent, very often not being able to eat more than a few biscuits, but, since using your Antacid Powder I am able to eat all plain foods, sleep at nights, and am free from awful stomach headaches. It is worth its weight in gold to me."

On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder **FIRSTLY** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

SECONDLY, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

THIRDLY, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach. This "rest" rapidly strengthens the stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, excess acidity is avoided, your pains vanish and medicine is not needed.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 2/6

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

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● "Oo-hoo, Mother! Come right away — Sister's getting all ready for a big cry. And you know how catching it is! If SHE cries, I'm going to, too — 'cause she's my own twin and I feel so sorry!"

● "See here — this woolly sweater's making her a little bit prickly. How well I know the feeling! Wouldn't a few shakes of our slick, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder be just the thing?"

● "Some for me, too? Oh, how nice! I just love to feel that soft, slippery powder going all tickly down my neck. Let's not have it just at bath-time — let's have it often! Then we'd never cry!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is by far the best powder babies can have. Soft and smooth, it wards off chafes and rashes. It's made of finest quality talc.

Use Johnson's Baby Powder for your own toilet also. Surely your skin deserves the best.

Johnson's BABY powder

"Best for Baby - Best for you"

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings. Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush, Modess, Etc.

Johnson's Baby Soap reduced in price—
Now 6d. per tablet.

A9-36

WHEN YOU WISH TO GET SLIM

Even a few pounds "over-weight" will make you slow and tired, spoil the effect of your smartest frocks and handicap you in every way. Don't let fatness ruin your pleasures and prospects. Get rid of it right away—by taking Beechams Pills.

Thousands of fashionable women follow this easy, inexpensive method, because it is so gentle and health-giving—never drastic and risky like strict dieting and ordinary drug treatments.

Beechams Pills are harmless, easy to take and non-griping. They "dissolve" your fat and clear your complexion by purifying your blood. Try them. You'll feel more fit in every way.

BEECHAM'S PILLS are "Worth a Guinea a Box"

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

Influenza Brings Attendant Complications

PATIENT: Are the ordinary home remedies sufficient in the treatment of influenza, or is the disease serious enough to warrant medical advice?

INFLUENZA is one of those conditions which spread from one person to another with alarming rapidity and, before one is aware of it, assumes the proportions of an epidemic.

One can never be absolutely certain what influenza is going to do next. And, of course, the reason is that we do not yet know exactly what the cause may be. Apparently different types of germs may cause this complaint.

The diagnosis of influenza often depends a great deal upon the point of view of the physician in charge of the case. In other words, whereas one physician may call sneezing and coughing a mere "cold," another calls it an attack of influenza.

To be on the safe side, however, it is best to look upon all epidemics of colds as true influenza, and take proper precautions.

Quarantine Victims!

SINCE influenza undoubtedly is transmitted from one person to another, it would be logical to quarantine all cases, but this seems to be impossible, especially since in many epidemics the mortality is low and the number of persons affected very large.

Nevertheless, it has happened frequently that factories have had to be closed and industries and commerce have been injured because of the lack of quarantine.

At any rate, the affected individual himself should try to protect others as much as possible. All discharges from the nose and all material that is expectorated should be burned.

Contact with other individuals should be avoided as much as possible. During the course of the disease it is best for the patient to stay at home and in bed.

It must be borne in mind that flu has a way of recurring even in the same individual, and therefore the patient should be careful that he takes no chances.

At least two days in bed is none too long, even in conditions where there is no real fever. In cases where the fever runs high, the individual should not get out of bed until the evening temperature is below 100 degrees.

After-care Essential

NEITHER should he feel safe in going out of doors, even if all other symptoms have disappeared, until an evening temperature has remained below 100 degrees for two days. During the course of the disease the diet should be liquid if the temperature is around 102 degrees or more. Otherwise a soft diet is indicated.

Various medicinal remedies have been suggested and are used for the flu. It should be emphasised, however, that there is no special drug for the condition; in other words, no drug exists which cures influenza and nothing else.

Physicians vary in opinion as to the best drugs to be used, and many agree that quinine is perhaps better than most.

When it comes to drugging, it is certainly wisest to call in a physician. No one really ought to prescribe for himself.

And then, again, it is only a physician who can tell whether complications are threatening, whether they be of the ears, the lungs, or the digestive tract, and only a physician knows what is best to do.

DR. DAFOE *Tells On* THE "QUINS"

Continued from Page 3

TWO or three times a day, for five or ten minutes, this training is carried on. It is not only good muscular training, but develops the sense of balance and poise.

The children will be taught to walk properly as soon as they are a little more sure on their feet.

One of the more amusing of recent developments is their keen interest in clothes. When new dresses are introduced into the nursery, and the children are slipped into them, their dark eyes roll as they say "a-a-a-a-a!" with evident pleasure.

They come trotting across the room to me, plucking at the dress with that pleased "a-a-a-a-a!" that shows they appreciate both its newness and its pretty color and freshness.

No Fads in Dress

WE have no fads in clothes for the babies except that everything must be washable, loose, and comfortable.

Each one has a couple of dozen of these little wash dresses, all simple, pretty, and sensible.

One or the other of the nurses now eats with the children. It is the best possible way to teach the girls to handle their implements—by example.

The nurses eat from low tables set among the children's low-chairs, and pour milk in the glasses from which the children drink.

The little girls handle their spoons quite well now, and seem to enjoy the use of finger-bowls after their meals.

The nursery home of the quintuplets is beginning to be something of an institution.

Living there all the time are the five babies, two nurses, one housekeeper, one maid (sometimes we have an extra maid come in by the day), and three provincial policemen.

Each of these persons has his or her own room in the nursery building. The place is getting crowded, and we hope soon to be able to erect a separate building to house the personnel.

It is quite an institution to operate. Though we haven't the quantity of washing we used to have, we still wash 40 diapers a day—we have about 500 of them on hand.

More than 100 dolls have been brought to the babies in one way or another, and of these about half have already been given to the Dionne family.

Altogether, the babies have more than 50 pieces of religious jewellery.

On the third floor of the nursery building we have storage space for a fairly large stock of toys.

Many have been sent which were not suited to the children's age. These will be brought out and given to them when they can be used safely.

In general, we believe in "building" toys, reserving the mechanical kind for later.

In leafing through their picture books and "A B C" books, it is interesting to note how sensitive the children are to color. Those pictures which are highly colored invariably attract and hold their attention.

Normal and Sturdy

AT two it is plain that the progress of the quintuplets has been most satisfactory. I cannot be too emphatic in making the record straight on all such rumors as those that hint that the eyes of one of the babies are not straight, that they are having difficulty with speech, or that they are in any way abnormal.

I have heard of such rumors, but there is nothing to any of them.

The Dionne quintuplets are, at two, as beautifully normal, sturdy, and fine a lot of little girls as you can find in all the world.

NEXT: The real and authentic story of the birth of the miraculous Dionne babies, told by the man who knows more than anyone else about it—Dr. A. R. Dafoe, the attending physician.

Try the Daggett & Ramsdell Creams as I did-

and you will see your skin become softer and lovelier every day

See for yourself the difference that these Creams will make in your complexion. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream penetrates deeper . . . . cleanses more thoroughly. . . . softens, smooths, and nourishes your skin. . . . as no other cream you have ever used. No matter what face creams you are now using . . . . won't you, just for your complexion's sake, try Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream today?

Daggett & Ramsdell

MEDICATED WITH INGREDIENTS OF VICKS VAPORUB

Modern successor to old-fashioned cough syrups . . . more convenient . . . less expensive . . . lingers longer in the throat.

GOODBYE CORNS!

BETTER BECAUSE ITS LIQUID

Just one little drop of GETS-IT on that throbbing corn and your pain is gone. Soon it loosens and you can remove it.

To destroy corns quickly, safely and surely always use

GETS-IT

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BY EVELYN

MILK Works MIRACLES

Try out these simple suggestions for a month, and see what milk will do for you

CENTURIES ago, famous beauties used milk as a lasting aid to loveliness. Some, according to history (or legend) bathed in it daily! But list! In London to-day milk baths may be had in exotic beauty salons at a cost of about two guineas per bath. Trimmings do cost money!

The bathing of the body in milk is not the subject of this article; rather it tells you what milk in its various forms—and allied with other simples—can do for your complexion.

MILK, as you may already know, is both soothing and rejuvenating for tired eyes, and especially when the skin around the eyes appears relaxed and puffy.

You can sponge your eyes with lukewarm milk, or place cotton-wool pads soaked in it over the eyes. Rest while the milk is doing its soothing work. Remove pads, allow the milk to dry in, and then rinse off with tepid water.

A girl I know applies fresh milk twice a week to her face in this manner: The skin is cleansed in the usual way, reasonably hot towels are applied, and then milk is patted in gently with a wad of cotton-wool attached to a shoe-tree. The patting—gentle, mind you, so as not to stretch or pull the skin—is continued in upward and outward movements until the skin has absorbed all the milk it possibly can.

BANISH eye strain and keep your skin nourished, soft and velvety, with milk treatments. Above you see milk being patted into the skin with with a soft cotton-wool pad. (See article.)

THOSE who are burdened with a muddy, greasy skin will take new heart in beauty care after reading about a home-made cream given in this article.

This is left on for about fifteen minutes and then gently washed off in tepid water. An astringent composed of several drops of simple tincture of benzoin added to a cup of water is then splashed over the face. The milk soothes and nourishes, and the astringent refines.

Those of you who feel that your skin could do with some life may pat on at bedtime the top or creamy part of milk that has been standing in a cool place for some hours.

This rich, creamy liquid feeds the skin, in short nourishes it, and at the same time keeps it delightfully soft and velvety.

For thin, dry skins that are alike affected by harsh, bitter wind and hot, drying wind, pat on milk before going outdoors. The milk acts as a protective and can be used as a powder base if carefully applied, providing there are no outstanding blemishes which call for a thicker foundation, which, by the way, will not banish the trouble.

On the other hand, a dull, greasy complexion can be magically reformed with a massage cream with astringent qualities, the basis of which is milk. Here is the recipe:

Place two pints of skimmed milk in a saucepan over a gentle heat. To this add four ounces of epsom salts which have been dissolved in a cupful of hot water. Stir well, and then add half an ounce of powdered alum (also dissolved in a little hot water).

When this mixture has heated up, a thick clot will form on the surface, but the liquid underneath will be quite clear.

On no account allow to boil.

Strain this liquid through a piece of gauze, squeezing the solid substance free of any extraneous matter as it cools.

Now this solid mass is turned out and weighed on the kitchen scales.

After weighing, add cream to every two ounces of solid matter, also one teaspoonful of boracic acid powder. Turn into a basin and mix smoothly. The back of a dessertspoon will serve for this purpose. Finally, add a few drops of oil of geranium, and turn into a jar, which should be kept well covered.

Sponge over the face with hot water, and without drying apply cream and massage into the skin with firm, upward and outward movements. Use the finger-tips.

Keep on until the cream comes out in the form of little rolls and brings with it grime and grease and impurities that will collect in an oily skin.

The cream should be massaged into the skin once every day for a couple of weeks without fail. At the end of that time I guarantee that muddy look will give place to a clear transparency that will gladden your heart and astonish your friends.

To Darken Eyelashes

If your lashes are inclined to be light and of a dry appearance, brush them every day with castor oil, using one of those small eyebrow brushes, and they will soon take on a rich, dark lustre.

A Bleaching Recipe

BUTTERMILK is an excellent bleach for sallow and freckled skins, and for sunburnt skins (although sunburn is far from our thoughts just yet). To get the best effect, bathe the skin daily, and in very obstinate cases add about a drachm of simple tincture of benzoin, and almost an ounce of glycerine to every half-pint of buttermilk used.

This mixture will suffice for two or three days, and should be applied generously to the skin and left on for about three-quarters of an hour, keeping it moist during that period with supplementary applications.

A good beauty-bringing face pack is made by adding sufficient buttermilk to oatmeal (or almond meal) to make a thick, creamy substance. This should be spread on the skin, even to the nose and throat, after thoroughly cleansing and then left on for fifteen minutes. Rinse off with cool water, pat in a skin food and leave this on for another fifteen minutes. Remove and pat in a gentle astringent if you are going to make up your skin. If not, leave the skin free.

Brushing Hair

BRUSH the hair with firm strokes from the parting down to the end, then make another parting an inch lower down. Lift up the top layer and brush the new layer of hair that has just been exposed. Repeat this performance until every bit of hair has been brushed. By following this method, your waves will remain unharmed.

"On the Job!"

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DIFFERENT STORY IF HE HAD NOT KNOWN JUST WHAT TO DO FOR A SPLITTING HEADACHE

Twenty minutes ago, a raging headache. Two tablets of Bayer Aspirin, and complete relief. That's service! That's what you can count on when you see the Bayer Cross on aspirin tablets. The way they are made gives them speed. Quick to dissolve means quick to relieve. *You cannot get the same results from a slower tablet.* Time a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water; in your stomach; in the time it takes to feel the actual relief. And don't hesitate to use Bayer Aspirin because of this speedy action. You could take it every day without ill effects; it does not depress the heart nor upset the stomach. Insure your comfort in and out of business hours by carrying Bayer Aspirin in the handy pocket tin. Sold everywhere in tins of 12 and bottles of 24 and 100. Be sure to get "BAYER"—Bayer means Better.

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

To discover the joy of attractive White Teeth

-he says KOLYNOS

Kolynos Dental Cream — the proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing Tooth Paste, contains absolutely no gritty abrasive and is entirely free from harmful bleaching action. It removes stain and tartar, washing away all particles of food debris.

Because of its proved antiseptic properties, Kolynos actually kills harmful germs in a few seconds and keeps the teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy. Discover for yourself the joy of clean, *naturally* white teeth and a healthy mouth.

Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is most economical in use. BEST used on a DRY toothbrush. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

ONE TUBE LASTS TWICE AS LONG

Half-an-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush cleans Teeth PERFECTLY!

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

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it's easy..

Action and energy are unrestrained, after SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT has become part of the daily diet. Children of all ages should be given a spoonful after meals. They will derive from it, vitamins and minerals essential to bodily development, strength and health. Being a Digestive Food, it is readily absorbed by the system, and prevents the consequent ills of INDIGESTION.

after SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT

AIDS DIGESTION— BUILDS THE BODY

Sellheim

FOR *Young* WIVES *and* MOTHERS

How to Exercise Baby's Senses

By MARY TRUBY KING

In addition to sleep and food, baby requires exercise for both his muscles and his senses—in other words, he requires sensory stimulation. This does not mean that one is to jog baby up and down or shake or hit him.

It means a certain amount of wise handling in changing his position in the cot, giving him massage and limb exercises, and gradually exposing his body to the stimulating effects of the sun's rays.

LAZINESS must be guarded against. From the start baby should be trained to suck vigorously while feeding. There is a great deal in the way one holds the bottle. Baby should be made to work for his living. Keep a slight pull on the bottle, so that baby has to use as much energy as he would if he were being fed naturally.

Each feeding should take from 15 to 20 minutes of good jaw action.

This will tire baby and he will fall asleep better when the meal is over. It also helps to bring a good supply of blood to the gums, thus aiding teething.

Baby's bath is another means of providing sensory stimulation. It is a great form of exercise for baby. Though the bath-time should not be unduly prolonged, one should encourage baby to kick, and thoroughly enjoy himself while in the water. He must pass through the jerky and aimless arm movement stage on the road to fuller control of his members.

Beneficial Sun Rays

GRADUAL exposure of the skin surface to sunlight (especially the early morning sun, before it becomes too hot) is very beneficial. Let baby lie without his napkin so that he can kick as hard as he pleases while his body is being bathed by the healing rays of the sun. At first, one to two minutes will be sufficient, but this may gradually be increased to ten minutes daily, according to your Infant Welfare Centre's instructions. Study baby's particular type of skin, and guard against overheating or burning.

Fair-haired and red-headed babies burn more easily than their darker brothers and sisters, and should therefore be exposed more gradually and for less time.

On sunless days, see that baby has a kicking time in a warmed room, on your lap, or on a bed or large cosy chair. After baby is three months old he may lie in a "kicking-pen" for 10 to 15 minutes before his meals to get exercise.

Make sure that he is well protected from all draughts. There should be a thick rug beneath him, covered with some easily washable material.

Under baby place a square of cellulose wadding. This can be bought from any chemist. It is very absorbent and will save a lot of washing.

When baby is six months old, you may place him on the floor to creep and crawl. Don't worry about his clothes becoming dirty. Put him into dark-colored playsuits which don't show the dirt. It is absolutely necessary for him to learn the grand art of crawling.

He usually masters this before he attempts to walk. If he seems to be slow in crawling, encourage him by placing a favorite toy just out of his reach. He is usually quite adept at this by the ninth month.

The grass is a fine place for baby, provided it is quite dry, and covered with a rug, or, when weather permits, you can put the "kicking-pen" out of doors, and thus not have to watch baby all the time for fear he strays too far.

Remember that when outside baby must have protection for his eyes. A small green linen hat coming well down over his neck at the back is the thing.

During the eighth or ninth month baby learns to sit up alone. Do not force him to do this. He will accomplish it all in good time, and won't he be pleased with himself. However, don't let him sit up for long stretches at first—little by little he will gather strength.

By the eleventh or twelfth month he will be able to stand holding on to a chair or your skirt. Let him do little things for himself. He will like to feel independent.

A daily outing is good for him after he is a year old, provided he is not jogged along very rough roads.

Do not overclothe children. The coddled, overclothed child whose skin is never exposed to natural, healthy stimulation is sensitive to heat and cold, and liable to infections of every sort, especially semi-chronic congestion of the nose and throat.

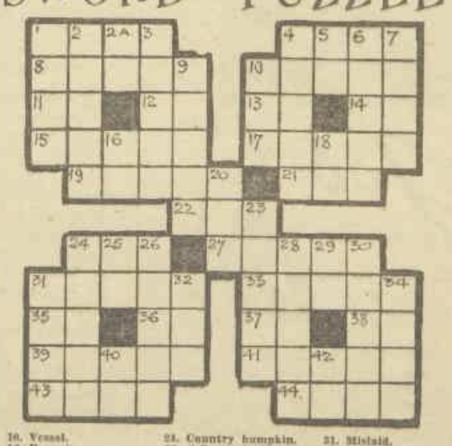
Cold Baths Good

THE daily cool sponge or cool bath is one of the best all-round means of training the sensory nerve-centres to do their work well. You may begin giving baby a cold sponge when he is six months old. It should follow immediately on the daily warm bath. This cold sponging is also an excellent corrective of constipation. Of course, do not start with the cold water as it comes out of the tap, but begin with water at a temperature of about 98 degrees Fahr., and reduce the temperature (using a bath thermometer), by a few degrees daily until it is quite cold.

The cold bath or sponge should be a quick process after which the child should be dried with warmed towels, and dressed without delay.

Some form of exercise should follow, so that the child's body glows. He should warm up very quickly. If he looks blue at all, forgo the cold sponging for a month or two, and then try again gradually. In just a few cases it is unwise to give cold sponges or cold baths and the advice of your doctor should be taken.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Clues Across

1. Street urchin.
4. Fish.
8. Pertaining to the kidneys.
10. To supply food to.
11. For example.
12. B.I. (actual).
13. Aloft.
14. River in Italy.
15. Vehicle.
17. Puzzled.
19. Appearances.
21. O.
23. Turf.
24. The ox of Tibet.
27. Fidelity.
31. Vehicle.
33. Loudly.
35. Slang for "all right."
36. Army Ordnance (abb.).
37. G.I. (actual).
38. Like this.
39. Horseless carriage.
41. To pickle.
43. T.L.O.L. (actual).
44. Asserts.

Clues Down

1. Make liquor.
2. Kingly.
2a. One.
3. A prohibition.
4. A rooster.
5. Near by.
6. Resist.
7. Poke viciously.
9. Connects.
10. Vessel.
16. Depart.
18. If (Fr.).
20. Habitual drunkard.
22. Forces to move.
24. Country bumpkin.
25. A.R. (actual).
26. Hottentot village.
28. Medleys.
29. Preposition.
30. Worthless woman.
31. Mislaid.
32. Over there.
34. Female rabbits.
40. Fare in health.
42. "United Australia" (abb.).

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

ACROSS: Pundits, Mae, ennoble, Ann, tis, trod, Ida, seen, camp, hens, ad, spree, ea, bath, tams, halo, nut, harm, ill, and, finesse, L.D.S., tenders.

DOWN: Pelican, un, N.N., dot, ibis, T.L.C., se, mares, anon, end, tenet, dad, am, see, psalm, H.R.H., tsetses, P.T.O., emu, bards, on, hand, finn, Hal, tie, Ted, fl., S.E., S.R.

Ankles Swollen Twice their Size

"My ankles and knees were so swollen I looked deformed. And the pain was unbearable. Every movement was agony. When a friend suggested 'St. Jacobs Oil' I tried it only half-heartedly. One application brought immediate relief and soon the terrible soreness and swelling had completely gone."

Nothing draws out the pains of sore muscles and nerves like good old 'St. Jacobs Oil.' It's the one remedy you can absolutely depend on to relieve Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Neuralgia—and it does not burn the skin. Get a bottle of 'St. Jacobs Oil' from any chemist, and see what it will do to pain!

ST JACOBS OIL CONQUERS PAIN

Baby Never ill
Mother Gives Reason

Mrs. C. writes:
"My little boy is now three years old and has never had a real illness, for, if he seemed a little peevish, I always gave him an Infants' Powder. He cut all his teeth without the slightest pain or irritability and I always recommend your wonderful Infants' Powders to my friends."

Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders ease pain and soothe the child. They check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period and are useful in unduly delayed dentition. Always ask for

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS

Box of 20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

"MOTHERCRAFT"
Book for expectant and actual mothers. By MARY TRUBY KING.
Of inestimable value to mothers all over Australia. Price, 3/10 posted from the publishers.
WHITCOMBE & TOMBS, LTD.,
189 Little Collins St., Melbourne.
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Rheumatic Cripples

New Medicine Guaranteed to Free Muscles and Joints of Burning "Rheumatic" Acids, or Money Back!

No matter how crippled and helpless you are with rheumatism; no matter how joints swell and stiffen and throb with nasty, twitchy, shooting pains every time the weather changes—you can now ease that pain and break rheumatism's terrible grip on your system.

One large 6/6 bottle of Dr. Southworth's **triple-acting** Urodyne tablets is guaranteed to free your muscles and joints from all crippling stiffness, swelling, lameness and torturing pain or your money is refunded.

No long, discouraging wait while you wonder if that awful pain will ever stop: for it starts stopping within 48 hours of the first dose of Urodyne. Magically your muscles and joints limber up, as it urges your 30,000 yards of kidney tubes to filter out waste poisons and draw these sharp uric acid crystals from joints and muscles. Swelling vanishes; aches and twinges disappear. Away go limping and hobbling, crutches or canes.

So many once-helpless rheumatic sufferers have been freed from rheumatic agony by Urodyne that the makers invite you to try Urodyne under a positive guarantee of money back if it does not completely end your rheumatism. Ask your chemist for the new Urodyne tablets.

'NATURAL' Allure

● This is Tangee's secret. It changes color as you apply it to the one natural shade most flattering to you. Gives your lips a youthful glow—a subtle allure men find hard to resist. Its special cream base keeps lips soft and smooth.

Tangee Rouge Compact, also changes color, blends with your complexion. Easy to apply.

UNTOUCHED PAINTED TANGEE

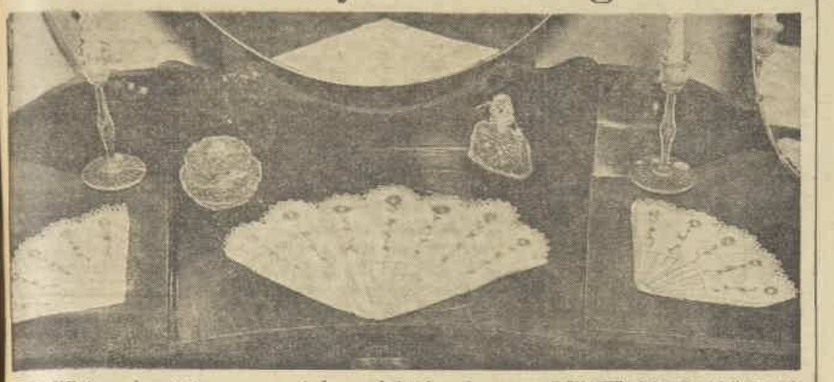
World's Most Famous Lipstick TANGEE Ends that painted look

* TANGEE FACE POWDER. Send for purse size Tangee Face Powder (Rachel). Supply limited. Send at once. Enclose 6d. stamps with your name and address to: Tangee, Dept. C, Box 1810Q, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Linen Charm for Dressing-Tables



THE fan—devastating weapon of the gay 'nineties—has gone the way of sal volatile and bustles, but its memory comes back again to our dressing-tables with these new fan-shaped mats. Would you like us to send you a set?

LOOK at the picture above. Lovely, aren't they, with their gaily-hued blossoms tumbling over a cream background, and scalloped edges, crochet finished?

You will find this set quite simple to make. The little daisies decorating the fans in the picture were worked in two tones of mauve, orange, and rose, with tiny green leaves. The dainty crochet edging adds the final touch of chic, but if you can't crochet substitute daintily-patterned lace for this type of edging.

What an original gift for a friend these "fans" would make! So, if your dressing-table is surfeited with mats, consider this thought and send for the set.

Remember the set of three, in cream linen traced ready for swift embroidery, and with spokestitched scalloped edges, costs only 2/3. Please add 3d for postage, if you cannot call to our offices.

THIS SET of fan-shaped linen mats, which comes to you ready-traced to carry gaily-hued hand-embroidered blossoms and edgings of crochet or lace, will look simply sweet on your dressing-table. Price per set, in good quality cream linen, is 2/3, plus 3d postage.

Travelling Cushion De Luxe

Make this useful affair for the next friend who goes overseas and win her warmest gratitude. Full directions are given hereunder.

A LITTLE over a yard of some firm, fadeless washing material will be enough to make this cushion, and the best size to make it is 14 x 20 inches. It is not by any means essential to have the cushion all one color if you have any pieces you can use up in the house. A brown back, strap, and pocket with blue front and embroidery is one suggestion. The scrap-bag may provide further inspiration. Cretonne front with plain back and pockets, and the embroidery omitted, except for initials, is another idea.

Very Simple To Make

THE construction is very simple. One of those lightning zip fasteners holds the cushion firmly in the outer cover, and also allows the top to be quickly opened to serve the extra purpose of a bag. This is ever so convenient for popping in those small left-overs that will crop up after one has finished packing—when all the trunks and bags are locked and strapped.

Two outer pockets serve as handy receptacles for those things that just require temporary lodgment—such as newspaper, handkerchief, powder-puff and smokes. Press studs may be sewn on these if desired.

Cut your material roughly about 22 x 16 inches wide for the back and front pieces. The outside pocket is 12 x 8 inches. Cut just a little bigger to allow for hem and turnings. If this is to be worked, do it before making-up—a spray of embroidery on the upper left-hand corner if you like, and initials on the right. Note illustration.

When the inner pocket is finished and pressed, tack it on to the front piece and machine neatly in position, using double machining to prevent it ripping, and making a division about four inches from one end. This takes the smaller things and prevents it sagging. Have the top of the pocket not more than four inches from the top cut edge. It may be as well just to tack this, for the time being, and machine it later after the fastener is fixed.

A strip of material 14 inches long and 1½ inches wide is machined and turned inside out for the handle. Press this, and then machine again down each edge once. Now take this strap and tack it in position on the back of the cushion near the upper edge, just far enough to be well caught in when you turn that edge back in a half-inch hem, which will grip it securely when machined down. This needs to be reinforced, either by handsewing under the hem, or an extra row of machining.

THIS cushion is the ideal gift for the traveller. Even a man would welcome it—without the embroidery spray, of course! Make it for him in a subdued brown, blue or green. Initials would be in order.

How To Insert "Zip"

THE front of bag now has a corresponding half-inch seam, and a zip fastener is inserted between the two hems, tacked neatly in place and machined down each side.

To insert a zip neatly, it is always necessary to tack both sides on level with each other, first turning the ends of the braid inwards at right angles. Commence to sew from the bottom of the fastener with the zip to the right of your presser-foot, and the fastener shut. When you get down near the end, lift the presser-foot without removing your work from the machine, and gently open the zip and continue down to the end. Then do the other side, reversing the process. If securely tacked first no trouble will be experienced in making the sides level, though in an article of this kind a little margin of material may be allowed that can later be cut off if any unevenness occurs. A very little practice will soon make perfect.

The handle will now be at the top of the cushion, the two hems turning down towards the front of the bag. This will make the front a little longer and the two sides must be levelled off at the bottom. This is when the pocket will be sewn on, and then the whole cushion must be turned inside out, and the outside seams sewn round with a double-machining.

Turn inside out, press carefully and put in it a light kapok pillow, 14 x 20 inches in size, and covered with a soft merveen of the same toning as the cushion-cover. This is important, as it looks very ugly to see a gaping calico mouth to a dainty outside cover. Sew a neat tab of material on to the metal ring of the zip to make it easier to open.

Press studs or buttons may be substituted for the zip fastening, if preferred. In that case, make two handles and let the hems meet and button together on top.

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WW1297.—Enchanting Continental suit for spring with quaint open sleeves and rounded coat, attractively finished with smart stitching. Very useful 'tween-seasons style. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SLENDERISING

WW1298.—Particularly attractive and charming frock—fashioned to slenderise. This is emphasised by bodice, sleeves and becoming neck treatment. Skirt is straight with panels. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4¼ yards, and 3-8 yard for contrast, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

NOTE SLEEVES

WW1299.—Particularly attractive are the demure contrast collar and three-quarter sleeves of this simple little model. Effect is very spring-like and youthful, don't you think? Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard for collar. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DEBONAIR

WW1300.—Contrast coat is suggested for this very debonair, sporty ensemble. Frock is simple and very trim, with a dashing pleat at the side. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2¼ yards for jacket, and 3¾ yards for frock. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR GOOD WEAR

WW1301.—Rather a dignified treatment of new spring fashions. Skirt treatment is unusual, sleeves add a dressy note. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

Patterns featured in previous issues are always available!

EVENING GOWN DE LUXE

WW1302.—You will find this sophisticated evening gown very pleasing. Back treatment is interesting, the bodice very lovely and becoming. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DAINTY LITTLE DRESS

WW1303.—Happy choice for a little girl aged 4 to 10 years. Square neckline and puffed sleeves are very attractive. Material required: 1 7-8 to 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

SPRING BLOUSE

WW1304.—Sparkling spring blouse with cute sleeves, and a lovely stitched collar and bow. Youthful and exuberant. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN, Price 3d.

Not a girl or woman who does not adore pretty undies, and this week readers are given a wonderful opportunity for making their own at very little cost. You may obtain a three-in-one pattern containing complete patterns for making the delightful trio of underwear shown above for only 3d. Sizes obtainable, 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

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BETTY'S *"Racey"* NARRATIVES!

It Pays You to be an Optimist ... *Sometimes*

By BETTY GEE

There are some pessimists among race-crowds.

Myself, I burst with optimism. If I lose on Saturday I spond on Sunday, but Monday sees me scraping and scratching financially to see the week through. I start looking if any my horses are in next week, and by Saturday I'm as eager the kid who's going to be Queen of the May, mother.

But Moorefield's crowd on Saturday revealed the pessimists by eir absence. Moorefield has been the Punters' Paradise for years, t the two previous meetings had been something terrible, and the simists simply stopped away.

I went, I saw, I conquered. Moorefield's all right!

If I'd only been too late for the Hadle, though, it would have saved me pound. That's what I had on Havapi, because Mac Sawyer told me that ny a horse who could win over hdles at Randwick, and get second in pint on the flat at Kensington, was pod thing against this field of bottlet horses.

So it would have been if somebody d shifted the winning post to the ns turn where he was five lengths front. But nobody did, and Section cover the other bet. But each was upset by Million Dollars and Slanchivar. I was in a pretty pickle.

That business about a race being a certainty in two would take the fur coat off a woman's back. Trust it not, gentle maiden.

Still, I had the good fortune to run into Jack Cush, the Great Mogul of Moorefield, and he said, "Be on mine, Jubilee Singer. It's a certainty, and I can already feel the Axminster carpet of victory treading beneath my feet." So I did his bidding so quickly that I had taken £7 to £2 and was up in the stand before I realised it.

What a sanguine, convincing boy Jack is. But he was right. Jubilee Singer gave them Tosti's "Good-bye" at the straight, and it was all over.

I wish they were all like Jack Cush—the owners and trainers, I mean.

THE DARK CREPE dinner gown worn by Dolores Del Rio, Warner Bros. and Vitaphone player, is relieved at the throat by a simple white collar. The fullness is centred in the bodice of the gown.

nt him down and won at 14 to 1 and e "bookies" were the only ones to win.

Dickie said it was "the office" for Pea- nt when Not So Bad in the same stable as scratched for the Kogarah, and everybody had been tipping him. I didn't put much faith in that because Not So Bad was evidently considered not so good. But I'm a bit partial to peanuts, salted, myself, and had £6 to £1. And, believe me, this one is worth salting, because McCarten had to ease her to stop her winning too easily. Didn't I not pick on Dickie for not telling me it was so good? If he had I would have on £2, or even £3, on it.

But there you are! You can never rely on men for the truth.

But I "turned the toast" in the three-year-old when I rushed in for £5 to £2 against Omaure and he "blew" to 5 to 1.

I worked it out that Connottar Lad should be good, and took £3 to £1 to

What's in a Number?

DICKIE had it that Ossie Pettit, of Canterbury, reckoned Beaupre was unbeatable for the first Flying Welter, and I had £10 to £2 before the rush set in. But Heroic Faith beat him by a length, and it was only then that I realised Beaupre had drawn No. 13 at the barrier, and I upbraided Dickie for not watching these things.

A person has enough trouble on the racecourse without having the devil and his number against one.

I ran into Mr. Theo Trautwein with his full set of diamonds shining from tie, sleeves and hands. The bare £2000 worth they tell me, and don't they look worth it, too?

Very courteously he told me that Orelton was a good thing "barring accidents." He always adds that. A cautious man is Mr. Trautwein, but a pretty sound judge, you take it from me.

I had £14 to £2 Orelton and he touched 4 to 1, but the mishap must have happened this time. He was a little skirt-hampered or something early, and hopelessly out of it, but what a scamper he put in when free. He didn't get a place, but I'll keep my eye on him next time he runs.

Sorrow Turned to Joy

All the whispering that went on about Dulcedo! Dickie told me Cook was going to ride it, and it couldn't be beat—simply couldn't, he emphasised. So I rushed in for £7 to £2. And that was just two mistakes all rolled into one. Because in the first place Cook didn't ride Dulcedo but H. Zensky, and Dulcedo got aboard an egg-slide in the betting and went to 5 to 1.

So there was I looking for Dickie to hurl a torrent of abuse at him when the gong went, and Dulcedo simply dry-cleaned the spots off the rest of the field.

Then, instead of abusing Dickie, I bitterly chided (there's not such a word as chid, is there?) myself for not evening up the bet with another £5 to £1 when he drifted.

It's a wise woman who knows her eggs before they're broken for frying.

Gold Rod's running, you know, on Saturday at Rosehery. If his heels don't slip from beneath him like they did in the Champagne Stakes at Randwick last Easter he ought to win it. But I'm going to give you a tip to stick to Mala whatever he runs in because he's the Royal purple.

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Varsity Hockey Week

MISS NONI BRAHAM, captain of the Sydney University ladies' hockey team, which is playing a series of matches against Varsity teams from South Australia, Victoria, Queensland and Tasmania this week. The visiting girls are being given a full programme of entertainment so that their stay will be as enjoyable as possible.

Our Book Offers

Here is Token CG12 in the "Australian Home Cookery" and "Australian Home Gardener" Book Offer.

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STRIPED SOPHISTICATION

We give locknit silk a brand-new personality in frocks priced from

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Stripes! AND stripes! In reds, greens, browns, orange, blues, black or navy on unusual coloured grounds, or in dazzling contrast to the serenity of white. And give three cheers for the locknit jersey silks that stay wiltlessly fresh, smart and becoming through any heat wave. With short sleeves, 26/11. Or long sleeve styles from 29/11. Lay-by?

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5/11

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Just a glimpse of the smart things we're doing with coats—a flattering "V" back that fills the need of the knock-about 'Swagger' you must have this summer. Unlined. Soft surface wool in lovely pastels. SSW, SW, W.

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News! The vogue for square-toed chic is sweeping Sydney!

THE SCOUT (above) comes in white buck, with brown, blue or black calf. Featuring square eyelets. Pumps. Halfs, 2 to 7. 21/-

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By

Florence L. Barclay

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The Mistress of Shenstone

By Florence L. Barclay

CHAPTER 1

THREE o'clock on a dank afternoon, early in November. The wintry sunshine, in fitful gleams, pierced the greyness of the leaden sky.

The great trees in Shenstone Park stood gaunt and bare, spreading wide arms over the sodden grass. All nature seemed waiting the first fall of winter's snow, which should hide its deadness and decay under a lovely pall of sparkling white, beneath which a promise of fresh life to come might gently move and stir, and, eventually, spring forth.

The Mistress of Shenstone moved slowly up and down the terrace, wrapped in her long fur cloak, listening to the soft "drip, drip" of autumn all around; noting the silent fall of the last dead leaves, the steely-grey of the lake beyond, the empty flower-garden, the deserted lawn.

The large stone house had a desolate appearance, most of the rooms being evidently closed, but in one or two cheerful log-fires blazed, casting a ruddy glow upon the window-panes, and sending forth a tempting promise of warmth and cosiness within.

A tiny white toy-poodle walked across the terrace with his mistress—an agitated little bundle of white curls, sometimes running round and round her, then hurrying on before, or dropping behind, only to rush on in unexpected haste at the corners, almost tripping her up as she turned.

The door of the lower hall opened. A footman bringing a telegram came quickly out. His features were set, in well-trained impassivity, but his eyelids flickered nervously as he handed the silver salver to his mistress.

LADY INGLEBY'S lovely face paled to absolute whiteness beneath her large hat, but she took up the orange envelope with a steady hand, opening it with fingers which did not tremble. As she glanced at the signature the color came back to her cheeks.

"From Dr. Brand," she said, with an involuntary exclamation of relief; and the waiting footman turned and nodded furtively toward the house. A maid at a window dropped the blind and ran to tell the anxious household all was well.

Meanwhile, Lady Ingleby read her telegram.

"Visiting patient in your neighborhood. Can you put me up for the night? Arriving 4.30.

Deryck Brand."

Lady Ingleby turned to the footman. "William," she said, "tell Mrs. Jarvis Sir Deryck Brand is called to this neighborhood, and will stay here to-night. They can light a fire at once in the magnolia room, and prepare it for him. He will be here in an hour. Send the car to the station. Tell Groatley we will have tea in my sitting-room as soon as Sir Deryck arrives. Send down word to the Lodge to Mrs. O'Mara that I shall want her up here this evening. Oh, and—by the way—mention at once at the Lodge that there is no further news from abroad."

"Yes, m' lady," said the footman; and Myra Ingleby smiled at the reflection in the lad's voice and face of her own immense relief. He turned and hastened to the house; Peter, in a sudden access of misplaced energy, barking furiously at his heels.

Lady Ingleby moved to the front of the terrace and stood beside one of the stone lions, close to an empty vase, which in summer had been a brilliant mass of scarlet geraniums. Her face was glad with expectation.

"Somebody to talk to at last!" she said. "And Sir Deryck, of all people! He wires from Victoria, so I conclude he sees his patient en route, or in the morning. How perfectly charming of him to give me a whole evening. I wonder how many people would, if they knew of it, be breaking the tenth commandment concerning me! . . . Peter, you little fiend! Come here! Why the footmen, and gardeners, and postmen do not kick out your few remaining teeth passes me! You pretend to be too unwell to eat your dinner, and then behave like a frantic hyena because poor innocent William brings me a telegram! I shall write and ask Michael if I may have you hanged."

And, in high good humor, Lady Ingleby went into the house.

CHAPTER 2

"WHAT it is to have somebody to talk to, at last! And you, of all people, dear Doctor! Though I still fail to understand how a patient, who has brought you down to these parts, can wait for your visit until to-morrow morning, thus giving a perfectly healthy person, such as myself, the inestimable privilege of your company at tea, dinner, and breakfast, with delightful tete-a-tetes in between. All the world knows your minutes are golden."

Thus Lady Ingleby chattered on, as she poured out the Doctor's tea and handed it to him.

Deryck Brand placed the cup carefully on his corner of the folding tea-table, helped himself to thin bread-and-butter, then answered, with his most charming smile.

"Mine would be a very dismal profession, dear lady, if it precluded me from ever having a meal, or a conversation, or from spending a pleasant evening, with a perfectly healthy person. I find the surest way to live one's life to the full, accomplishing the maximum amount of work with the minimum amount of strain, is to cultivate the habit of living in the present; giving the whole mind to the scene, the subject, the person, of the moment. Therefore, with your leave, we will dismiss my patients, past and future; and enjoy to the full this unexpected tete-a-tete."

Myra Ingleby looked at her visitor. His forty-two years sat lightly on him, notwithstanding the streaks of silver in the dark hair just over each temple. There was a youthful alertness about the tall athletic figure; but the lean brown face, clean-shaven and reposeful, held a look of quiet strength and power, mingled with a keen kindliness and ready comprehension which inspired trust and drew forth confidence.

The burden of a great loneliness seemed lifted from Myra's heart.

"Do you always put so much salt on your bread-and-butter?" she said. "And how glad I am to be 'the person of the moment.' Only—until this mysterious 'patient in the neighborhood' demands your attention—you ought to be having a complete holiday, and I must try to forget that I am talking to the greatest nerve specialist of the day, and only realise the pleasure of entertaining so good a friend of Michael's and my own. Otherwise I should be tempted to consult you; for I really believe, Sir Deryck, for the first time in my life, I am becoming neurotic."

The doctor did not need to look at his hostess. His practised eye had already noted the thin cheeks; the haunted look; the purple shadows beneath the lovely grey eyes, for which the dark fringes of black eyelashes were not altogether accountable. He leaned forward and looked into the fire.

"If such is really the case," he said, "that you should be aware of it, is so excellent a symptom that the condition cannot be serious. But I want you to remember, Lady Ingleby, that I count all my patients friends; also that my friends may consider themselves at liberty, at any moment, to become my patients. So consult me, if I can be of any use to you."

The doctor helped himself to more bread-and-butter folding it with careful precision.

Lady Ingleby held out her hand for his cup, grateful that he did not appear to notice the rush of unexpected tears to her eyes. She busied herself with the urn until she could control her voice; then said, with a rather tremulous laugh: "Ah, thank you! Presently—if I may—I gladly will consult you."

CHAPTER 3

"NOW tell me," said the doctor gently. "Why did you leave town, your many friends, your interests there, in order to bury yourself down here, during this dismal autumn weather? Surely the strain of waiting for news would have been less, within such easy reach of the War Office and of the evening papers."

Lady Ingleby laughed, rather mirthlessly.

"I came away, Sir Deryck, partly to escape from dear mamma, and, as you do not know her, it is almost impossible for you to understand how essential it was to escape. When Michael is away, I am defenceless. Mamma swoops down, takes up her abode in my house, reduces my household, according to their sex and temperament, to rage, hysterics, or despair; tells unpalatable home-truths to my friends so that all flee discomforted. Then mamma proceeds to 'divide the spoil!' In other words, she lies in wait for my telegrams, and opens them herself, saying that if they contain good news, a dutiful daughter should delight in at once sharing it with her; whereas, if they contain bad

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news, which heaven forbid—and surely, with mamma snorting skyward, heaven would not venture to do otherwise—she is the right person to break it to me, gently. I bore it for six weeks; then fled down here, well knowing that not even the dear delight of bullying me would bring mamma to Shenstone in autumn."

THE doctor's face was grave. For a moment he looked silently into the fire. He was a man of many ideals, and foremost among them was his ideal of the relation which should be between parents and children; of the loyalty to a mother, which, even if forced to admit faults or failings, should tenderly shield them from the knowledge or criticism of outsiders. It hurt him, as a sacrilege, to hear a daughter speak thus of her mother; yet he knew well, from facts which were common knowledge, how little cause the sweet, lovable woman at his side had to consider the tie either a sacred or a tender one.

He had come to help, not to find fault. Also, the minute-hand was hastening towards the hour; and the final instructions of the kind-hearted old Duchess of Meldrum, as she parted from him at the War Office, had been: "Remember! Six o'clock from London. I shall insist upon its being kept back until then. If they make difficulties, I shall camp in the entrance and 'hold-up' every messenger who attempts to pass out. But I am accustomed to have my own way with these good people. I should not hesitate to ring up Buckingham Palace, if necessary, as they very well know. So you may rest assured it will not leave London until six o'clock. It gives you ample time."

Therefore the doctor said: "I understand. It does not come within my own experience—yet I think I understand. But tell me, Lady Ingleby. If bad news were to come, would you sooner receive it direct from the War Office, in the terribly crude wording which cannot be avoided in those telegrams; or would you rather that a friend—other than your mother—broke it to you more gently?"

Myra's eyes flashed. She sat up with instant animation.

"Oh, I would receive it direct," she said. "It would be far less hard, if it were official. I should hear the roll of the drums, and see the wave of the flag. For England, and for honor. A soldier's daughter, and a soldier's wife should be able to stand up to anything. If they had to tell me Michael was in great danger, I should share his danger in receiving the news without flinching. If he were wounded, as I read the telegram I should receive a wound myself and try to be as brave as he. All which came direct from the war, would unite me to Michael. But interfering friends, however well-meaning, would come between. If he had not been shielded from a bullet or a sword-thrust, why should I be shielded from the knowledge of his wound?"

The doctor screened his face with his hand.

"I see," he said.

The clock struck six.

"But that was not the only reason I left town," continued Lady Ingleby, with evident effort. Then she flung out both hands towards him. "Oh, doctor! I wonder if I might tell you a thing which has been a burden on my heart and life for years."

There followed a tense moment of silence; but the doctor was used to such moments, and could usually determine during the silence, whether the confidence should be allowed or avoided. He turned and looked steadily at the lovely wistful face.

"Dear Lady Ingleby," he said quietly. "Tell me anything you like; that is to say, anything which you feel assured Lord Ingleby would allow discussed with a third person."

Myra leaned back among the cushions and laughed—a gay little laugh, half of amusement, half of relief.

"Oh, Michael would not mind!" she said. "Anything Michael would mind, I have always told straight to himself. And they were silly little things, such as foolish people trying to make love to me; or a foreign prince offering to shoot Michael, if I would promise to marry him when his period of consequent imprisonment was over. I cut the idiots who had presumed to make love to me ever after, and assured the foreign prince I should undoubtedly kill him myself, if he hurt a hair of Michael's head. No, dear doctor. My life is clear of all that sort of complication. My trouble is a harder one, involving one's whole life problem. And that problem is incompetence and inadequacy—not towards the world, I should not care a rap for that; but towards the one to whom I owe most—towards Michael—my husband."

THE doctor moved uneasily in his chair, and glanced at the clock.

"Oh, hush!" he said. "Do not——"

"No!" cried Myra. "You must not stop me. Let me at last have the relief of speech. My friend, I am twenty-eight. I have had ten years of married life. Yet I do not believe I have ever really grown up! In heart and brain I am an undeveloped child, and I know it, and, worse still, Michael knows it, and—Michael does not mind. Listen! It dates back to years ago. Mamma never allowed any of her daughters to grow up. We were permitted no individuality of our own, no opinions, no independence. All that was required of us, was to 'do her behests, and follow in her train.' Forgive the misquotation. We were always children in mamma's eyes. We grew tall; we grew good-looking; but we never grew up. We remained children, to be snubbed, domineered over, and bullied. My sisters, who were good children, had plenty of jam and cake; and, eventually, husbands after mamma's own heart were found for them. Perhaps you know how those marriages have turned out?"

"I was the black sheep," continued Myra, finding no remark forthcoming. "Nothing I did was right; everything I did was always wrong. When Michael met me I was nearly eighteen, the height I am now, but in the nursery, as regards mental development or knowledge of the world; and, as regards character, a most unhappy, utterly reckless, little child. Michael's love, when at last I realised it, was wonderful to me. Tenderness, appreciation, consideration, were experiences so novel that they would have turned my head, had not the elation they produced been counter-balanced by a gratitude which was overwhelming; and a terror of being handed back to mamma, which would have made me agree to anything. Years later, Michael told me that what first attracted him to me was a look in my eyes just like the look in those of a favorite spaniel of his, who was always in trouble with everyone else, and had just been accidentally shot, by a keeper. Michael told me this himself; and really thought I should be pleased! Somehow it gave me the key to my standing with him—just that of a very tenderly-loved pet dog. No words can say how good he has always been to me. If I lost him, I should lose my all — everything which makes home, home; and life a safe, and certain, thing. But if he lost little Peter, it would be a more real loss to him than if he lost me; because Peter is more intelligent for his size, and really more of an actual companion to Michael, than I am. Many a times when he has passed through my room on the way to his, with Peter tucked securely under his arm; and saying, 'Good-night, my dear,' to me, has gone in and shut the door, I have felt I could slay little Peter, because he had the better place, and because he looked at me through his curls, as he was carried away, as if to say: 'You are out of it!' Yet I knew I had all I deserved; and Michael's kindness and goodness and patience were beyond words. Only—only—ah, can you understand? I would sooner he had found fault and scolded; I would sooner have been taken and called a fool, than smiled at, and left alone. I was in the nursery when he married me; I have been in the schoolroom ever since, trying to learn life's lessons, alone, without a teacher. Nothing has helped me to grow up. Michael has always told me I am perfect, and everything I do, is perfect, and he does not want me different. But I have never really shared his life and interests. I am inadequate.

The passionate flow of words ceased suddenly. Lady Ingleby leaned back against the cushions.

Peter sighed in his sleep.

A clock in the hall chimed the quarter after six.

The doctor looked steadily into the fire. He seemed to find speech difficult.

At last he said, in a voice which shook slightly: "Dear Lady Ingleby, he did not—he does not—think you so."

"No, no!" she cried, sitting forward again. "He thinks of me nothing but what is kind and right. But he never expected me to be more than a nice, affectionate, good-looking dog; and I—I have not known how to be better than his expectations. But, although he is so patient, he sometimes grows unutterably tired of being with me. All other pet creatures are dumb, but I love talking, and I constantly say silly things, which do not sound silly, until I have said them. He goes off to Norway, fishing; to the Engadine, mountain-climbing; to this horrid war, risking his precious life. Anywhere to get away alone; anywhere to——"

THE clang of a bell resounded through the silent house.

Peter sat up and barked once, sharply.

The doctor rose and stood with his back to the fire facing the door.

Hurried footsteps approached.

A footman entered with a telegram for Lady Ingleby.

She took it with calm fingers, and without the usual sinking of the heart from sudden apprehension. Her mind was full of the conversation of the moment, and the doctor's presence made her feel so strong and safe; so sure of no approach of evil tidings.

She did not hear Sir Deryck's quiet voice say to the man: "You need not wait."

As the door closed the doctor turned away and stood looking into the fire.

The room was very still.

Lady Ingleby opened her telegram, unfolded it slowly, and read it through twice.

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Afterwards she sat on in such absolute silence that at length the doctor turned and looked at her.

She met his eyes quietly.

"Sir Deryck," she said, "it is from the War Office. They tell me Michael has been killed. Do you think it is true?"

She handed him the telegram. Taking it from her he read it in silence. Then: "Dear Lady Ingleby," he said, very gently, "I fear there is no doubt. He has given his life for his country. You will be as brave in giving him, as he would wish his wife to be."

Myra smiled, but the doctor saw her face slowly whiten.

"Yes," she said. "Oh, yes! I will not fail him. I will be adequate—at last." Then, as if a sudden thought had struck her: "Did you know of this? Is it why you came?"

"Yes," said the doctor slowly. "The duchess sent me. She was at the War Office this morning when the news came in, inquiring for Ronald Ingram, who has been wounded, and is down with fever. She telephoned for me and insisted on the telegram being kept back until six o'clock this evening, in order to give me time to get here, and to break the news to you first, if it seemed well."

Myra gazed at him, wide-eyed. "And you let me say all that, about Michael and myself?"

"Dear lady," said the doctor, and few had ever heard that deep firm voice so nearly tremulous, "I could not stop you. But you did not say one word which was not absolutely loving and loyal."

"How could I have?" queried Myra, her face growing whiter, and her eyes wider and more bright. "I have never had a thought which was not loyal and loving."

"I know," said the doctor. "Poor brave heart—I know."

MYRA took up the telegram, and read it again.

"Killed," she said. "Killed. I wish I knew how."

"The duchess is ready to come to you immediately, if you would like to have her," suggested the doctor.

"No," said Myra, smiling vaguely. "No, I think not. Not unless dear mamma comes. If that happens we must wire for the duchess, because now—now Michael is away—she is the only person who can cope with mamma. But please not, otherwise; because—well, you see—she said she could not live up to Michael, and it does not sound funny now."

"Is there anybody you would wish sent for at once?" inquired the doctor, wondering how much larger and brighter those big grey eyes could grow, and whether any living face had ever been so absolutely colorless.

"Anybody I should wish sent for at once? I don't know. Oh, yes—there is one person. If she could come. Jane—you know? Jane Dalmain. I always say she is like the bass of a tune, so solid, and satisfactory, and beneath one. Nothing very bad could happen, if Jane were there. But of course this has happened, hasn't it?"

The doctor sat down.

"I wired to Gleneesh this morning," he said. "Jane will be here early to-morrow."

"Then lots of people knew before I did?" said Lady Ingleby.

The doctor did not answer.

She rose and stood looking down into the fire, her tall, graceful figure drawn up to its full height, her back to the doctor, whose watchful eyes never left her for an instant.

Suddenly she looked across to Lord Ingleby's chair.

"And I believe Peter knew," she said, in a loud, high-pitched voice. "Good heavens! Peter knew, and refused his food because Michael was dead. And I said he had dyspepsia. Michael, oh, Michael! Your wife didn't know you were dead, but your dog knew. Oh, Michael, Michael! Little Peter knew!"

She lifted her arms toward the picture of the big man and the tiny dog.

Then she swayed backward.

The doctor caught her, as she fell.

CHAPTER 4.

ALL through the night Lady Ingleby lay gazing before her, with bright unseeing eyes.

The quiet woman from the Lodge, who had been, before her own marriage, a devoted maid-companion to Lady Ingleby, arrived in speechless sorrow, and helped the doctor tenderly with all there was to do.

But when consciousness returned, and realisation, they were accompanied by no natural expressions of grief; simply a settled stony silence, the white set face, the bright unseeing eyes.

Margaret O'Mara knelt, and wept, and prayed, kissing the folded hands upon the silken quilt. But Lady Ingleby merely smiled vaguely, and once she said: "Hush, my dear Maggie. At last we will be adequate."

Several times during the night the doctor came, sitting silently beside the bed, with watchful eyes and quiet touch. Myra scarcely noticed him, and again he wondered how much larger the big grey eyes would grow, in the pale setting of that lovely face.

At last he could allow that fixed unseeing gaze no longer. He decided to do what was necessary, with a quiet nod, in response to Margaret O'Mara's imploring look. He turned back the loose sleeve of the silk nightdress, one firm hand grasped the soft arm beneath it; the other passed over it for a moment with swift skilful pressure. Even Margaret's anxious eyes saw nothing more, and afterwards Myra often wondered what could have caused that tiny scar upon the whiteness of her arm.

Before long she was quietly asleep. The doctor stood looking down upon her. There was tragedy to him in this perfect loveliness.

DERYCK BRAND, looking up, saw the quiet eyes of Margaret O'Mara gazing gratefully at him, across the bed. "Thank you," she whispered.

He smiled. "Never to be done lightly, Mrs. O'Mara," he said. "Everything else should be tried first. But there are exceptions to the strictest rules, and it is fatal weakness to hesitate when confronted by the exception. Send for me, when she wakes; and, meanwhile, lie down on that couch yourself and have some sleep. You are worn out."

The doctor turned away, but not before he had caught the sudden look of dumb anguish which leaped into those quiet eyes. He reached the door; paused a moment; then came back.

"Mrs. O'Mara," he said, with a hand upon her shoulder, "you have a sorrow of your own?"

She drew away from him, in terror. "Oh, hush!" she whispered. "Don't ask! Don't unnerve me, sir. Help me to think of her only." Then, more calmly: "But of course I shall think of none but her, while she needs me. Only—only, sir—as you are so kind—" she drew from her bosom a crumpled telegram, and handed it to the doctor. "Mine came at the same time as hers," she said, simply.

The doctor unfolded the War Office message.

Regret to report Sergeant O'Mara killed in assault on Targai yesterday.

"He was a good husband," said Margaret O'Mara, simply; "and we were very happy."

The doctor held out his hand. "I am proud to have met you, Mrs. O'Mara. This seems to me the bravest thing I have ever known a woman do."

She smiled through her tears. "Thank you, sir," she said, tremulously. "But it is easier to bear my own sorrow, when I have work to do for her."

"May heaven comfort you, my friend," said Deryck Brand, and it was all he could trust his voice to say; nor was he ashamed that he had to fumble blindly for the handle of the door.

THE doctor had finished breakfast, and was asking Groatley for a time-table, when word reached him that Lady Ingleby was awake. He went upstairs immediately.

Myra was sitting up in bed, propped with pillows. Her cheeks were flushed; her eyes bright and hard.

She held out her hand to the doctor.

"How good you have been," she said, speaking very fast, in a high unnatural voice; "I am afraid I have given you a great deal of trouble. I don't remember much about last night, excepting that they said Michael had been killed. Has Michael really been killed, do you think? And will they give me details? Surely I have a right to know details. Nothing can alter the fact that I was Michael's wife, can it? Do go to breakfast, Maggie. There is nothing gained by standing there smiling, and saying you do not want any breakfast. Everybody wants breakfast at nine o'clock in the morning. I should want breakfast, if Michael had not been killed. Tell her she ought to have breakfast, Sir Deryck. I believe she has been up all night. It is such a comfort to have her. She is so brave and bright; and so full of sympathy."

"She is very brave," said the doctor, "and you are right as to her need of breakfast. Go downstairs for a little while, Mrs. O'Mara. I will stay with Lady Ingleby."

She moved obediently to the door; but Sir Deryck reached it before her. And the famous London specialist held the door open for the sergeant's young widow, with an air of deference such as he would hardly have bestowed upon a queen.

Then he came back to Lady Ingleby. His train left in three-quarters of an hour. But his task here was not finished. She had slept; but before he dare leave her, she must weep.

"Where is Peter?" inquired the excited voice from the bed. "He always barks to be let out, in the morning; but I have heard nothing of him yet."

"He was exhausted last night, poor little chap," said the doctor. "He could scarcely walk. I carried him up, myself; and put him on the bed in the next room. The coat was still there. I wrapped him in it. He licked my hand, and lay down, content."

"I want to see him," said Lady Ingleby.

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"Michael loved him. He seems all I have left of Michael."

"I will fetch him," said the doctor.

He went into the adjoining room, leaving the door ajar. Myra heard him reach the bed. Then followed a long silence.

"What is it?" she called at last. "Is he not there? Why are you so long?"

Then the doctor came back. He carried something in his arms, wrapped in the old shooting jacket.

"Dear Lady Ingleby," he said, "little Peter is dead. He must have died during the night, in his sleep. He was lying just as I left him, curled up in the coat; but he is quite cold and stiff. Faithful little heart!" said the doctor, with emotion, holding his burden, tenderly.

"What!" cried Myra, with both arms outstretched. "Peter has died, because Michael is dead; and I—I have not even shed a tear!" She fell back among the pillows in a paroxysm of weeping.

The doctor stood by, silently; uncertain what to do. Myra's sobs grew more violent, shaking the bed with their convulsive force. Then she began to shriek inarticulately about Michael and Peter, and to sob again, with renewed violence.

At that moment the doctor heard the horn of a motor-car in the avenue; then, almost immediately, the clang of the bell, and the sounds of an arrival below. A look of immense relief came into his face. He went to the top of the great staircase, and looked over.

The Honorable Mrs. Dalmain had arrived. The doctor saw her tall figure, in a dark green travelling coat, walk rapidly across the hall.

"Jane!" he said. "Jeanette! Ah, I knew you would not fail us! Come straight up. You have arrived at the right moment."

Jane looked up, and saw the doctor standing at the top of the stairs; something wrapped in an old coat, held carefully in his arms. She threw him one smile of greeting and assurance; then, wasting no time in words, rapidly pulled off her coat, hat, and gloves, flinging them in quick succession to the astonished butler. The doctor only waited to see her actually mounting the stairs. Then passing through Lady Ingleby's room, he laid Peter's little body back on his dead master's bed, still wrapped in the old tweed coat.

As he stepped back into Lady Ingleby's room, closing the door between, he saw Jane Dalmain kneel down beside the bed, and gather the weeping form into her arms, with a gesture of immense protective tenderness.

"Oh, Jane," sobbed Lady Ingleby, as she hid her face in the sweet comfort of that generous bosom; "Oh, Jane! Michael has been killed! And little Peter died, because Michael was dead. Little Peter died, and I had not even shed a tear!"

The doctor passed quickly out, closing the door behind him. He did not wait to hear the answer. He knew it would be wise, and kind, and right. He left his patient in safe hands. Jane was there, at last. All would be well.

CHAPTER 5

FROM the moment when the express for Cornwall had slowly but irrevocably commenced to glide away from the Paddington platform; when she had looked her last upon Margaret O'Mara's anxious devoted face, softly framed in her simple widow's bonnet; when she had realised that her somewhat original rest-cure had really safely commenced, and that she was leaving, not only her worries, but her very identity behind her—Lady Ingleby had leaned back with closed eyes in a corner of her reserved compartment, and given herself up to quiet retrospection.

Then, as the train sped onward through Wiltshire, Somerset, and Devon, Lady Ingleby felt the mantle of her despondence slipping from her, and reviewed the past, much as a prisoner might glance back into his dark narrow cell, from the sunlight of the open door, as he stood at last on the threshold of liberty.

Seven months had gone by since, on that chill November evening, the news of Lord Ingleby's death had reached Shenstone. The happenings of the weeks which followed, now seemed vague and dream-like to Myra, just a few events standing out clearly from the dim blur of misery. She remembered the reliable strength of the doctor; the unselfish devotion of Margaret O'Mara; the unspeakable comfort of Jane's wholesome understanding tenderness.

LATER on, details of Lord Ingleby's death came to hand, and his widow had to learn that he had fallen — at the attempt upon Targai, it is true—but the victim of an accident; losing his life, not at the hands of the savage enemy, but through the unfortunate blunder of a comrade. Myra never very clearly grasped the details—a wall to be undermined; his own patent and fearful explosive; the grim enthusiasm with which he insisted upon placing it himself. Then the mistaking of a signal; the fatal pressing of a button five minutes too soon; a terrific explosion; and instant death to the man whose skill and courage had made the gap through which crowds of cheering British soldiers, bursting from the silent darkness, dashed to expectant victory.

When full details reached the War Office, a Very Great Personage called at her house in Park Lane personally to explain to Lady Ingleby the necessity for the hushing-up of some of these greatly-to-be-deplored facts. The man whose unfortunate mistake caused the accident had an important career before him. His name must not be allowed to transpire.

Then Myra took a very characteristic line. She sat up with instant decision; her pale face flushed, and her large pathetic grey eyes shone with sudden brightness.

"Pardon me, sir," she said, "for interposing; but I never wish to know that name. My husband would have been the first to desire that it should not be told. And, personally, I should be sorry that there should be any man on earth whose hand I could not bring myself to touch in friendship.

Yes; Lady Ingleby was absolutely honest in coming to her decision. And yet from that moment, two names revolved perpetually in her mind, around a ceaseless question—the only men mentioned constantly by Michael in his letters as being always with him in his experiments, sharing his interests and his dangers: Ronald Ingram, and Billy Cathcart—dear boys, both; her devoted adorers; almost her dearest, closest friends; faithful, trusted, tried.

Time went on. The frontier war was over. England, as ever, had been bound to win in the end; and England had won. It had merely been a case of time; of learning wisdom by a series of initial mistakes; of expending a large amount of British gold and British blood. England's supremacy was satisfactorily asserted; and, those of her brave troops who had survived the initial mistakes, came home; among them Ronald Ingram and Billy Cathcart; the former obviously older than when he went away, gaunt and worn, pale beneath his bronze, showing unmistakable signs of the effects of a severe wound and subsequent fever.

Billy returned as young, as inconsequent, as irrepressible as ever. And yet in him also, Myra was conscious of a subtle change, for which she, all to readily, found a reason, far removed from the real one.

The fact was this. Both young men, in their romantic devotion to her, had yet been true to their own manhood, and loyal, at heart, to Lord Ingleby. But their loyalty had always been with effort. Therefore, when—the strain relaxed—they met her again, they were intensely conscious of her freedom and of their own resultant liberty. This produced in them, when with her, a restraint and shyness which Myra naturally construed into a confirmation of her own suspicions. She, having never found it the smallest effort to remember she was Michael's, and to be faithful in every thought to him, was quite unconscious of her liberty. There having been no strain in remaining true to the instincts of her own pure, honest, honorable nature, there was no tension to relax.

So it very naturally came to pass that when one day Ronald Ingram had sat long with her, silently studying his boots, his strong face tense and miserable, every now and then looking furtively at her, then as his eyes met the calm friendliness of hers, dropping them again to the floor;—"Poor Ronnie," she mused, "with his 'important career' before him. Undoubtedly it was he who did it. And Billy knows it. See how fidgety Billy is, while Ronnie sits with me."

But by-and-by it would be: "No, of course it was Billy—dear hot-headed impulsive young Billy; and Ronald, knowing it, feels guilty also. Poor little Billy, who was as a son to Michael! There was no mistaking the emotion in his face just now, when I merely laid my hand on his. Oh, impetuous scatter-brained boy! . . . Dear heavens! I wish he wouldn't hand me the bread-and-butter."

THEN, into this atmosphere of misunderstanding and uncertainty, intruded a fresh element. A first-cousin of Lord Ingleby's, to whom had come the title, minus the estates, came to the conclusion that title and estates might as well go together. To that end, intruding upon her privacy on every possible occasion, he proceeded to pay business-like court to Lady Ingleby.

Thus rudely Myra awoke to the understanding of her liberty. At once, her whole outlook on life was changed. All things bore a new significance.

She recognised the morbidness of her condition, even while she felt unable to cope with it; and, leaving Shenstone suddenly, came up to town, and consulted Sir Deryck Brand.

"Oh, my friend," she said, "help me! I shall never face life again."

The doctor heard her patiently, aiding the recital by his strong understanding silence.

Then he said, quietly: "Dear lady, the diagnosis is not difficult. Also there is but one possible remedy." He paused.

Lady Ingleby's imploring eyes and tense expectancy, besought his verdict.

"A rest-cure," said the doctor, with finality.

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CHAPTER 6

THE ruddy glow of a crimson sunset illumined cliff and hamlet, tinting the distant ocean into every shade of golden glory, as Myra walked up the gravelled path to the rustic porch of the Moorhead Inn, and looked around her with a growing sense of excited refreshment.

At the door, she was received by the proprietress, a stately lady in black satin, wearing a double row of large jet beads, who reminded her instantly of all Lord Ingleby's maiden aunts. She seemed an accentuated, dignified, concentrated embodiment of them all; and Myra longed for Billy, to share the joke.

"Aunt Inglebs" requested Mrs. O'Mara to walk in, and hoped she had had a pleasant journey. Then she rang a very loud bell twice, in order to summon a maid to show her to her room; and, the maid not appearing at once, requested Mrs. O'Mara meanwhile to write her name in the visitors' book.

Lady Ingleby walked into the hall, passing a smoking-room on the left, and, noting a door, with "Coffee Room" upon it in gold lettering down a short passage immediately opposite. Up from the centre of the hall, on her right, went the rather wide old-fashioned staircase; and opposite to it, against the wall, between the smoking-room and a door labelled "Reception Room" stood a marble-topped table. Lying open upon this table was a ponderous visitors' book. A fresh page had been recently commenced, as yet only containing four names.

As she reached the turn of the staircase, Lady Ingleby paused, and looked back into the hall.

The door of the smoking-room opened, and a very tall man came out, taking a pipe from the pocket of his loose Norfolk jacket. As he strolled into the hall, his face reminded her of Ronnie's, deep-bronzed and thin; only it was an older face—strong, rugged, purposeful.

Catching sight of a fresh name in the book, he paused; then laying one large hand upon the table, bent over and read it.

Myra stood still and watched, noting the broad shoulders, and the immense length of limb in the leather leggings.

He appeared to study the open page longer than was necessary for the mere reading of the name. Then, without looking round, reached up, took a cap from the antler of a stag's head high up on the wall, stuck it on the back of his head; swung round and went out through the porch, whistling like a blackbird.

CHAPTER 7

LETTER from Lady Ingleby to the Honorable Mrs. Dalmain:

The Moorhead Inn,
Tregarth, Cornwall.

MY DEAR JANE,—

Having been here a week, I think it is time I commenced my first letter to you.

How does it feel to be a person considered pre-eminently suitable to minister to a mind diseased? Doesn't it give you a sense of being, as it were, rice pudding, or Brand's essence, or Maltine; something essentially safe and wholesome? You should have heard how Sir Deryck jumped at you as soon as your name was mentioned, tentatively, as my possible correspondent. I had barely whispered it, when he leapt, and clinched the matter. I believe "wholesome" was an adjective mentioned. I hope you do not mind dear Jane. I must confess, I would sooner be macaroons or oyster-patties, even at the risk of giving my friends occasional indigestion. But then I have never gone in for the role of being helpful, in which you excel. Not that it is a "role" with you, dear Jane. Rather, it is an essential characteristic. You walk in, and find a hopeless tangle; gather up the threads in those firm capable hands; deftly sort and hold them; and, lo, the tangle is over; the skein of life is once more ready for winding!

Well, there is not much tangle about me just now, thanks to our dear doctor's most excellent prescription. It was a veritable stroke of genius, this setting me free from myself. From the first day, the sense of emancipation was indescribable.

MY inn is charming, primitive, yet comfortable. We have excellent coffee, fried fish in perfection, real nursery toast, farm butter, and home-made bread. When you supplement these with marmalade and mulberry jam, other things all cease to be necessities.

Stray travellers come and go in cars, merely lunching, or putting up for one night; but there are only four other permanent guests. These all furnish me with unceasing interest and amusement. The three Miss Murgatroyds—oh, Jane, they are so antediluvian and quaint! Three ancient sisters—by name, Amelia, Eliza, and Susannah. Their villa at Putney rejoices in the name of Lawn View; so characteristic and suitable, because no view reaching beyond the limits of their own front lawn appears to these dear ladies to be worthy of regard. They never go abroad, "excepting to the Isle of Wight," because they "do not like foreigners." A party of quite charming Americans arrived just before dinner the other day and kept us lively during their flying visit. They were cordial over the consommé, friendly over the fish, and quite confidential by the time we reached the third course. But, alas, these delightful cousins from the other side were considered "foreigners" by the Miss Murgatroyds, who consequently encased themselves in the frigid armor of their own self-conscious primness, and passed the mustard, without a smile. I felt constrained, afterwards, to apologise for my countrywomen, but the Americans, overflowing with appreciative good nature, explained that they had come over expressly in order to see old British relics of every kind.

Now I must tell you about Jim Airth, and of a curious coincidence connected with him, which you must not repeat to the doctor, for fear he should move me on.

Let me confess at once that I am extremely interested in Jim Airth—and it is sweet and generous of me to admit it, for Jim Airth is not in the least interested in me. He rarely vouchsafes me a word or a glance. His brows are very stern and level, and his eyes, deep-set beneath them of that gentian blue which makes one think of alpine heights. They can flash and gleam on occasions, and sometimes look almost purple. I have seen his eyes twinkle with fun when Miss Susannah has purposely let fall her handkerchief, and he has reached out a long arm, picked it up, and restored it. Whereupon Susie has hastened out, in the wake of her sisters, in a blushing flutter, Miss Eliza turning to whisper: "Oh, my dear love! Oh, Susannah!" I try, when these things happen, to catch Jim Airth's merry eye and share the humor of the situation; but he stolidly sees the wall through me on all occasions, and would tread heavily on my poor handkerchief, if I took to dropping it. Miss Murgatroyd tells me that he is a confirmed hater of feminine beauty, upon which poor Miss Susannah takes a surreptitious prink into the gold-framed mirror over the reception-room mantelpiece and says, plaintively: "Oh, do not say that, Amelia!" But Amelia does say "that," and a good deal more.

Jim Airth and his doings form a favorite topic of conversation. They speak of him as "Mr. Airth," which sounds so funny. He is not the sort of person one ever could call "Mister." To me he has been "Jim Airth," ever since I saw his name in small neat writing in the visitors' book. I had to put mine just beneath it, and, of course, I wrote "Mrs. O'Mara"; then, as an address seemed expected, added: "The Lodge, Shenstone." Just after I had written this, Jim Airth came into the hall and stood quite still studying it. I saw him, from half-way up the stairs. At first I thought he was marvelling at my shocking handwriting, but now I believe the name "Shenstone" caught his eye. No doubt he knew it to be Michael's family-seat.

Do you know, it was so strange, the other night, Miss Murgatroyd held forth in the reception-room about Michael's death. She explained that he was "the first to dash into the breach," and "fell with his face to the foe."

Oh, Jane! As I walk along these cliffs, and hear the Atlantic breakers pounding against their base, far down below; as I watch the sea-gulls circling around on their strong white wings; as I realise the strength, the force, the liberty, in nature; the growth and progress which accompanies life; I feel I have never really lived.

I REALISE now, that there is a key to life, and a key to love, which has never been placed in my hands. What it is, I know not. But if I ever learn, it will be from just such a man as Jim Airth. I have never really talked with him, yet I am so conscious of his strength and virility, that he stands to me, in the abstract, for all that is strongest in manhood, and most vital in life.

Dear Jane, I should scarcely venture to send you this epistle, were it not for all the adjectives—"wholesome," "helpful," "understanding," etc., which so rightly apply to you. You will not understand. Of that I have no fear. But do not tell the doctor more than that I am very well, in excellent spirits, and happier than I have ever been in my life.

Tell Garth I loved his last song. How often I sing to myself, as I walk in the sea breeze and sunshine, the harebells waving round my feet.

Yours, dear Jane,
Gratefully and affectionately,
MYRA INGLEBY.

Letter from the Honorable Mrs. Dalmain to Lady Ingleby,

Castle Gleneesh, N.B.

MY DEAR MYRA,—

No, I have not the smallest objection to representing rice pudding, or anything else plain and wholesome, providing I agree with you, and suffice for the need of the moment.

I am indeed glad to have so good a report. It proves Deryck right in his diagnosis and prescription. Keep to the latter faithfully, in every detail.

I am much interested in your account of your fellow-guests at the Moorhead Inn. No, I do not misunderstand your letter;

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nor do I credit you with any foolish sentimentality, or Susie-like flutterings. Jim Airth stands to you for an abstract thing—uncompromising manhood, in its strength and assurance; very attractive after the loneliness and sense of being cut adrift, which have been your portion lately. Only, remember—where living men and women are concerned, the safely abstract is apt suddenly to become the perilously personal; and your future happiness may be seriously involved, before you realise the danger.

Garth sends his love, and promises you a special accompaniment to the "Blackbird's song," such as can easily be played with one finger!

It seems so strange to address this envelope to Mrs. O'Mara. It reminds me of a time when I dropped my own identity and used another woman's name. I only wish your experiment might end as happily as mine.

We certainly must not let Deryck know that Jim Airth—what a nice name—was at Targal. He would move you on, promptly.

Report again next week; and do abide, if necessary, beneath the safe chaperonage of the cameo brooch.

Yours, in all fidelity,
JANE DALMAIN.

CHAPTER 8

LADY INGLEBY sat in the honeysuckle arbor, pouring her tea from a little brown earthenware teapot, and spreading substantial slices of home-made bread with the creamiest of farm butter, when the aged postman hobbled up to the garden gate of the Moorhead Inn with a letter for Mrs. O'Mara.

For a moment she could scarcely bring herself to open an envelope bearing another name than her own. Then, smiling at her momentary hesitation, she tore it open with the keen delight of one who, accustomed to a dozen letters a day, has passed a week without receiving any.

She read Mrs. Dalmain's letter through rapidly; and once she laughed aloud; and once a sudden color flamed into her cheeks.

Then she laid it down, and helped herself to honey—real heather-honey, golden in the comb.

She took up her letter again, and read it carefully, weighing each word.

Then, taking up her scarlet parasol, she crossed the little lawn, and stood at the garden gate, in the afternoon sunlight, debating in which direction she should go.

Usually her walks took her along the top of the cliffs, where the larks, springing from the short turf and clumps of waving harebells, sang themselves up into the sky. She loved being high above the sea, and hearing the distant thunder of the breakers on the rocks below.

But to-day the steep little street down through the fishing village to the cove looked inviting. The tide was out, and the sands gleamed golden.

Also, from her seat in the arbor she had seen Jim Airth's tall figure go swinging along the cliff edge, silhouetted against the clear blue of the sky. And one sentence in the letter she had just received made this into a factor which turned her feet towards the shore.

Arrived at the shore, she turned in the direction she usually took when up above, and walked quickly along the firm, smooth sand, pausing occasionally to pick up a beautifully-marked stone, or to examine a brilliant sea-anemone or gleaming jelly-fish left stranded by the tide.

Presently she reached a place where the cliff jutted out towards the sea; and, climbing over slippery rocks, studded with shining pools in which crimson seaweed waved, crabs scudded sideways from her passing shadow, and darting shrimps flicked across and buried themselves hastily in the sand, Myra found herself in a most fascinating cove. The line of cliff here made a horseshoe, not quite half a mile in length. The little bay within this curve was a place of almost fairy-like beauty, the sand a soft, glistening white decked with delicate crimson seaweed. The cliffs, towering up above, gave welcome shadow to the shore, yet the sun behind them still gleamed and sparkled on the distant sea.

Myra walked to the centre of the horseshoe; then, picking up a piece of driftwood, scooped out a comfortable hollow in the sand, about a dozen yards from the foot of the cliff, stuck her open parasol up behind it to shield herself from the observation from above of any chance passer-by, and, settling comfortably into the soft hollow, lay back, watching through half-closed lids the fleeting shadows, the blue sky, the gently moving sea. Little white clouds blushed rosy red. An opal tint gleamed on the water. The moving ripple seemed too far away to break the restful silence.

Lady Ingleby's eyelids drooped lower and lower.

"Yes, my dear Jane," she murmured, dreamily watching a snow-white sail as it rounded the point, curtseyed, and vanished from view; "undoubtedly a—a well-expressed sentence; but far from—from—being fact. The safely abstract could hardly require—a—a—a cameo . . ."

The long walk, the sea breeze, the distant lapping of the water—all these combined had done their soothing work.

Lady Ingleby slept peacefully in Horseshoe Cove; and the rising tide crept in.

CHAPTER 9

AN hour later, a man swung along the path at the summit of the cliffs, whistling like a blackbird.

The sun was setting, and as he walked he revelled in the gold and crimson of the sky; in the opal tints upon the heaving sea.

The wind had risen as the sun set, and breakers were beginning to pound along the shore.

Suddenly something caught his eye, far down below.

"By Jove!" he said. "A scarlet poppy on the sands!"

He walked on until his rapid stride brought him to the centre of the cliff above Horseshoe Cove.

Then . . . "Good Lord!" said Jim Airth, and stood still.

He had caught sight of Lady Ingleby's white skirt reposing on the sand beyond the scarlet parasol.

"Good Lord!" said Jim Airth.

Then he scanned the horizon. Not a boat to be seen.

His quick eye travelled along the cliff, the way he had come. Not a living thing in sight.

On to the fishing village. Faint threads of ascending vapor indicated chimneys. "Two miles at least," muttered Jim Airth. "I could not run it and get back with a boat under three-quarters of an hour."

Then he looked down into the cove.

"Both ends cut off. The water will reach her feet in ten minutes; will sweep the base of the cliff in twenty."

Exactly beneath the spot where he stood, more than half way down, was a ledge about six feet long by four feet wide.

Letting himself over the edge, holding to tufts of grass, tiny shrubs, jutting stones, cracks in the surface of the sandstone, he managed to reach this narrow ledge, dropping the last ten feet, and landing on it by an almost superhuman effort of balance.

One moment he paused; carefully took its measure; then, leaning over, looked down. Sixty feet remained, a precipitous slope, with nothing to which foot could hold, or hand could cling.

Jim Airth buttoned his Norfolk jacket and tightened his belt. Then slipping feet foremost off the ledge, he glissaded down on his back, bending his knees at the exact moment when his feet thudded heavily on to the sand.

For a moment the shock stunned him. Then he got up and looked around.

He stood, within ten yards of the scarlet parasol, on the small strip of sand still left uncovered by the rapidly advancing sweep of the rising tide.

CHAPTER 10

"A CAMEO chaperonage," murmured Lady Ingleby, and suddenly opened her eyes. Sky and sea were still there, but between them, closer than sea or sky, looking down upon her with a tense light in his blue eyes, stood Jim Airth.

"Why I have been asleep!" said Lady Ingleby.

"You have," said Jim Airth; "and meanwhile the sun has set, and — the tide has come up. Allow me to assist you to rise."

Lady Ingleby put her hand into his his, and he helped her to her feet. She stood beside him gazing, with wide startled eyes, at the expanse of sea, the rushing waves, the tiny strip of sand.

"The tide seems very high," said Lady Ingleby.

"Very high," agreed Jim Airth. He stood close beside her, but his eyes still eagerly scanned the water. If by any chance a boat came round the point there would still be time to hail it.

"We seem to be cut off," said Lady Ingleby.

"We are cut off," replied Jim Airth, laconically.

"Then I suppose we must have a boat," said Lady Ingleby.

"An excellent suggestion," replied Jim Airth, dryly, "if a boat were to be had. But, unfortunately, we are two miles from the hamlet, and this is not a time when boats pass in and out. Nor would they come this way. When I saw you, from the top of the cliff, I calculated the chances as to whether I could reach the boats, and be back here in time. But, before I could have turned with a boat, you would have—been very wet," finished Jim Airth, somewhat lamely.

He looked at the lovely face, close to his shoulder. It was pale and serious, but showed no sign of fear.

He glanced at the point of cliff beyond. Twenty feet above its rocky base the breakers were dashing, but round the point would be safety.

"Can you swim?" asked Jim Airth eagerly.

Myra's calm grey eyes met his steadily. A gleam of amusement dawned in them.

"If you put your hand under my chin, and count 'one—two! one—two!' very loud and quickly, I can swim nearly ten yards," she said.

Jim Airth laughed. His eyes met hers, in sudden comprehending comradeship.

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"By Jove, you're plucky!" they seemed to say. But what he really said was: "Then swimming is no go."

"No go, for me," said Myra, earnestly, "nor for you, weighted by me. We should never get round that eddying whirlpool. It would merely mean that we should both be drowned. But you can easily do it alone. Oh, go at once! Go quickly! And—don't look back. I shall be all right. I shall just sit down against the cliff and wait. I have always been fond of the sea."

Jim Airth looked at her again. And, this time, open admiration shone in his keen eyes.

"Ah, brave!" he said. "A mother of soldiers! Such women make of us a fighting race."

Myra laid her hand on his sleeve. "My friend," she said, "it was never given me to be a mother. But I am a soldier's daughter, and a soldier's widow—and I am not afraid to die. Oh, I do beg of you—give me one handclasp and go!"

Jim Airth took the hand held out, but he kept it firmly in his own.

"You shall not die," he said between his teeth. "Do you suppose I would leave any woman to die alone? And you—you, of all women. By heaven," he repeated, doggedly, "you shall not die. Do you think I could go, and leave——" he broke off abruptly.

MYRA smiled. His hand was very strong, and her heart felt strangely restful.

"I am sure you would leave no woman in danger," she said, "and some, alas, might have been easier to save than I. Plump little Miss Susie would have floated."

Jim Airth's big laugh rang out. "And Miss Murgatroyd could have sailed away in her cameo," he said.

Then, as if that laugh had broken the spell which held him inactive: "Come," he cried, and drew her to the foot of the cliff, "we have not a moment to lose! Look! Do you see the way I came down? See that long slide in the sand? I tobogganed down there on my back. Pretty steep, and nothing to hold to, I admit, but not so very far up, after all. And, where my slide begins, is a blessed ledge four foot by six." He pulled out a huge clasp knife, opened the largest blade, and commenced hacking steps in the face of the cliff. "We must climb," said Jim Airth.

"I have never climbed," whispered Myra's voice behind him.

"You must climb to-day," said Jim Airth.

"I could never even climb trees," whispered Myra.

"You must climb a cliff to-night. It is our only chance."

He hacked on rapidly.

Suddenly he paused. "Show me your reach," he said. "Mine would not do. Put your left hand there—so. Now stretch up with your right as high as you can easily . . . Ah! three foot six, or thereabouts. Now your left foot close to the bottom. Step up with your right, as high as you can comfortably . . . Two foot, nine. Good! One step more or less might make all the difference, by-and-by. Now listen, while I work. What a blessing for us that there happens to be just here this stratum of soft sand. We should have been done for, had the cliff been serpentine marble. You must choose between two plans. I could scrape you a step, wider than the rest—almost a ledge—just out of reach of the water, leaving you there, while I go on up, and finish. Then I could return for you. You could climb in front, I helping from below. You would feel safer. Or—you must follow me up now, step by step, as I cut them."

"I could not wait on a ledge alone," said Myra. "I will follow you, step by step."

"Good," said Jim Airth. "It will save time. I am afraid you must take off your shoes and stockings. Nothing will do for this work, but naked feet. We shall need to stick our toes into the sand, and make them cling on like fingers."

HE pulled off his boots and stockings. Then drew the belt from his Norfolk jacket, and fastened it firmly round his left ankle in such a way that a long end would hang down behind him as he mounted.

"See that?" he said. "When you are in the niches below me, it will hang close to your hands. If you are slipping, and feel you must clutch at something, catch hold of that. Only, if possible, shout first, and I will stick on like a limpet, and try to withstand the strain. But don't do it unless really necessary."

He picked up Myra's shoes and stockings, and put them into his big pockets.

At that moment an advance wave rushed up the sand and caught their bare feet.

"Oh, Jim Airth," cried Myra, "go without me. I have not a steady head. I cannot climb."

He put his hands upon her shoulders, and looked full into her eyes.

"You can climb," he said. "You must climb. You shall climb. We must climb—or drown. And remember: if you fall, I fall, too. You will not be saving me, by letting yourself go."

She looked up into his eyes despairingly. They blazed into hers from beneath his bent brows. She felt the tremendous mastery of his will. Her own gave one final struggle.

"I have nothing to live for, Jim Airth," she said. "I am alone in the world."

"So am I," he cried. "I have been worse than alone, for a half-score of years. But there is life to live for.

Then Myra felt herself completely dominated. All fear slipped from her; but the assurance which took its place was his courage, not hers, and she knew it. Lifting her head, she smiled at him, with white lips.

"I shall not fail," she said.

Another wave swept round their ankles, and remained there.

"Good," said Jim Airth, and loosed her wrists. "We shall owe our lives to each other. Next time I look into your face, please God, we shall be in safety. Come!"

He sprang up the face of the cliff, standing in the highest niches he had made.

"Now follow me, carefully," he said "slowly and carefully. We are not in a position to hurry. Always keep each hand and each foot firmly in a niche. Are you there? Good! . . . Now don't look either up or down, but keep your eyes on my heels. Directly I move, come on into the empty places. See? . . . Now then. Can you manage? . . . Good! On we go! After all it won't take long . . . I say, what fun if the Miss Murgatroyd's peeped over the cliff! Amelia would be so shocked at our bare feet. Eliza would cry: 'Oh, my dear love!' And Susie would promptly fall upon us! Hullo! Steady down there! Don't laugh too much . . . Fine knife, this. I bought it in Mexico. And if the big blade gives out, there are two more, also a saw and a corkscrew . . . Mind the falling sand does not get into your eyes . . . Tell me if the niches are not deep enough, and remember there is no hurry, we are not aiming to catch any particular train! Steady down there! Don't laugh! . . . Up we go! Oh, good! This is a third of the way. Don't look either up or down. Watch my heels—I wish they were more worth looking at—and remember the belt is quite handy, and I am as firm as a rock up here. You and all the Miss Murgatroyds might hang on it together. Steady down there! . . . All right. I won't mention them . . . By the way, the water must be fairly deep below us now. If you fell, you would merely get a ducking. I should slide down and pull you out, and we would start afresh . . . Good Lord! . . . Oh, never mind. Nothing. Only, my knife slipped, but I caught it again . . . We must be half-way, by now. How lucky we have my glissading marks to guide us. I can't see the ledge from here. Let's sing 'Nancy Lee.' I suppose you know it. I can always work better to a good rollicking tune."

Then, as he drove his blade into the cliff, Jim Airth's gay voice rang out:

"Of all the wives as c'er you know,
Yeo ho! lads! ho!
Yeo ho! Yeo ho!
There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow."

Then Jim Airth's body vanished from above her, as he drew himself on to the ledge.

"Yeo ho! we go!" came his gay voice from above.

"Yeo ho! Yeo ho!" sang Lady Ingleby, in a faint whisper.

CHAPTER 11

SHE could not move on into the empty niches. She could only remain where she was, clinging to the face of the cliff.

She suddenly thought of a fly on a wall; and remembered a particular fly years ago, on her nursery wall. She had followed its ascent with a small interested finger, and her nurse had come by with a duster, and saying: "Nasty thing!" had ruthlessly flicked it off. The fly had fallen—fallen dead, on the nursery carpet. . . . Lady Ingleby felt she too was falling. She gave one agonised glance upward to the towering cliff, with the line of sky above it. Then everything swayed and rocked. "A mother of soldiers," her brain insisted, "must fall without screaming." Then——a long arm shot down from above; a strong hand gripped her firmly.

"One step more," said Jim Airth's voice close to her ear, "and I can lift you."

She made the effort, and he drew her on to the ledge beside him.

"Thank you very much," said Lady Ingleby.

Jim Airth's face was streaming with perspiration. His mouth was full of sand. His heart was beating in his throat. But he loved to play the game, and he loved to see another do it. So he laughed as he put his arm around her, holding her tightly so that she should not realise how much she was trembling.

"Davy Jones," he said, "is a gentleman who has a locker at the bottom of the sea, into which all drown'd things go. I am afraid your pretty parasol has gone there, and my boots and stockings. But we may well spare him those. . . . Oh, I say! . . . Yes, do have a good cry. Don't mind me. And don't you think between us we could remember some sort of a prayer?

Myra never forgot Jim Airth's prayer. Instinctively she knew it to be the first

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time he had voiced his soul's thanksgiving or petitions in the presence of another.

An immense peace filled her. By the time those disjointed halting sentences were finished, Myra had ceased trembling.

At the final words, Jim Airth withdrew his arm, and a shy silence fell betweeen them. The emotion of the mind had awakened an awkwardness of body.

Lady Ingleby saved the situation. She turned to Jim Airth, with that impulsive sweetness which could never be withstood. In the rapidly deepening twilight she could just see the large wistful grey eyes, in the white oval of her face.

"Do you know," she said, "I really couldn't possibly sit all night, on a ledge the size of a Chesterfield sofa, with a person I had to call 'Mr.' I could only sit there with an old and intimate friend, who would naturally call me 'Myra,' and whom I might call 'Jim.' Unless I may call you 'Jim,' I shall insist on climbing down and swimming home. And if you address me as 'Mrs. O'Mara,' I shall certainly become hysterical, and tumble off!"

"Why of course," said Jim Airth. "I hate titles of any kind. I come of an old Quaker stock, and plain names with no prefixes always seem best to me.

"Jim," said Myra, "how long shall we have to sit here?"

HE made a quick movement, as if the sound of his name from her lips for the first time, meant much to him; and there was in his voice an added depth of joyousness, as he answered:

"It would be impossible to climb from here to the top of the cliff. When I came down, I had a sheer drop of ten feet. You see the cliff slightly overhangs just above us. So far as the tide is concerned we might clamber down in three hours; but there is no moon, and by then, it will be pitch dark. We must have light for our descent, if I am to land you safe and unshaken at the bottom. Dawn should be breaking soon after three. The sun rises to-morrow at 3.44; but it will be quite light before then. I think we may expect to reach the Moorhead Inn by 4 a.m. Let us hope Miss Murgatroyd will not be looking out of her window, as we stroll up the path."

"What are they all thinking now?" questioned Lady Ingleby.

"I don't know, and I don't care," said Jim Airth, gaily. "You're alive, and I'm alive; and we've done a record climb! Nothing else matters."

"No, but seriously, Jim?"

"Well, seriously, it is very unlikely that I shall be missed at all. I often dine elsewhere, and let myself in quite late; or stop out altogether. How about you?"

"Why, curiously enough," said Myra, "before coming out I locked my bedroom door. I have the key here. I had left some papers lying about—I am not a very tidy person. On the only other occasion upon which I locked my door I omitted dinner altogether, and went to bed on returning from my evening walk. I am supposed to be doing a 'rest-cure' here. The maid tried my door, went away, and did not turn up again until next morning. Most likely she has done the same to-night."

"Then I don't suppose they will send out a search-party," said Jim Airth.

"No. We are so alone down here. We only matter to ourselves," said Myra.

"And to each other," said Jim Airth, quietly.

Myra's heart stood still.

Those four words, spoken so simply by that deep, tender voice, meant more to her than any words had ever meant. They meant so much that they made for themselves a silence—a vast holy temple of wonder and realisation wherein they echoed back and forth, repeating themselves again and again.

The two on the ledge sat listening.

The chant of mutual possession, so suddenly set going was too beautiful a thing to be interrupted by other words.

Even Lady Ingleby's unfailing habit of tactful speech was not allowed to spoil the deep sweetness of this unexpected situation. Myra's heart was waking, and when the heart is stirred the mind sometimes forgets to be tactful.

At length: "Don't you remember," he said, very low, "what I told you before we began to climb? Did I not say, that if we succeeded in reaching the ledge safely, we should owe our lives to each other? Well, we did; and—we do."

"Ah, no," cried Myra, impulsively. "No, Jim Airth! You—glad, and safe, and free—were walking along the top of these cliffs. I, in my senseless folly, lay sleeping on the sand below, while the tide rose around me. You came down into danger to save me, risking your life in so doing. I owe you my life, Jim Airth. You owe me nothing."

The man beside her turned and looked at her, with his quiet whimsical smile.

"I am not accustomed to have my statements amended," he said, dryly.

IT was growing so dark, they could only just discern each other's faces.

Lady Ingleby laughed. She was so unused to that kind of remark, that at the moment she could frame no suitable reply.

Presently: "I suppose I really owe my life to my scarlet parasol," she said. "Had it not attracted your attention you would not have seen me."

"Should I not?" questioned Jim Airth, his eyes on the white loveliness of her face. "Since I saw you first, on the afternoon of your arrival, have you ever once come within my range of vision without my seeing you, and taking in every detail?"

"On the afternoon of my arrival?" questioned Lady Ingleby, astonished.

"Yes," replied Jim Airth, deliberately. "Seven o'clock on the first of June. I stood at the smoking-room window, at a loose end of all things. Sick of myself, dissatisfied with my manuscript, tired of fried fish—don't laugh. Small things, as well as great, go to make up the sum of a man's depression. Then the gate swung back, and YOU—in golden capitals—the sunlight in your eyes, came up the garden path."

Jim Airth paused and sat silent.

It was quite dark now.

Myra slipped her hand into his, which closed upon it with a strong unhesitating clasp.

"Go on, Jim," she said, softly.

"I went out into the hall, and saw your name in the visitors' book. The ink was still wet.

"Go on, Jim," said Lady Ingleby, rather tremulously.

"Then the name Shenstone interested me, because I know the Inglebys—at least, I knew Lord Ingleby well, and I shall soon know Lady Ingleby. In fact, I have written to-day asking for an interview. I must see her on business connected with notes of her husband's which, if she gives permission, are to be embodied in my book. I suppose if you live near Shenstone Park you know the Inglebys?"

"Yes," said Myra. "But tell me, Jim, if—if you noticed so much that first day. If you were—interested. If you wanted to set me copies—yes, I know I write a shocking hand. Why would you never look at me? Why were you so stiff and unfriendly? Why were you not as nice to me as you were to Susie, for instance?"

Jim Airth sat long in silence, staring out into the darkness. At last he said:

"I WANT to tell you. Of course, I must tell you. But—may I ask a few questions first?"

Lady Ingleby also gazed unseeingly into the darkness; but she leaned a little nearer to the broad shoulder beside her. "Ask me what you will," she said. "There is nothing, in my whole life, I would not tell you, Jim Airth."

Her cheek was so close to the rough Norfolk jacket, that if it had moved a shade nearer, she would have rested against it. But it did not move; only, the clasp on her hand tightened.

"Were you married very young?" asked Jim Airth.

"I was not quite eighteen. It is ten years ago."

"Did you marry for love?"

There was a long silence, while both looked steadily into the darkness.

Then Myra answered, speaking very slowly. "To be quite honest, I think I married chiefly to escape from a very unhappy home. Also I was very young, and knew nothing—nothing of life, and nothing of love; and—how can I explain, Jim Airth?—I have not learnt much during these ten long years."

"Have you been unhappy?" He asked the question very low.

"Not exactly unhappy. My husband was a very good man; kind and patient, beyond words, towards me. But I often vaguely felt I was missing the best in life. Now—I know I was."

"How long have you been—How long has he been dead?" The deep voice was so tender, that the question could bring no pain.

"Seven months," replied Lady Ingleby. "My husband was killed in the assault on Targai."

"At Targai!" exclaimed Jim Airth, surprised into betraying his astonishment. Then at once recovering himself: "Ah, yes; of course. Seven months. I was there, you know."

But, within himself, he was thinking rapidly, and much was becoming clear.

Sergeant O'Mara! Was it possible? An exquisite refined woman such as this, bearing about her the unmistakable hall-mark of high birth and perfect breeding?

Then, into his musing, came Myra's soft voice, from close beside him, in the darkness: "My husband was always good to me; but——"

And Jim Airth laid his other hand over the one he held. "I am sure he was," he said gently. "But if you had been older, and had known more of love and life you would have done differently. Don't try to explain. I understand."

"My experience also misses the best, and likewise covers ten long years. But it is a harder one than yours. I married, when a boy at twenty-one, a woman, older than myself; supremely beautiful. I went mad over her loveliness. Nothing seemed to count or matter, but that. Afterwards I found she had laughed at me, all the time.

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Also, there had all the time been another—an older man than I—who had laughed with her. He had not been in a position to marry her when I did; but two years later, he came into money. Then—she left me."

"I divorced her, of course; and he married her; but I went abroad, and stayed abroad. Well, I found work to do, of all sorts, in America, and elsewhere. And a year ago—she died. I should have come straight home, only I was booked for that muddle on the frontier they called 'a war.' I got fever after Targai; was invalided home; and here I am recruiting and finishing my book. But from the moment when, stepping out of the sunset, you walked up the garden path, right into my heart, the fact of you, just being what you are, and being here, meant so much to me, that I did not dare let it mean more. Somehow I never connected you with widowhood; and not until you said this evening on the shore: 'I am a soldier's widow,' did I know that you were free.—There! Now you have heard all there is to hear."

For answer, Myra's cheek came trustfully to rest against the sleeve of the rough tweed coat. "Jim," she said; "Oh, Jim!"

PRESENTLY: "So you know the Ingleby's?" remarked Jim Airth.

"Yes," said Myra.

"I see. Which of them did you know first?"

"I have known Lady Ingleby all my life," said Myra, truthfully; "and I have known Lord Ingleby since his marriage."

"Ah. Then he became your friend, because he married her?"

Myra laughed. "Yes," she said. "I suppose so."

"What's the joke?"

"Only that it struck me as an amusing way of putting it; but it is undoubtedly true."

"Have they any children?"

Myra's voice shook slightly. "No, none. Why do you ask?"

"Well, in the campaign, I often shared Lord Ingleby's tent; and he used to talk in his sleep."

"Yes?"

"There was one name he often called and repeated."

Lady Ingleby's heart stood still.

"Yes?" she said, hardly breathing.

"It was 'Peter,'" continued Jim Airth. "The night before he was killed, he kept turning in his sleep and saying: 'Peter! Hullo, little Peter! Come here!' I thought perhaps he had a little son named Peter."

"He had no son," said Lady Ingleby, controlling her voice with effort. "Peter was a dog of which he was very fond. Was that the only name he spoke?"

"The only one I ever heard," replied Jim Airth.

Then suddenly Lady Ingleby clasped both hands round his arm.

"Jim," she whispered, brokenly, "Not once have you spoken my name. It was a bargain. We were to be old and intimate friends. I seem to have been calling you 'Jim' all my life! But you have not yet called me 'Myra.' Let me hear it now, please."

Jim Airth laid his big hand over both of hers.

"I can't," he said. "Hush! I can't. Not up here—it means too much. Wait until we get back to earth again. Then—Oh, I say! Can't you help?"

This kind of emotion was an unknown quantity to Lady Ingleby. So was the wild beating of her own heart. But she knew the situation called for tact, and was not tactful speech always her special forte?

"Jim," she said, "are you not frightfully hungry? I should be; only I had an enormous tea before coming out. Would you like to hear what I had for tea? No, I am afraid it would make you feel worse. I suppose dinner at the inn was over, long ago. I wonder what variation of fried fish they had, and whether Miss Susannah choked over a fish-bone, and had to be requested to leave the room. Oh, do you remember that evening? You looked so dismayed and alarmed. I quite thought you were going to the rescue! I wonder what time it is?"

"We can soon tell that," said Jim Airth, cheerfully. He dived into his pocket, produced a matchbox which he had long been fingering turn about with his pipe and tobacco-pouch, struck a light, and looked at his watch. Myra saw the lean brown face, in the weird flare of the match. She also saw the horrid depth so close to them, which she had almost forgotten. A sense of dizziness came over her. She longed to cling to his arm; but he had drawn it resolutely away.

"Half past ten," said Jim Airth. "Miss Murgatroyd has donned her night-cap. Miss Eliza has sighed: 'Good-night, summer, good-night, good-night,' at her open lattice; and Susie, folding her plump hands, has said: 'Now I lay me.'"

Myra laughed. "And they will all be listening for you to dump out your big boots," she said. "That is always your 'Good-night' to the otherwise silent house."

"No, really? Does it make a noise?" said Jim Airth, ruefully. "Never again——"

"Oh, but you must," said Myra. "I love—I mean Susie loves the sound, and listens for it. Jim, that match reminds me:—Why don't you smoke? Surely it would help the hunger, and be comfortable and cheering."

Jim Airth's pipe and pouch were out in a twinkling.

"Sure you don't mind? It doesn't make you sick, or give you a headache?"

"NO, I think I like it," said Myra. "In fact, I am sure I like it. That is, I like to sit beside it. No, I don't do it myself."

A match flared, and again she saw the chasm, and the nearness of the edge. She bore it until the pipe was drawing well. Then: "Oh, Jim," she said, "I am so sorry; but I am afraid I am becoming dizzy. I feel as though I must fall over." She gave a half sob.

Jim Airth turned, instantly alert.

"Nonsense," he said, but the sharp word sounded tender. "Four good feet of width are as safe as forty. Change your position a bit." He put his arm around her, and moved her so that she leant more completely against the cliff at their backs. "Now forget the edge," he said, "and listen. I am going to tell you camp yarns, and tales of the Wild West."

Then as they sat on in the darkness, Jim Airth smoked and talked, painting vivid word-pictures of life and adventure in other lands. And Myra listened, absorbed and enchanted; every moment realising more fully, as he unconsciously revealed it, the manly strength and honest simplicity of his big nature, with its fun and its fire, its huge capacity for enjoyment, its corresponding capacity for pain.

CHAPTER 12

THE night wore on.

Stars shone in the deep purple sky; bright, watchful eyes looking down unwearied upon the sleeping world.

The sound of the sea below fell from a roar to a murmur, and drew away into the distance.

It was a warm June night, and very still.

Jim Airth had moved along the ledge to the further end, and sat swinging his legs over the edge. His content was so deep and full that ordinary speech seemed impossible; and silence, a glad necessity. The prospect of that which the future might hold in store made the ledge too narrow to contain him. He sought relief in motion, and swung his long legs out into the darkness.

It had not occurred to him to wonder at his companion's silence; the reason for his own had been so all-sufficient.

At length he struck a match to see the time; then, turning with a smile, held it so that its light illumined Myra.

She knelt upon the ledge, her hands pressed against the overhanging cliff, her head turned in terror away from it. Her face was ashen in its whiteness, and large tears rolled down her cheeks.

Jim dropped the match, with an exclamation, and groped towards her in the darkness.

"Dear!" he cried. "Oh, my dear, what is the matter? Selfish fool, that I am! I thought you were just resting, quiet and content."

His groping hands found and held her.

"Oh, Jim," sobbed Lady Ingleby, "I am so sorry! It is so weak and unworthy. But I am afraid I feel faint. The whole cliff seems to rock and move. Every moment I fear it will tip me over. And you seemed miles away!"

"You are faint," said Jim Airth; "and no wonder. There is nothing weak or unworthy about it. You have been quite splendid. It is I who have been a thoughtless ass. But I can't have you fainting up here. You must lie down at once. If I sit on the edge with my back to you, can you slip along behind me and lie at full length, leaning against the cliff?"

"No, oh no, I couldn't!" whispered Myra. "It frightens me so horribly when you hang your legs over the edge, and I can't bear to touch the cliff. It seems worse than the black emptiness. It rocks to and fro, and seems to push me over. Oh, Jim! What shall I do? Help me, help me!"

"You must lie down," said Jim Airth, between his teeth. "Here, wait a minute. Move out a little way. Don't be afraid. I have hold of you. Let me get behind you. . . . That's right. Now you are not touching the cliff. Let me get my shoulders firmly into the hollow at this end, and my feet fixed at the other. There! With my back rammed into it like this, nothing short of an earthquake could dislodge me. Now dear—turn your back to me and your face to the sea and let yourself go. You will not fall over. Do not be afraid."

Very gently, but very firmly, he drew her into his arms.

Tired, frightened, faint—Lady Ingleby was conscious at first of nothing save the intense relief of the sense of his great strength about her. She seemed to have been fighting the cliff and resisting the gaping darkness, until she was utterly worn out. Now she yielded to his gentle insistence, and sank into safety. Her cheek rested against his rough coat, and it seemed

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to her more soothing than the softest pillow. With a sigh of content, she folded her hands upon her breast, and he laid one of his big ones firmly over them both. She felt so safe, and held.

CHAPTER 13

WHEN Lady Ingleby opened her eyes she could not for a moment imagine where she was.

Dawn was breaking over the sea. A rift of silver in the purple sky had taken the place of the morning star. She could see the silvery gleam reflected in the ocean.

"Why am I sleeping so close to a large window?" queried her bewildered mind. "Or am I on a balcony?"

"Why do I feel so extraordinarily strong and rested?" questioned her slowly awakening body.

She lay quite still and considered the matter.

Then, looking down, she saw a large brown hand clasping both hers. Her head was resting in the curve of the arm to which the hand belonged. A strong right arm was hugg over and around her. All questionings were solved by two short words: "Jim Airth."

Lady Ingleby lay very still. She feared to break the deep spell of restfulness which held her. She hesitated to bring down to earth the exquisite sense of heaven by which she was surrounded.

As the dawn broke over the sea a wonderful light dawned in her eyes, a radiance such as had never shone in those sweet eyes before.

Then she gently withdrew one hand, and laid it on the hand which had covered both.

"Jim," she said. "Jim! Look! It is day."

"Yes?" came Jim Airth's voice from behind her. "Yes? What? Come in!—Hullo! Oh, I say!"

Myra smiled into the dawning. She had already come through those first moments of astonished realisation. But Jim Airth awoke to the situation more quickly than she had done.

"Hullo!" he said. "I meant to keep watch all the time; but I must have slept. Are you all right? Sure? No cramp? Well, I have a cramp in my left leg which will make me kick down the cliff in another minute if I don't move it. Let me help you up. . . . That's the way. Now you sit safely there while I get unwedged. . . ."

Talking gaily all the time, Jim Airth drew up his long limbs, rubbing them vigorously; stretched his arms above his head; then passed his hand over his tumbled hair.

"My wig!" he said. "What a morning! And how good to be alive!"

Myra stole a look at him. His eyes were turned seaward. The same dawn-light was in them, as shone in her own.

"Don't you want breakfast?" said Jim Airth, and pulled out his watch.

"I do," said Myra, gaily. "And now I can venture to tell you what delicious home-made bread I had for tea. What time is it, Jim?"

"Half-past three. In a few minutes the sun will rise. Watch! Did you ever before see the dawn? Is it not wonderful? . . . Are you ready for the climb down? No, I can't allow any peeping over, and considering. If you really feel afraid of it I will run to Tregarth as quickly as possible, rouse the sleeping village, bring ropes and men, and hail you up from the top."

"I absolutely decline to be hauled up from the top, or to be left here alone," declared Lady Ingleby.

"Then the sooner we start down, the better," said Jim Airth. "I'm going first." He was over the edge before Myra could open her lips to expostulate. "Now turn round. Hold on to the ledge firmly with your hands and give me your feet. Do you hear? Do as I tell you. Don't hesitate. It is less steep than it seemed yesterday. We are quite safe. Come on! . . That's right."

Then Lady Ingleby passed through a most terrifying five minutes, while she yielded in blind obedience to the strong hands beneath her, and the big voice which encouraged and threatened alternately.

But when the descent was over and she stood on the shore beside Jim Airth, when together they turned and looked in silence up the path of glory on the rippling waters, to the blazing beauty of the rising sun, thankful tears rushed to Lady Ingleby's eyes.

They walked along the shore and up the steep street of the sleeping village hand in hand like happy children.

Arrived at the Moorhead Inn they pushed open the garden gate, and stepped noiselessly across the sunlit lawn.

The front door was firmly bolted. Jim Airth slipped round to the back, but returned in a minute shaking his head. Then he felt in his pocket for the big knife which had served them so well; pushed back the catch of the coffee-room window; softly raised the sash, swung one leg over, and drew Myra in after him.

Once in the familiar room, with its mustard-pots and salt-cellars, its tablecloths, left on in readiness for breakfast, they both lapsed into fits of uncontrollable laughter, laughter the more overwhelming, because it had to be silent.

Jim, recovering first, went off to the larder to forage for food.

Lady Ingleby flew noiselessly up to her room to wash her hands, and smooth her hair. She returned in two minutes to find Jim, very proud of his success, setting out a crusty home-made loaf, a large cheese, and a foaming tankard of ale.

Lady Ingleby longed for tea, and had never in her life drunk ale out of a pewter pot. But not for worlds would she have spoiled Jim Airth's boyish delight in the success of his raid on the larder.

By the time they had finished, and cleared away it was half-past five. They passed into the hall together.

"You must get some more sleep," said Jim Airth, authoritatively.

"I will, if you wish it," whispered Myra, "but I never, in my whole life, felt so strong or so rested. Jim, I shall sit at your table, and pour out your coffee at breakfast. Let's aim to have it at nine as usual. It will be such fun to watch the Murgstroyds, and to remember our cheese and beer. If you are down first, order our breakfasts at the same table."

"All right," said Jim Airth.

MYRA commenced mounting the stairs, but turned on the fifth step and hung over the banisters to smile at him.

Jim Airth reached up his hand. "How can I let you go?" he exclaimed suddenly.

Myra leaned over, and smiled into his adoring eyes.

"How can I go?" she whispered tenderly.

Jim Airth took both her hands in his. His eyes blazed up into hers.

"Myra," he said, "when shall we be married?"

Myra's face flamed, just as the soft white clouds had flamed when the sun arose. But she met the fire of his eyes without flinching.

"When you will, Jim," she answered gently.

"As soon as possible, then," said Jim Airth eagerly.

Myra withdrew her hands, and mounted two more steps, then turned to bend and whisper: "Why?"

"Because," replied Jim Airth, "I do not know how to bear that there should be a day, or an hour, or a minute, when we cannot be together."

"Ah, do you feel that, too?" whispered Myra.

"Too?" cried Jim Airth. "Do you—Myra! Come back!"

But Lady Ingleby fled up the stairs like a hare. She had not run so fast since she was a little child of ten. He heard her happy laugh, and the closing of her door.

CHAPTER 14.

THE week which followed was one of ideal joy and holiday. Both knew, instinctively, that no after days could ever be quite as these first days. They were an experience which came not again, and must be realised and enjoyed with wholehearted completeness.

At first Jim Airth talked with determination of a special licence, and pleaded for no delay. But Lady Ingleby, usually vague to a degree on all questions of law, or matters of business, fortunately felt doubtful as to whether it would be wise to be married in a name other than her own, and, though she might have solved the difficulty by at once revealing her identity to Jim Airth, she was anxious to choose her own time and place for this revelation, and had set her heart upon making it amid the surroundings of her own beautiful home at Shenstone.

"You see, Jim," she urged, "I have a few friends in town and at Shenstone who take an interest in my doings, and I could hardly reappear among them married! Could I, Jim? It would seem such an unusual and unexpected termination to a rest-cure. Wouldn't it, Jim?"

Jim Airth's big laugh brought Miss Susie to the window. It caused sad waste of Susannah's time, that her window looked out on the honeysuckle arbor.

"It might make quite a run on rest-cures," said Jim Airth.

"Ah, but they couldn't all meet you," said Myra, and the look he received from those sweet eyes atoned for the vague inaccuracy of the rejoinder.

So they agreed to have one week of this free untrammelled life, before returning to the world of those who knew them, and he promised to come and see her in her own home before taking the final steps which should make her altogether his.

So they went gay walks along the cliffs in the breezy sunshine, and Myra, clinging to Jim's arm, looked down from above upon their ledge.

They revisited Horseshoe Cove at low water, and Jim Airth spent hours cutting the hurried niches into proper steps, so as to leave a staircase to the ledge, up which people, who chanced in future to be caught by the tide, might climb to safety. Myra sat on the beach and watched him, her eyes alight with tender memories, but she absolutely refused to mount again.

"No, Jim," she said, "not until we come here on our honeymoon. Then, if you wish, you shall take your wife back to the place where we passed those wonderful hours. But not now."

Jim, who expected always to have his own way, unless he was given excellent

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reasons in black and white for not having it, was about to expostulate and insist, when he saw tears on her lashes and a quiver of the sweet, smiling lips, and gave in at once without further question.

Thus the golden days went by, and a letter came for Jim Airth from Lady Ingleby's secretary. Her ladyship was away at present, but would be returning to Shenstone on the following Monday, and would be pleased to give him an interview on Tuesday afternoon. The two o'clock express from Charing Cross would be met at Shenstone Station, unless he wrote suggesting another.

"Now that is very civil," said Jim to Myra, as he passed her the letter, "and how well it suits our plans. We had already arranged both to go up to town on Monday, and you on to Shenstone. So I can come down by that two o'clock train on Tuesday, get my interview with Lady Ingleby over as quickly as may be, and dash off to my girl at the Lodge. I hope to goodness she won't want to give me tea!"

"Which 'she'?" asked Myra, smiling. "I shall certainly want to give you tea."

"Then I shall decline Lady Ingleby's," said Jim with decision.

Even during those wonderful days he went on steadily with his book, Myra sitting near him in the smoking-room, writing letters or reading, while he worked. "I do better work if you are within reach, or at all events, within sight," Jim had said, and it was impossible that Lady Ingleby's mind should not have contrasted the thrill of pleasure this gave her, with the old sense of being in the way if work was to be done, and of being shut out from the chief interests of Michael's life, by the closing of the laboratory door. Ah, how different from the way in which Jim already made her a part of himself, enfolding her into his every interest.

Sunday evening, their last at Tregarth, came all too soon. They went to the little church together, sitting among the simple fisher folk at evensong.

Jim Airth's big bass boomed through the little church, and Myra, close to his shoulder sang with a face so radiant that none could doubt the reality of her praise.

When back to a cold supper at the Moorhead Inn, after which they strolled out to the honeysuckle arbor for Jim's evening pipe, and a last quiet talk.

IT was then that Jim Airth said, suddenly: "By the way I wish you would tell me more about Lady Ingleby. What kind of a woman is she? Easy to talk to?"

For a moment Myra was taken aback. "Why, Jim—I hardly know. Easy? Yes, I think you will find her easy to talk to."

"Does she speak of her husband's death, or is it a tabooed subject?"

"She speaks of it," said Myra, softly, "to those who can understand."

"Ah! Do you suppose she will like to hear details of those last days?"

"Possibly, if you feel inclined to give them. Jim—do you know who did it?"

A surprised silence in the arbor. Jim removed his pipe and looked at her.

"Do I know—who—did—what?" he asked slowly.

"Do you know the name of the man who made the mistake which killed Lord Ingleby?"

Jim returned his pipe to his mouth.

"Yes, dear, I do," he said, quietly. "But how came you to know of the blunder? I thought the whole thing was hushed up, at home."

"It was," said Myra, "but Lady Ingleby was told, and I heard it then. Jim, if she asked you the name, should you tell her?"

"Certainly I should," replied Jim Airth. "I was strongly opposed from the first to any mystery being made about it. I hate a hushing-up policy. But there was the fellow's future to consider. The world never lets a thing of that sort drop. He would always have been pointed out as 'The chap who killed Ingleby'—just as if he had done it on purpose, and every man of us knew that would be a millstone round the neck of any career. And then the whole business had been somewhat irregular, and 'the powers that be' have a way of taking all the kudos, if experiments are successful, and making a what-on-earth-were-you-dreaming-of row, if they chance to be a failure. Hence the fact that we are all such stick-in-the-muds, in the service. Nobody dares be original. The risks are too great, and too astonishingly unequal. If you succeed you get a D.S.O. from a grateful government, and a laurel crown from an admiring nation. If you fail, an indignant populace derides your name, and a pained and astonished government claps you into gaol. That's not the way to encourage progress, or make fellows prompt to take the initiative. The right or the wrong of an action should not be determined by its success or failure."

Lady Ingleby's mind had paused at the beginning of Jim's tirade.

"They could not have taken Michael's kudos," she said. "It must have been patented. He was always most careful to patent all his inventions."

"Eh, what?" said Jim Airth. "Oh, I see. 'Kudos,' my dear girl, means 'glory,' not a new kind of explosive. And why do you call Lord Ingleby 'Michael'?"

"I KNEW him intimately," said Lady Ingleby.

"I see. Well as I was saying, I protested about the hushing-up, but was talked over, and the few who knew the facts pledged their word of honor to keep silence. Only, the name was to be given to Lady Ingleby, if she desired to know it, and some of us thought you might as well put in in 'The Times' at once, as tell a woman. Then we heard she had decided not to know."

"What do you think of her decision?" asked Lady Ingleby.

"I think it proved her to be a very just-minded woman, and a very unusual one, if she keeps to it. But it would be rather like a woman to make a fine decision such as that during the tension of a supreme moment, and then indulge in private speculation afterwards."

"Did you hear her reason, Jim? She said she did not wish that a man should walk this earth, whose hand she could not bring herself to touch in friendship."

"Poor loyal soul!" said Jim Airth, greatly moved. "Myra, if I got accidentally done for, as Ingleby was—should you feel so, for my sake?"

"No!" cried Myra, passionately. "If I lost you, my beloved, I should never want to touch any other man's hand, in friendship or otherwise, as long as I lived!"

"Ah," mused Jim Airth. "Then you don't consider Lady Ingleby's reason for her decision proved a love such as ours?"

Myra laid her beautiful head against his shoulder.

"Jim," she said, brokenly, "I do not feel myself competent to discuss any other love. One thing only is clear to me—I never realised what love meant, until I knew you."

A long silence in the honeysuckle arbor.

Then Jim Airth cried almost fiercely to the woman in his arms: "Can you really think you have been right to keep me waiting, even for a day?"

And she who loved him with a love beyond expression could frame no words in answer to that question. Thus it came to pass that, in the days to come, it was there, unanswered; ready to return and beat upon her brain with merciless reiteration: "Was I right to keep him waiting, even for a day?"

IN the hall beside the marble table, where lay the visitors' book, they paused to say good-night. From the first, Myra had never allowed him up the stairs until her door was closed. "If you don't keep the rules I think it right to make, Jim," she had said, with her little tender smile, "I shall, in self-defence, engage Miss Murgatroyd as chaperon; and what sort of a time would you have then?"

So Jim was pledged to remain below until her door had been shut five minutes. After which he used to tramp up the stairs whistling:

Jim's blue eyes were mutinous. He stood holding her hands against his breast, as he had done in Horseshoe Cove, when the waves swept round their feet, and he had cried: "You must climb!"

"So to-morrow night," he said, "you will be at the Lodge, Shenstone; and I at my club in town. Do you know how hard it is to be away from you, even for an hour? Do you realise that if you had not been so obstinate we never need have been parted at all? We could have gone away from here, husband and wife together. If you had really cared, you wouldn't have wanted to wait."

Myra smiled up into his angry eyes.

"Jim," she whispered, "it is so silly to say: 'If you had really cared'; because you know perfectly well that I care for you more than any woman in the world has ever cared for any man before! And I do assure you, Jim, that you couldn't have married me validly from here—and think how awful it would be, to love as much as we love and then find out that we were not validly married—and when you come to my home and fetch me away from there, you will admit—yes, really admit—that I was right. You will have to apologise humbly for having said 'Bosh!' so often. Jim—dearest! Look at the clock! I must go. Jim, say 'Good-night' quickly, and let me go."

"Once," said Jim Airth, tightening his grasp on her wrists—"once, Myra, we said no 'good-night,' and no 'good-morning.'"

"Jim, darling!" said Myra, gently, "on that night, before I went to sleep, you said to me: 'We are not alone. God is here.' And then you repeated part of the hundred and thirty-ninth psalm. And, Jim—I thought you the best and strongest man I had ever known; and I felt that, all my life, I should trust you."

Jim Airth loosed the hands he had held so tightly, and kissed them very gently. "Good-night, my sweetheart," he said. Then he turned away to the marble table.

Myra ran swiftly up the stairs and closed her door.

Then she knelt beside her bed and sobbed uncontrollably; partly for joy, and partly for sorrow. The unanswered question commenced its reiteration: "Ah, was I right to keep him waiting?"

Presently she lifted her head, held her breath, and stared into the darkness. A vision seemed to pass across her room. A

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tall man, in evening clothes. In his arms a tiny dog, peeping at her through its curls, as if to say: "I have the better place. Where do you come in?" The tall man turned at the door. "Good-night, my dear Myra," he said, kindly.

The vision passed.

Lady Ingleby buried her face in the bedclothes. "That—for ten long years!" she said. Then, in the darkness, she saw the ardentious fire of Jim Airth's blue eyes, and felt the grip of his strong hands on hers. "How can I say 'Good-night'?" protested his deep voice, passionately. And, with a rush of happy tears, Myra clasped her hands.

And up the stairs came Jim Airth, whistling like a nightingale.

CHAPTER 15

WHEN Jim Airth left the train on the following Tuesday afternoon, he looked eagerly up and down the platform, hoping to see Myra. True, they had particularly arranged not to meet until after his interview with Lady Ingleby. But Myra was so charmingly inconsequent and impulsive in her actions. It would be quite like her to reverse the whole plan they had made; and, if her desire to see him in any measure resembled his huge hunger for a sight of her, he could easily understand such a reversal.

However, Myra was not there; and with a heavy sense of unreasonable disappointment, Jim Airth flung his ticket to a waiting porter, passed through the little station, and found a smart turnout with tandem ponies waiting outside.

The groom at the leader's head touched his hat.

"For Shenstone Park, sir?"

"Yes," said Jim Airth, and climbed in.

The groom touched his hat again. "Her ladyship said, sir, that perhaps you might like to drive the ponies yourself, sir."

"No, thank you," said Jim Airth, shortly. "I never drive other people's ponies."

The groom's comprehending grin was immediately suppressed. He touched his hat again, gathered up the reins, mounted the driver's seat, flicked the leader, and the perfectly-matched ponies swung at once into a fast trot.

Jim Airth, a connoisseur in horse-flesh, eyed them with approval. They flew along the narrow Surrey lanes, between masses of wild roses and clematis. The villagers were raking in the hayfields, shouting gaily to one another as they tossed the hay. It was a matchless June day, in a perfect English summer.

Jim Airth's disappointment at Myra's non-appearance was lifting rapidly in the enjoyment of the drive. After all, it was best to adhere to plans once made; and every step of these jolly little tapping hoofs was bringing him nearer to the Lodge. Perhaps she would be at the window. (He had particularly told her not to be!)

"These ponies have been well handled," he remarked approvingly to the groom, as they flew round a bend.

"Yes, sir," said the groom, with the inevitable movement towards his hat, whip and hand going up together. "Her ladyship always drives them herself, sir. Fine one, her ladyship, sir."

This item of information surprised Jim Airth. Judging by Lord Ingleby's age and appearance, he had expected to find Lady Ingleby a sedate and stately matron of fifty. It was somewhat surprising to hear her as a fine whip.

However, he had no time to weigh the matter further. Passing an ivy-clad church on the village green they swung through massive iron gates, of very fine design, and entered the stately avenue of Shenstone Park. To the left, in a group of trees stood a pretty little gabled house.

"What house is that?" asked Jim Airth, quickly.

"The Lodge, sir."

"Who lives there?"

"Mrs. O'Mara, sir."

"Has Mrs. O'Mara returned?"

"I don't know, sir. She was up at the house with her ladyship this morning."

"Then she has returned," said Jim Airth.

The groom looked perplexed, but made no comment.

Jim Airth turned in his seat and looked back at the Lodge. It was a far smaller house than he had expected. This fact did not seem to depress him. He smiled to himself, as at some thought which gave him amusement and pleasure. While he still looked back, a side door opened, a neatly dressed woman in black, apparently a superior lady's maid, appeared on the doorstep, shook out a white tablecloth, and re-entered the house.

They flew on up the avenue, Jim Airth noting every tree with appreciation and pleasure. The fine old house came into view, and a moment later they drew up at the entrance.

"Good driving," remarked Jim Airth approvingly, as he tipped the little groom. Then he turned to find the great doors already standing wide, and a stately butler, with immense black eyebrows, waiting to receive him.

"Will you come to her ladyship's sitting-room, sir?" said the butler, and led the way.

Jim Airth entered a charmingly appointed room, and looked around.

It was empty.

"KINDLY wait here, sir, while I acquaint her ladyship with your arrival," said the pompous person with the eyebrows, and went out noiselessly, closing the door behind him.

Left alone, Jim Airth commenced taking rapid note of the room, hoping to gain therefrom some ideas as to the tastes and character of its possessor. But almost immediately his attention was arrested by a life-size portrait of Lord Ingleby, hanging above the mantelpiece.

Jim Airth walked over to the hearthrug, and stood long, looking with silent intentness at the picture.

"Excellent," he said to himself at last. "Extraordinarily clever. That chap shall paint Myra, if I can lay hands on him. What a jolly little dog! And what devotion! Mutual and absorbing. I suppose that is Peter. Queer to think that I should have been the last to hear him calling Peter. I wonder whether Lady Ingleby liked Peter. If not, I doubt if she would have had much of a look-in. If anyone went to the wall it certainly wasn't Peter."

He was still absorbed in the picture, when the butler returned with a long message, solemnly delivered.

"Her ladyship is out in the grounds, sir. As it is so warm in the house, sir, her ladyship requests that you come to her in the grounds. If you will allow me, sir, I will show you the way."

Jim Airth restrained an inclination to say: "Buck up!" and followed the butler along a corridor, down a wide staircase to a lower hall. They stepped out on to a terrace running the full length of the house. Below it an old-fashioned garden, with box borders, bright flower beds, a fountain in the centre. Beyond this a smooth lawn, sloping down to a beautiful lake, which sparkled and gleamed in the afternoon sunshine. On this lawn, well to the right, half-way between the house and the water, stood a group of beeches. Beneath their spreading boughs, in the cool inviting shadow, were some garden chairs. Jim Airth could just discern, in one of these, the white gown of a woman, holding a scarlet parasol.

The butler indicated this clump of trees. "Her ladyship said, sir, that she would await you under the beeches."

HE returned to the house, and Jim Airth was left to make his way alone to Lady Ingleby, guided by the gleam among the trees of her brilliant parasol. Even at that moment it gave him pleasure to find Lady Ingleby's taste in sunshades resembling Myra's.

He stood for a minute on the terrace, taking in the matchless beauty of the place. Then his face grew sad and stern. "What a home to leave," he said, "and to leave it, never to return!"

He still wore a look of sadness as he descended the steps leading to the flower garden, made his way along the narrow gravel paths, then stepped on to the soft turf of the lawn, and walked towards the clump of beeches.

Jim Airth—tall and soldierly, broad-shouldered and erect—might have made an excellent impression upon Lady Ingleby, had she watched his coming. But she kept her parasol between herself and her approaching guest.

In fact he drew quite near, near enough to distinguish the ripples of soft lace about her feet, the long graceful sweep of her gown, and still she seemed unconscious of his close proximity.

He passed beneath the beeches and stood before her. And even then the parasol concealed her face.

But Jm Airth was never at a loss, when sure of his ground. "Lady Ingleby," he said, with grave formality, "I was told to——"

Then the parasol was flung aside, and he found himself looking down into the lovely laughing eyes of Myra.

To see Jim Airth's face change from its look of formal gravity to one of rapturous delight, was to Myra well worth the long effort of sitting immovable. He flung himself down before her with boyish abandon, and clasped both herself and her chair in his long arms.

"Oh, you darling!" he said, bending his face over hers, while his blue eyes danced with delight. "Oh, Myra, what centuries since yesterday! How I have longed for you. I almost hoped you would after all have come to the station. How I have grudged wasting all this time in coming to call on old Lady Ingleby. Myra, has it seemed long to you? Do you realise, my dear girl, that it can't go on any longer; that we cannot possibly live through another twenty-four hours of separation? But oh, you tease! There was I, ramping with impatience at every wasted moment, and here were you, sitting under this tree, hiding your face and pretending to be Lady Ingleby. The astonished and astonishing old party in the eyebrows, certainly pointed you out as Lady Ingleby when he started me off on my pilgrimage. I say, how lovely you look! What billowy softness! It wouldn't do for cliff-climbing, but it's A.1 for sitting on lawns . . . I can't help it! I must!"

"Jim," said Myra, laughing, and pushing him away, "what has come to you, you dearest old boy? You will really have to

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behave! We are not in the honeysuckle arbor. The astonishing old party in the eyebrows' is most likely observing us from a window, and will have good cause to look astonished, if he sees you carrying on in such a manner. Jim, how nice you look in your town clothes. I always like a grey frockcoat. Stand up, and let me see . . Oh, look at the green of the turf on those immaculate knees. What a pity. Did you don all this finery for me?"

"Of course not, silly!" said Jim Airth, rubbing his knees vigorously. "When I haul you up cliffs, I wear old Norfolk coats, and when I duck you in the sea I wear flannels. I considered this the correct attire in which to pay a formal call on Lady Ingleby, and now, before she has had a chance of being duly impressed by it, I have spoilt my knees hopelessly worshipping at your shrine. Where is Lady Ingleby? Why doesn't she keep her appointments?"

"Jim," said Myra, looking up at him with eyes full of unspeakable love, yet dancing with excitement and delight. "Jim, do you admire this place?"

"This place?" cried Jim, stepping back a pace, so as to command a good view of the lake and woods beyond. "It is absolutely perfect. We have nothing like this in Scotland. You can't beat for all round beauty a real old mellow lived-in English country seat, especially when you get a twenty-acre lake, with islands and swans, all complete. And I suppose the woods beyond, as far as one can see, belong to the Inglebys—or rather, to Lady Ingleby. What a pity there is no son."

"Jim," said Myra, "I have so looked forward to showing you my home."

HE stepped close to her at once. "Then show it to me, dear," he said. "I would rather be alone with you in your own little home—I saw it, as we drove up—than waiting about in this vast expanse of beauty for Lady Ingleby."

"Jim," said Myra, "do you remember a little tune I often hummed down in Cornwall, and, when you asked me what it was I said you should hear the words some day?"

Jim looked puzzled. "Really dear—you hummed so many little tunes——"

"Oh, I know," said Myra, "and I have not much ear. But this was very special. I want to sing it to you now. Listen!"

And looking up at him, her soft eyes full of love, Myra sang, with slight alterations of her own, the last verse of the old Scotch ballad, "Huntingtower."

"Blair in Athol's mine, Jamie,
Fair Dunkeld is mine, laddie;
Saint Johnstoun's bower,
And Huntingtower,
And all that's mine, is thine, laddie."

"Very pretty," said Jim, "but you've mixed it, my dear. Jamie bestowed all his possessions on the lassie. You sang it the wrong way round."

"No, no," cried Myra, eagerly. "There is no wrong way round. Providing they both love, it does not really matter which gives. The one who happens to possess bestows. If you were a cowboy, Jim, and you loved a woman with lands and houses, in taking her, you would take all that was hers."

"I guess I'd take her out to my ranch and teach her to milk cows," laughed Jim Airth. Then turning about under the tree and looking in all directions: "But seriously, Myra, where is Lady Ingleby? She should keep her appointments. We cannot waste our whole afternoon waiting here. I want my girl, and I want her in her own little home, alone. Cannot we find Lady Ingleby?"

Then Myra rose, radiant, and came and stood before him. The sunbeams shone through the beech leaves and danced in her grey eyes. She had never looked more perfect in her sweet loveliness. The man took it all in, and the glory of possession lighted his handsome face.

She came and stood before him, laying her hands upon his shoulders. He wrapped his arms lightly about her. He saw she had something to say, and he waited.

"Jim," said Myra, "Jim, dearest. There is just one name I want to bear, more than any other. There is just one thing I long to be. Then I shall be content. I want to have the right to be called 'Mrs. Jim Airth.' I want more than all else beside, to be your wife. But until I am that—and may it be very soon; until you make me 'Mrs. Jim Airth,' dearest—I—am Lady Ingleby."

CHAPTER 16

JIM AIRTH'S arms fell slowly to his sides. He still looked into those happy, loving eyes, but the joy in his own died out, leaving them merely cold blue steel. His face slowly whitened, hardened, froze into lines of silent misery. Then he moved back a step, and Myra's hands fell from him.

"You—'Lady Ingleby'?" he said.

Myra gazed at him in unspeakable dismay.

"Jim!" she cried, "Jim, dearest! Why should you mind it so much?"

She moved forward and tried to take his hand.

"Don't touch me!" he said sharply. Then: "You, Myra? You! Lord Ingleby's widow?"

The furious misery of his voice stung Myra. Why should he resent the noble name she bore, the high rank which was hers? Even if it placed her socially far above him, had she not just expressed her readiness—her longing—to resign all for him? Had not her love already placed him on the topmost pinnacle of her regard? Was it generous, was it worthy of Jim Airth to take her disclosure thus?

She moved towards the chairs with gentle dignity.

"Let us sit down, Jim, and talk it over," she said quietly. "I do not think you need find it so overwhelming a matter as you seem to imagine. Let me tell you all about it; or rather, suppose you ask me any questions you like."

Jim Airth sat blindly down upon the chair farthest from her, put his elbows on his knees, and sank his face into his hands.

Without any comment Myra rose, moved her chair close enough to enable her to lay her hand upon his arm should she wish to do so, sat down again, and waited in silence.

Jim Airth had but one question to ask. He asked it, without lifting his head.

"Who is Mrs. O'Mara?"

"She is the widow of Sergeant O'Mara who fell at Targai. We both lost our husbands in that disaster, Jim. She had been for many years my maid-attendant. When she married the sergeant, a fine soldier whom Michael held in high esteem, I wished still to keep her near me. Michael had given me the Lodge to do with as I pleased. I put them into it. She lives there still. Oh, Jim dearest, try to realise that I have not said one word to you which was not completely truthful! Let me explain how I came to be in Cornwall under her name instead of my own. If I might put my hand in yours, Jim, I could tell you more easily . . . No? Very well, never mind.

"After I received the telegram last November telling me of my husband's death, I had a very bad nervous breakdown. I do not think it was caused so much by my loss, as by a prolonged mental strain, which had preceded it. Just as I had moved to town, and was getting better, full details arrived, and I had to be told that it had been an accident. You know all about the question as to whether I should hear the name or not. You also know my decision. The worry of this threw me back.

"At last I consulted a great specialist, who is also a trusted friend. He ordered me a rest cure. Not to be shut up within four walls with my own worries, but to go right away alone; to leave my own identity, and all appertaining thereto, completely behind; to go to a place to which I had never before been, where I knew no one, and should not be known; to live in the open air, fare simply, rise early, retire early, but, above all, as he quaintly said: 'Leave Lady Ingleby behind.'

"I followed his advice to the letter. He is not a man one can disobey. I did not like the idea of taking a fictitious name, so I decided to be 'Mrs. O'Mara,' and naturally entered her address in the visitors' book, as well as her name.

"Oh, that evening of arrival! You were quite right, Jim. I felt just a happy child entering a new world of beauty and delight—all holiday and rest.

"And then—I saw you! And, oh, my beloved, I think almost from the first moment my soul flew to you, as to its unquestioned mate. Your vitality became my source of vigor. Your strength filled and upheld everything in me which had been weak and faltering. I owed you much before we had really spoken. Afterwards I owed you life itself, and love, and all—all Jim!"

MYRA paused, silently controlling her emotion, then, bending forward, laid her lips upon the roughness of his hair. It might have been the stirring of the breeze, for all the sign he made.

"When I found at first that you had come from the war; when I realised that you must have known Michael, I praised the doctor's wisdom in making me drop my own name. Also the Murgatroyds would have known it immediately, and I should have no peace. As it was, Miss Murgatroyd occasionally held forth in the sitting-room concerning 'poor dear Lady Ingleby' whom she gave us to understand she knew intimately. And then—oh, Jim, when I came to know my cosmopolitan cowboy, when he told me he hated titles and all that appertained to them, then indeed I blessed the moment when I had writ myself down plain 'Mrs. O'Mara'; and I resolved not to tell him of my title until he loved me enough not to mind it, or wanted me enough, to change me at once from Lady Ingleby, of Shenstone Park, into plain Mrs. Jim Airth, of—anywhere he chooses to take me!

"Now you will understand why I felt I could not marry you validly in Cornwall, and I wanted—was it selfish?—I wanted the joy of revealing my own identity when I had you, at last, in my own beautiful home. Oh, my dear—my dear! Cannot our love stand the test of so light a thing as this?"

At last Jim Airth stood up.

"I cannot face it yet," he said, slowly. "I must be alone. I ought to have known from the very first that you were—are—Lady Ingleby. I am very sorry that you should have to suffer for that which is no fault of your own. I must—go—now. In

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twenty-four hours, I will come back to talk it over."

He turned, without another word; without a touch; without a look. He swung round on his heel, and walked away across the lawn.

Myra's dismayed eyes could scarcely follow him.

He mounted the terrace; passed into the house. A door closed.

Jim Airth was gone!

CHAPTER 17.

MYRA INGLEBY rose and wended her way slowly towards the house.

A stranger meeting her would probably have noticed nothing amiss with the tall graceful woman, whose pallor might well have been due to the unusual warmth of the day.

But the heart within her was dying.

Her joy had received a mortal wound. The man she adored, with a love which had placed him at the highest, was slowly slipping from his pedestal, and her hands were powerless to keep him there.

Myra, entering the house, passed to her sitting-room. Green awnings shaded the windows. The fireplace was banked with ferns and lilies. Bowls of roses stood about; while here and there pots of growing freesias poured their delicate fragrance around.

A dog-cart clattered up to the portico. Men's voices sounded in the hall. Tramping feet hurried along the corridor. Then Billy's excited young voice cried, "May we come in?" followed by Ronnie's deeper tones, "If we shall not be in the way?" The next moment she was grasping a hand of each.

"You dear boys!" she said. "I have never been more glad to see you! Do sit down; or have you come to play tennis?"

"We have come to see you, dear Queen," said Billy. "We are staying at Overdene. The duchess had your letter. She told us the great news; also, that you were returning yesterday. So we came over to—to——"

"To congratulate," said Ronald Ingram; and he said it heartily and bravely.

"Thank you," said Myra, smiling at them, but her sweet voice was tremulous. These first congratulations, coming just now, were almost more than she could bear. Then, with characteristic simplicity and straightforwardness, she told these old friends the truth.

"You dear boys! It is quite sweet of you to come over; and an hour ago you would have found me radiant. There cannot have been a happier woman in the whole world than I. But you know, I met him, and we became engaged, while I was doing my very original rest cure, which consisted chiefly in being Mrs. O'Mara, to all intents and purposes, instead of myself. This afternoon he knows for the first time that I am Lady Ingleby, of Shenstone. And, boys, the shock has been too much for him. He is such a splendid man, but a dear delightful cowboy sort of person. He has lived a great deal abroad, and been everything you can imagine that bestrides a horse and does brave things. He finished up at your horrid little war, and got fever at Targal. You must have known him. He calls it 'a muddle on the frontier,' and now he is writing a book about it, and about other muddles, and how to avoid them. But he has a quite eccentric dislike to titles and big properties, so he has shied really badly at mine. He has gone off to 'face it out' alone. Hence you find me sad instead of gay."

Billy looked at Ronnie, telegraphing: "Is it? It must be! Shall we tell her?"

Ronnie telegraphed back: "It is! It can be no other. You tell her."

Lady Ingleby became aware of these cross-currents.

"What is it, boys?" she said.

"Dear Queen," cried Billy, with hardly suppressed excitement, "may we ask the cowboy person's name?"

"Jim Airth," replied Lady Ingleby, a sudden rush of color flooding her pale cheeks.

"In that case," said Billy, "he is the chap we met tearing along to the railway station, as if all the furies were loose at his heels. He looked neither to the right, nor to the left, nor, for that matter, in front of him, and our dog-cart had to take to the path. So he did not see two old comrades, nor did he hear their hail. But he cannot possibly have been fleeing from your title, dear lady, and hardly from your property; seeing that his own title is about the oldest known in Scottish history; while mile after mile of moor and stream and forest belong to him. Surely you knew that the fellow who called himself 'Jim Airth' when out ranching in the west, and still keeps it as his nom-de-plume is—when at home—James, Earl of Airth and Monteith, and a few other names I have forgotten; the finest old title in Scotland!"

CHAPTER 18.

"DID you bring your racquets, boys?" Lady Ingleby had said, with fine self-control, adding, when they admitted racquets left in the hall, "Ah, I am glad you never can resist the chestnut court. It seems ages since I saw you two fight out a single. Do go on and begin. I will order tea out there in half an hour, and follow you."

Then she escaped to the terrace, flew across garden and lawn, and sought the shelter of the beeches. Arrived there, she sank into the chair in which Jim Airth had sat so immovable, and covered her face with her trembling fingers.

"Oh, Jim, Jim!" she sobbed. "My darling, how grievously I wronged you! My king among men! How I misjudged you! Imputing to you thoughts of which you, in your noble large-heartedness, would scarcely know the meaning. Oh, my dear, forgive me!

Myra pondered, wept, and reasoned round in a circle, growing more and more bewildered and perplexed.

But by and by she went indoors and tried to remove all traces of recent tears. She must not let her sorrow make her selfish. Ronald and Billy would be wanting tea, and expecting her to join them.

Meanwhile the two friends, their racquets under their arms, had strolled through the shrubbery at the front of the house, to the beautiful tennis lawns, long renowned as being the most perfect in the neighborhood. Many a tournament had there been fought out, in the presence of a gay crowd, lining the courts, beneath the shady chestnut trees.

But on this day the place seemed sad and deserted. They played one set in silence hardly troubling to score. Then walked to the net and stood close together, one on either side.

"We must tell her," said Ronald, examining his racquet, minutely.

"I suppose we must," agreed Billy, reluctantly. "We could not let her marry him."

"Duffer. You don't suppose he would dream of marrying her? He will come back, and tell her himself to-morrow. We must tell her, to spare her that interview. She need never see him again."

"I say, Ron! Did you see her go quite pink when she told us his name? And in spite of the trouble to-day, she looks half a dozen years younger than when she went away. You know she does, old man!"

"Oh, that's the rest-cure," explained Ronnie, but without much conviction. "Rest-cures always have that effect. That's why women go in for them. Did you ever hear of a man doing a rest-cure?"

"Well, I've heard of you, at Overdene," said Billy, maliciously.

"Rot! You don't call staying with the duchess a rest-cure? Good heavens, man! You get about the liveliest time of your life when her Grace of Meldrum undertakes to nurse you. Did you hear about old Pilberry, the parson, and the toucan?"

"Yes, shut up. You've told me that unholy story twice already. I say, Ronnie! We are begging the question. Who's to tell her?"

"You," said Ronald decidedly. "She cares for you like a mother, and will take it more easily from you. Then I can step in, later on, with—er—manly comfort."

"Confound you!" said Billy, highly indignant. "I'm not such a kid as you make out. But I'll tell you this:—If I thought it would be for her real happiness, and could be pulled through, I would tell her I did it; then find Airth to-morrow and tell him I had told her so."

"Ass!" said Ronnie, affectionately. "As if that could mend matters. Don't you know the earl? He was against the hushing-up business from the first. He would simply punch your head for daring to lie to her, and go and tell her the exact truth himself. Besides, at this moment, he is thinking more of his side of the question, than of hers. We fellows have a way of doing that. If he had thought first of her, he would have stayed with her and seen her through, instead of rushing off like this, leaving her heart-broken and perplexed."

"Confoung him!" said Billy, earnestly.

"I say, Billy! You know women." It was the first time Ronnie had admitted this. "Don't you think—if a woman turned in horror from a man she had loved, she might—if he were tactfully on the spot—turn to a man who had long loved her, and of whom she had undoubtedly been fond?"

"MY knowledge of women," declaimed Billy dramatically, "leads me to hope that she would fall into the arms of the man who loved her well enough to risk incurring her displeasure by bravely telling her himself that which she ought——"

"Confound you!" whispered Ronnie, who had glanced past Billy. "Shut up!—The meshes of this net are better than the other, and the new patent sockets undoubtedly keep it——"

"You patient people!" said Lady Ingleby's voice, just behind Billy. "Don't you badly need tea?"

"We were admiring the new net," said Ronald Ingram, frowning at Billy, who with his back to Lady Ingleby, continued admiring the new net, helplessly speechless!

There were brave attempts at merriment during tea. Ronald told all the latest Overdene stories; then described the annual concert which had just taken place.

Myra rose, hastily. "I must go in," she said. "But play as long as you like."

Billy walked beside her towards the shrubbery. "May I come in and see you,

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presently, dear Queen? There is something I want to say."

"Come when you will, Billy-boy," said Lady Ingleby, with a smile. "You will find me in my sitting-room."

And Billy looked furtively at Ronald, hoping he had not seen. Words and smile undoubtedly partook of the maternal!

It was a very grave-faced young man who, half an hour later, appeared in Lady Ingleby's sitting-room, closing the door carefully behind him. Lady Ingleby knew at once that he had come on some matter which, at all events to himself, appeared of paramount importance. Billy's days of youthful escapades were over. This must be something more serious.

She rose from her davenport and came to the sofa. "Sit down, Billy," she said, indicating an armchair opposite—Lord Ingleby's chair, and little Peter's. Both had now left it empty. Billy filled it readily, unconscious of its associations.

"Rippin' flowers," remarked Billy, looking round the room.

"Yes," said Lady Ingleby. She devoutly hoped Billy was not going to propose.

"Jolly room," said Billy; "at least, I always think so."

"Yes," said Lady Ingleby. "So do I."

Billy's eyes, roaming anxiously around for fresh inspiration, lighted on the portrait over the mantelpiece. He started and paled. Then he knew his hour had come. There must be no more beating about the bush.

"LADY INGLEBY," he said, "there is something Ronnie and I both think you ought to know."

"Is there, Billy?" said Myra. "Then suppose you tell it me."

"We have sworn not to tell," continued Billy, "but I don't care a rap—I mean a pin—for an oath, if your happiness is at stake."

"You must not break an oath, Billy, even for my sake," said Myra, gently.

"Well, you see—if you wished it, you were to be the one exception."

Suddenly Lady Ingleby understood. "Oh, Billy!" she said. "Does Ronald wish me to be told?"

This gave Billy a pang. So Ronnie really counted after all, and would walk in—over the broken hearts of Billy and another—in role of manly comforter. It was hard, but, loyally, Billy made answer.

"Yes, Ronnie says it is only right, and I think so, too. I've come to do it, if you will let me."

Lady Ingleby sat, with clasped hands, considering. After all, what did it matter? What did anything matter, compared to the trouble with Jim?

She looked up at the portrait, but Michael's pictured face, intent on little Peter, gave her no sign.

If these boys wished to tell her, and get it off their minds, why should she not know? It would put a stop, once for all, to Ronnie's tragic love-making.

"Yes, Billy," she said. "You may as well tell me."

The room was very still. A rosebud tapped twice against the window-pane. It might have been a warning finger. Neither noticed it. It tapped a third time.

Billy cleared his throat, and swallowed quickly.

Then he spoke.

"The man who made the blunder," he said, "and fired the mine too soon; the man who killed Lord Ingleby by mistake was the chap you call 'Jim Airth.'"

CHAPTER 19.

LADY INGLEBY awaited Jim Airth's arrival in her sitting-room.

As the hour drew near she rang the bell. "Groatley," she said, when the butler appeared, "the Earl of Airth, who was here yesterday, will call again this afternoon. When his lordship comes, you can show him in here. I shall not be at home to anyone else. You need not bring tea until I ring for it."

She leaned back among the sofa cushions, her hands folded in her lap, and waited.

Bees hummed in and out of the open windows. The scent of freesias filled the room, delicate, piercingly sweet, yet not oppressive. To one man forever afterwards the scent of freesias recalled that afternoon; the exquisite sweetness of that lovely face; the trailing softness of her widow's gown.

Steps in the hall.

The door opened. Groatley's voice, pompously sonorous, broke into the waiting silence.

"The Earl of Airth, m'lady," and Jim Airth walked in.

As the door closed behind him, Myra rose.

They stood, silently confronting one another beneath Lord Ingleby's picture.

It almost seemed as though the thoughtful scholarly face must turn from its absorbed contemplation of the little dog, to look down for a moment upon them. They presented a psychological problem—these brave hearts in torment—which would surely have proved interesting to the calm student of metaphysics.

Silently they faced one another for the space of a dozen heart-beats.

Then Myra, with a swift movement, went up to Jim Airth, put her arms about his neck, and laid her head upon his breast.

"I know, my beloved," she said. "You need not give yourself the pain of trying to tell me."

"How?" A single syllable seemed the most Jim's lips for the moment could manage.

"Billy told me. He and Ronald Ingram came over yesterday afternoon, soon after you left. They had passed you, on your way to the station. They thought I ought to know. So Billy told me."

Jim Airth's arms closed round her, holding her tightly.

"My—poor—girl!" he said, brokenly.

"They meant well, Jim. They are dear boys. They knew you would come back and tell me yourself; and they wanted to spare us both that pain. I am glad they did it. You were quite right when you said it had to be faced alone. I could not have been ready for your return, if I had not heard the truth, and had time to face it alone. I am ready now, Jim."

JIM AIRTH laid his cheek against her soft hair, with a groan.

"I have come to say good-bye, Myra. It is all that remains to be said."

"Good-bye?" Myra raised a face of terrified questioning.

Jim Airth pressed it back to its hiding-place upon his breast.

"I am the man, Myra, whose hand you could never bring yourself to touch in friendship."

Myra lifted her head again. The look in her eyes was that of a woman prepared to fight for happiness and life.

"You are the man," she said, "whose little finger is dearer to me than the whole body of anyone else has ever been. Do you suppose I will give you up, Jim, because of a thing which happened accidentally in the past, before you and I had ever met? Ah, how little you men understand a woman's heart. Shall I tell you what I felt when Billy told me, after the first bewildering shock was over? First, sorrow for you, my dearest; a realisation of how appalling the mental anguish must have been at the time. Secondly, thankfulness—yes, intense overwhelming thankfulness—to know at last what had come between us, and to know it was this thing—this mere ghost of the past—nothing tangible or real; no wrong of mine against you, or of yours against me, nothing which need divide us."

Jim Airth slowly unlocked his arms, took her by the wrists, holding her hands. Then he looked into her eyes with a silent sadness, more forcible than speech.

"My own poor girl," he said at length, "it is impossible for me to marry Lord Ingleby's widow."

The strength of his will mastered hers, and, just as in Horseshoe Cove her fears had yielded to his dauntless courage, so now Myra felt her confidence ebbing away before his stern resolve. Fearful of losing it altogether, she drew away her hands, and turned to the sofa.

"Oh, Jim," she said, "sit down and let us talk it over."

SHE sank back among the cushions and drawing a bowl of roses hastily towards her, buried her face in them, fearing again to meet the settled sadness of his eyes.

Jim Airth sat down—in the chair left vacant by Lord Ingleby and Peter.

"Listen, dear," he said. "I need not ask you never to doubt my love. That would be absurd from me to you. I love you as I did not know it was possible for a man to love a woman. I love you in such a way that every fibre of my being will hunger for you night and day—through all the years to come. But—well, it would always have come hard to me to stand in another man's shoes, and take what had been his. I did not feel this when I thought I was following Sergeant O'Mara, because I knew he must always have been in all things so utterly apart from you. I could, under different circumstances, have brought myself to follow Ingleby, because I realise that he never awakened in you such love as is yours for me. His possessions would not have weighted me, because it so happens I have lands and houses of my own, where we could have lived. But to stand in a dead man's shoes, when he is dead through an act of mine. To take to myself another man's widow, when she would still, but for a reckless movement of my own right hand, have been a wife—Myra, I could not do it. Even with our great love it would not mean happiness. Think of it—think. As we stood together in the sight of God, while the church, in solemn voice, required and charged us both, as we should answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts should be disclosed, that, if either of us knew any impediment why we might not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, we should then confess it—I should cry: 'Her husband died by my hand!' and leave the church, with the brand of Cain, and the infamy of David upon me."

Myra lifted frightened eyes, met his, beseechingly, then bent again over the roses.

Jim Airth began to speak in low, hurried

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tones, haunted with a horror of reminiscence.

"I can see it now. The little stuffy tent. The hidden light. I was already sickening for fever, working with a temperature of 102. I hadn't slept for two nights, and my head felt as if it were two large eyes, and those eyes, both bruises. I knew I ought to knock under and give the job to another man, but Ingleby and I had worked it all out together, and I was dead keen on it. It was a place where no big guns could go, but our little arrangement which you could carry in one hand, would do better and surer work, than half a dozen big guns.

"There was a long wait after Ingleby and the other fellow—it was Ingram—started. Catheart, left behind with me, was in and out of the tent, but he couldn't stay still two minutes; he was afraid of missing the rush. So I was alone when the signal came. We found afterwards that Ingram had crawled out of the tunnel, and gone to take a message to the nearest ambush. Ingleby was left alone. He signalled: 'Placed,' as agreed. I took it to be 'Fire!' and acted instantly. The moment I had done it, I realised my mistake. But that same instant came the roar, and the hot, silent night was turned to pandemonium. I dashed out of the tent, shouting for Ingleby. The yelling swearing Tommies, making up for the long enforced silence and inaction; the hordes of dark devilish faces, leering in their fury, and jeering at our discomfiture; for inside their outer wall, was a rampart of double the strength, and we were no nearer taking Targal.

AFTERWARDS — if I hadn't owned up at once to my mistake, nobody would have known how the thing had happened. Even then, they tried to persuade me the wrong signal had been given; but I knew better. And on the spot, it was impossible to find—well, any actual proofs of what had happened. The gap had been filled at once with crowds of yelling jostling Tommies, mad to get into the town. Jove, how those chaps fight when they get the chance. When all was over, several were missing who were not among the dead. They must have forced themselves in where they could not get back, and been taken prisoners. Heaven alone knows their fate, poor beggars. Yet I envied them; for when the row was over, my torture began.

"Myra, I would have given my whole life to have had that minute over again. And it was maddening to know that the business might have been done all right with any old fuse. Only we were so keen over our new ideas for signalling, and our portable electric apparatus. Oh, good lord! I knew despair, those days and nights! I was down with fever, and they took away my sword, and guns, and razors. I couldn't imagine why. Even despair doesn't take me that way. But if a chap could have come into my tent and said: 'You didn't kill Ingleby after all. He's all right and alive!' I would have given my life gladly for that moment's relief. But no present anguish can undo a past mistake.

"Well, I pulled through the fever; life had to be lived, and I suppose I'm not the sort of chap to take a morbid view. When I found the thing was to be kept quiet; when the few who knew the ins-and-outs stood by me like the good fellows they were, saying it might have happened to any of them, and as soon as I got fit again I should make the only rotten thing would be to let it spoil my future; I made up my mind to put it clean away, and live it down. I succeeded so well, that it even seemed natural to go on with the work Ingleby and I had been doing together, and carry it through. And when notes of his were needed, I came to his own home without a qualm, to ask his widow—the woman I, by my mistake, had widowed—for permission to have and to use them.

"I came—my mind full of the rich joy of life and love, with scarcely room for a passing pang of regret, as I entered the house without a master, the home without a head, knowing I was about to meet the woman I had widowed.

"In the woman I had widowed I found—the woman I was about to wed! Was there ever so hard a retribution?"

"Jim," said Myra, gently, "is there not another aid to the picture? Does it not strike you that it should have seemed beautiful to find that He in His wonderful providence had put you in a position to be able to take care of Michael's widow, left so helpless and alone; that in saving her life by the strength of your right hand, you had atoned for the death that hand had unwittingly dealt; that, though the past cannot be undone, it can sometimes be wiped out by the present?

Jim Airth looked up, a gleam of hope in his sad eyes.

Then he looked away, that her appealing loveliness might not too much tempt him, while making his decision. He lifted his eyes; and, alas! they fell on the portrait over the mantelpiece.

He shivered.

"I can never marry Lord Ingleby's widow," he said. "Myra, how can you wish it? The thing would haunt us! It would be evil—unnatural. Night and day, it would be there. It would come between us. Some day you would reproach me——"

Lady Ingleby rose, her face as white as the large arum lily in the corner behind her.

"Then that settles it," she said; "and, do you know, I think we had better not speak of it any more. I am going to ring for tea. And, if you will excuse me for a few moments, while they are bringing it, I will search among my husband's papers, and try to find those you require for your book."

She passed swiftly out. Through the closed door, the man she left alone heard her giving quiet orders in the hall.

HE crossed the room, in two great strides, to follow her. But at the door he paused; turned, and came slowly back.

He stood on the hearthrug, with bent head; rigid, motionless.

Suddenly he lifted his eyes to Lord Ingleby's portrait.

"Curse you!" he said through clenched teeth, and beat his fists upon the marble mantelpiece. "Curse your explosives! And curse your inventions! And curse you for taking her first!" Then he dropped into a chair, and buried his face in his hands. "Oh, Heaven forgive me!" he whispered, brokenly. "But there is a limit to what a man can bear."

He scarcely noticed the entrance of the footman who brought tea. But when a lighter step paused at the door, he lifted a haggard face, expecting to see Myra.

A quiet woman entered, simply dressed in black merino. Her white linen collar and cuffs gave her the look of a hospital nurse. Her dark hair, neatly parted, was smoothly coiled around her head. She came in, deferentially; yet with a quiet dignity of manner.

"I have come to pour your tea, my lord," she said. "Lady Ingleby is not well, and fears she must remain in her room. She asks me to give you these papers."

Then the Earl of Airth and Monteith rose to his feet, and held out his hand.

"I think you must be Mrs. O'Mara," he said. "I am glad to meet you, and it is kind of you to give me tea. I have heard of you before; and I believe I saw you yesterday, on the steps of your pretty house, as I drove up the avenue. Will you allow me to tell you how often, when we stood shoulder to shoulder in times of difficulty and danger, I had reason to respect and admire the brave comrade I knew as Sergeant O'Mara?"

Before quitting Shenstone, Jim Airth sat at Myra's davenport and wrote a letter, leaving it with Mrs. O'Mara to place in Lady Ingleby's hands as soon as he had gone.

"I do not wonder you felt unable to see me again. Forgive me for all the grief I have caused, and am causing, you. I shall go abroad as soon as may be; but am obliged to remain in town until I have completed work which I am under contract with my publishers to finish. It will take a month, at most.

"If you want me, Myra—I mean if you need me—I could come at any moment. A wire to my club would always find me.

"May I know how you are?

"Wholly yours,

Jim Airth."

To this Lady Ingleby replied on the following day.

"Dear Jim,—

"I shall always want you; but I could never send unless the coming would mean happiness for you.

"I know you decided as you felt right.

"I am quite well.

"God bless you always.

"Myra."

CHAPTER 30

IN the days which followed, Jim Airth suffered all the pangs which come to a man who has made a decision prompted by pride rather than by conviction.

He had been superficially honest in the reasons he had given to Myra regarding the impossibility of marriage between them. He had said all the things which he knew others might be expected to say; he had mercilessly expressed what would have been his own judgment had he been asked to pronounce an opinion concerning any other man and woman in like circumstances.

Only after he had finally left her and was on his way back to town, did Jim Airth realise that the pain he had thus inflicted upon her and upon himself, had been a solace to his own wounded pride. His had been the mistake, and it re-established him in his own self-respect and sense of superiority, that his should be the decision, so hard to make—so unfalteringly made—bringing down upon his own head a punishment out of all proportion to the fault committed.

Remorse and regret gnawed at his heart, added to an almost unbearable hunger for Myra. Yet he could not bring himself to return to her with this second and still more humiliating confession of failure.

His one hope was that Myra would find their separation impossible to endure, and would send for him. But the days went by, and Myra made no sign. She had said she would never send for him unless assured

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that coming to her would mean happiness to him. To this decision she quietly adhered.

Jim Airth worked feverishly at his proofs; drinking and smoking, when he should have been eating and sleeping; going off suddenly, after two or three days of continuous sitting at his desk, on desperate bouts of violent exercise.

Another time he suddenly turned in at Paddington, took the train down to Cornwall, and astonished the Miss Murgatroyds by stalking into the coffee-room, the gaunt ghost of his old gay self. Afterwards he went off to Horseshoe Cove, climbed the cliff and spent the night on the ledge, dwelling in morbid misery on the wonderful memories with which that place was surrounded.

It was then that fresh hope, and the complete acceptance of a better point of view, came to Jim Airth.

All the best and noblest in Jim Airth awoke at that hallowed memory of faithful strength on his part, and trustful peace on hers.

"My Heavens," he said, "what a nightmare it has been! And what a fool, I, to think anything could come between us. Has she not been utterly mine since that sacred night spent here? And I have left her to loneliness and grief? . . . I will arise and go to my beloved. No past, no shame, no pride of mine shall come between us any more."

He caught the six o'clock express for town—tubbed, shaved, and lunched, at his club.

At a quarter to three he was just coming down the steps into Piccadilly, very consciously "clothed and in his right mind," debating which train he could take for Shenstone if—as in duty bound—he looked in at his publishers' first, when a telegraph boy dashed up the steps into the club, and the next moment the hall-porter hastened after him with a telegram.

Jim Airth read it, took one look at his watch, then jumped headlong into a passing taxicab.

"Charing Cross!" he shouted to the chauffeur. "And a sovereign if you do it in five minutes."

As the flag tinged down, and the taxi glided swiftly forward into the whirl of traffic, Jim Airth unfolded the telegram and read it again.

It had been handed in at Shenstone at 2.15.

"Come to me at once.—Myra."

A shout of exultation arose within him.

CHAPTER 21.

LADY INGLEBY was standing in the middle of the room, an open telegram in her hand.

"Jim," she was saying. "Oh, Jim!"

Her face was so transfigured by thankfulness and joy, that neither Ronald nor Billy could frame a question. They merely gazed at her.

"Oh, Billy! Oh, Ronald!" she said. "He didn't do it! Oh think what this will mean to Jim Airth. Stop the boy! Quick! Bring me a telegram form. I must send for him at once. . . . Oh, Jim, Jim! . . . He said he would give his life for the relief of the moment when some one should step into the tent and tell him he had not done it; and now I shall be that 'some one'! . . . Oh, how do you spell 'Piccadilly'? . . . Please call Groatley. If we lose no time, he may catch the three o'clock express. . . . Groatley, tell the boy to take this telegram and have it sent off immediately. Give him half-a-crown, and say he may keep the change. . . . Now boys. . . . Shut the door!"

The whirlwind of excitement was succeeded by sudden stillness. Lady Ingleby sank upon the sofa, burying her face for a moment in the cushions.

In the silence they heard the telegraph boy disappearing rapidly into the distance, ringing his bell a very unnecessary number of times. When it could be heard no longer, Lady Ingleby lifted her head.

"Michael is alive," she said.

"Great Scot!" exclaimed Ronnie, and took a step forward.

BILLY made no sound, but he turned very white; backed to the door, and leaned against it for support.

"Think what it means to Jim Airth!" said Lady Ingleby. "Think of the despair and misery through which he passed; and, after all, he had not done it."

"May we see?" asked Ronald eagerly, holding out his hand for the telegram.

Billy licked his dry lips, but no sound would come.

"Read it," said Myra.

Ronald took the telegram and read it aloud.

"To Lady Ingleby, Shenstone Park, Shenstone, England.

"Reported death a mistake. Taken prisoner Targai. Escaped. Arrived Cairo. Large bribes and rewards to pay. Cable five hundred pounds to Cook's immediately.

"Michael Veritas."

"Great Scot!" said Ronnie again.

Billy said nothing; but his eyes never left Lady Ingleby's radiant face.

"Think what it will mean to Jim Airth, she repeated.

"Er—yes," said Ronnie. "It considerably changes the situation—for him. What does 'Veritas' mean?"

"That," replied Lady Ingleby "is our private code, Michael's and mine. My mother once wired to me in Michael's name, and to Michael in mine—dear mamma occasionally does eccentric things—and it made complications. Michael was very much annoyed; and after that we took to signing our telegrams 'Veritas,' which means: 'This is really from me.'"

"Just think!" said Ronnie. "He, a prisoner; and we, all marching away! But I remember now, we always suspected prisoners had been taken at Targai. And positive proofs of Lord Ingleby's death were difficult to—well, don't you know—to find. I mean—there couldn't be a funeral. We had to conclude it, because we believed him to have been right inside the tunnel. He must have got clear after all, before Airth sent the flash, and getting in with the first rush, been unable to return. Of course he has reached Cairo with no money and no means of getting home. And the chaps who helped him, will stick to him like leeches till they get their pay. What shall you do about cabling?"

Lady Ingleby seemed to collect her thoughts with difficulty.

"Of course, the money must be sent—and sent at once," she said. "Oh, Ronnie, could you go up to town about it, for me? I would give you a cheque, and a note to my bankers; they will know how to cable it through. Could you, Ronnie? Michael must not be kept waiting; yet I must stay here to tell Jim. It never struck me that I might have gone up to town myself; and now I have wired to Jim to come down here. Oh, my dear Ronnie, could you?"

"Of course I could," said Ronald, cheerfully. "The car is at the door. I can catch the two-thirty, if you write the note at once. No need for a cheque. Just write a few lines authorising your bankers to send out the money: I will see them personally, explain the whole thing, and hurry them up. The money shall be in Cairo to-night, if possible."

Lady Ingleby went to her davenport.

No sound broke the stillness save the rapid scratching of her pen.

Then Billy spoke. "I will come with you," he said, hoarsely.

"Why do that?" objected Ronald. "You may as well go on in the car to Overdene, and tell them there."

"I am going to town," said Billy, decidedly. Then he walked over to where the telegram still lay on the table. "May I copy this?" he asked of Lady Ingleby.

"Do," she said, without looking round.

"And Ronnie—you take the original to show them at the bank. Ah, no! I must keep that for Jim. Here is paper. Make two copies, Billy."

Billy had already copied the message into his pocket-book. With shaking fingers he copied it again, handing the sheet to Ronald, without looking at him.

The note written, Lady Ingleby rose.

"Thank you, Ronald," she said. "Thank you, more than I can say. I think you will catch the train. And good-bye, Billy."

But Billy was already in the car.

THE journey down from town had been as satisfactorily rapid as even Jim Airth could desire. He had caught the train at Charing Cross by five seconds.

The hour's run passed quickly in glowing anticipation of that which was being brought nearer by every turn of the wheels.

Myra's telegram was drawn from his pocket-book many times. Each word seemed fraught with tender meaning. "Come to me at once." It was so exactly Myra's simple direct method of expression. Most people would have said, "Come here," or "Come to Shenstone," or merely "Come." "Come to me" seemed a tender, though unconscious response to his resolution of the night before: "I will arise and go to my beloved."

Now that the parting was nearly over, he realised how terrible had been the blank of three weeks spent apart from Myra. Her sweet personality was so knit into his life, that he needed her—not at any particular time, or in any particular way—but always, as the air he breathed, or as the light which made the day.

And she? He drew a well-worn letter from his pocket-book—the only letter he had ever had from Myra.

"I shall always want you," it said, "but I could never send, unless the coming would mean happiness for you."

"Shenstone Junction!" shouted a porter, and Jim Airth was across the platform before the train had stopped.

The tandem ponies waited outside the station, and this time Jim Airth gathered up the reins with a gay smile, flicking the leader, lightly. Before, he had said: "I never drive other people's ponies," in response to "Her ladyship's" message, but now—"All that's mine is thine, laddie."

He whistled "Hunting-tower" as he drove between the hayfields. Sprays of overhanging traveller's-joy brushed his shoulder in the narrow lanes. It was good to be

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alive on such a day. It was good not to be leaving England, in England's most perfect weather . . . Should he take her home to Scotland for their honeymoon, or down to Cornwall?

What a jolly little church!

Evidently Myra never slacked pace for a gate. How the ponies dashed through and into the avenue!

Poor Mrs. O'Mara! It had been difficult to be civil to her when she had appeared instead of Myra to give him tea.

Greatley showed him into Myra's sitting-room.

She was not there.

He walked over to the mantelpiece. It seemed years since that evening when, in a sudden fury against Fate, he had crashed his fists upon its marble edge. He raised his eyes to Lord Ingleby's portrait. Poor old chap! He looked so content, and so pleased with himself and his little dog. But he must have always appeared more like Myra's father than her—than anything else.

On the mantelpiece lay a telegram. After the manner of leisurely country post-offices, the full address was written on the envelope. It caught Jim Airth's eye, and hardly conscious of doing so he took it up and read it. "Lady Ingleby, Shenstone Park, England." He laid it down. "England?" he wondered idly. "Who could have been wiring to her from abroad?"

Then he turned. He had not heard her enter, but she was standing behind him.

"Myra!" he cried, and caught her to his heart.

THE rapture and relief of that moment were unspeakable. No words seemed possible. He could only strain her to him silently with all his strength, and realise that she was safely there at last.

Myra had lifted her arms, and laid them lightly about his neck, hiding her face upon his chest . . . He never knew exactly when he began to realise a subtle change about the quality of her embrace; the woman's passionate tenderness seemed missing; it rather resembled the trustful clinging of a little child. An uneasy foreboding for which he could not account assailed Jim Airth.

"Kiss me, Myra!" he said peremptorily, and she, lifting her sweet face to his, kissed him at once. But it was the pure loving kiss of a little child.

Then she withdrew herself from his embrace; and, standing back, he looked at her, perplexed. The light upon her face seemed hardly earthly.

"Oh, Jim," she said, "The Lord's ways are wonderful! I have such news for you, my friend. I thank Heaven, it came before you had gone beyond recall. And I, who had been the one, unwittingly, to add so terribly to the weight of the life-long cross you had to bear, am privileged to be the one to lift it quite away. Jim—you did not do it!"

Jim Airth gazed at her in troubled amazement. Into his mind, involuntarily, came the awesome Scotch word "fey."

"I did not do what, dear?" he asked, gently, as if he were speaking to a little child whom he was anxious not to frighten.

"You did not kill Michael."

"What makes you think I did not kill Michael, dear?" questioned Jim Airth, gently.

"Because," said Myra, with clasped hands, "Michael is alive."

"Dearest heart," said Jim Airth, tenderly, "you are not well. These awful three weeks, and what went before, have been too much for you. The strain has upset you. I was a brute to go off and leave you. But you knew I did what I thought right at the time; didn't you, Myra? Only now I see the whole thing quite differently. Your view was the true one. We ought to have acted upon it, and been married at once."

"Oh, Jim," said Myra, "thank Heavens we didn't! It would have been so terrible now. It must have been a case of 'Even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.' In our unconscious ignorance we might have gone away together, not knowing Michael was alive."

Beads of perspiration stood on Jim Airth's forehead.

"My darling, you are ill," he said, in a voice of agonised anxiety. "I am afraid you are very ill. Do sit down quietly on the couch, and let me ring. I must speak to the O'Mara woman, or somebody. Why didn't the fools let me know? Have you been ill all these weeks?"

Myra let him place her on the couch; smiling up at him reassuringly, as he stood before her.

"You must not ring the bell, Jim," she said. "Maggie is at the Lodge; and Greatley would be so astonished. I am quite well."

HE looked around, in man-like helplessness; yet feeling something must be done. A long ivory fan, of exquisite workmanship, lay on a table near. He caught it up, and handed it to her. She took it; and to please him, opened it, fanning herself gently as she talked.

"I am not ill, Jim; really dear, I am not. I am only strangely happy and thankful. It seems too wonderful for our poor earthly hearts to understand. And I am a little frightened about the future—but you will help me to face that, I know. And I am rather worried about little things I have done wrong. It is foolish—but as soon as I realised Michael was coming home, I became conscious of hosts of sins of omission, and I scarcely know where to begin to set them right. Michael always has that effect upon me; because—though he himself is so great and clever—he really thinks trivial and unimportant things are a woman's vocation in life. But oh, Jim—Jim Airth—with you I am always lifted straight to the big things; and our big thing to-day is this:—that you never killed Michael. Do you remember telling me how, as you lay in your tent recovering from the fever, if some one could have come in and told you Michael was alive and well, and that you had not killed him after all, you would have given your life for the relief of that moment? Well, I am that 'some one,' and this is the 'moment'; and when first I had the telegram I could think of nothing—absolutely nothing, Jim—but what it would be to you."

"What telegram?" gasped Jim Airth, "In heaven's name, Myra, what do you mean?"

"Michael's telegram. It lies on the mantelpiece. Read it, Jim."

Jim Airth turned, took up the telegram and drew it from the envelope with steady fingers. He still thought Myra was raving.

He read it through slowly. The wording was unmistakable; but he read it through again. As he did so he slightly turned, so that his back was towards the couch.

The blow was so stupendous. He could only realise one thing, for the moment:—that the woman who watched him read it, must not as yet see his face.

She spoke.

"Is it not almost impossible to believe, Jim? Ronald and Billy were lunching here when it came. Billy seemed stunned; but Ronnie was delighted. He said he had always believed the first men to rush in had been captured, and that no actual proofs of Michael's death had ever been found. They never explained to me before, that there had been no funeral. I suppose they thought it would seem more horrible. But I never take much account of bodies. If it weren't for the burden of having a weird little urn about, and wondering what to do with it, I should approve of cremation. I sometimes felt I ought to make a pilgrimage to see the grave. I knew Michael would have wished it. He sets much store by graves—all the Inglebys lie in family vaults. That makes it worse about Peter. Ronnie went up to town at once to telegraph out the money. Billy went with him. Do you think five hundred is enough? Jim?—Jim! Are you not thankful? Do say something, Jim."

Jim Airth put back the telegram upon the mantelpiece. His big hand shook.

"Then—your husband—is coming home to you?" said Jim Airth, slowly.

"Yes, Jim," the sweet voice faltered, for the first time, and grew tremulous. "Michael is coming home."

Then Jim Airth turned round, and faced her squarely. Myra had never seen anything so terrible as his face.

"You are mine," he said; "not his."

Myra looked up at him, in dumb sorrowful appeal. She closed the ivory fan, clasping her hands upon it. The unquestioning finality of her patient silence, goaded Jim Airth to madness, and let loose the torrent of his fierce wild protest against this inevitable—this unrelenting, fate.

"You are mine," he said, "not his. Your love is mine! Your whole life is mine! I will not leave you to another man. Ah, I know I said we could not marry! I know I said I should go abroad. But you would have remained faithful to me; and I, to you. We might have been apart; we might have been lonely; we might have been at different ends of the earth; but—we should have been each other's. I could have left you to loneliness; but, I will not leave you to another!"

MYRA rose, moved forward a few steps and stood, leaning her arm upon the mantelpiece and looking down upon the bank of ferns and lilies.

"Hush, Jim," she said, gently. "You forget to whom you are speaking."

"I am speaking," cried Jim Airth, in furious desperation, "to the woman I have won for my own; and who is mine, and none other's. If it had not been for my pride and my folly, we should have been married by now—married, Myra—and far away. I left you, I know; but—by Heaven, I may as well tell you all now—it was pride—false pride—that drove me away. I always meant to come back. I was waiting for you to send; but anyhow I should have come back. Would to Heaven I had done as you implored me to do! By now we should have been together—out of reach of this cursed telegram—and far away!"

Myra slowly lifted her eyes and looked at him. He, blinded by pain and passion, failed to mark the look, or he might have taken warning. As it was, he rushed on, headlong.

Myra, very white, with eyelids lowered, leaned against the mantelpiece, slowly furling and unfurling the ivory fan.

"But, darling," urged Jim Airth, "it is not yet too late. Oh, Myra, I have loved you so! Our love has been so wonderful

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Have I not taught you what love is? The poor cold travesty you knew before—that was not love! Oh, Myra! you will come away with me, my own beloved? You won't put me through the torture of leaving you to another man? Myra, look at me! Say you will come."

Then Lady Ingleby slowly closed the fan, grasping it firmly in her right hand. She threw back her head, and looked Jim Airth full in the eyes.

"So this is your love," she said. "This is what it means? Then I thank Heaven I have hitherto only known the 'cold travesty,' which at least has kept me pure, and held me high. What? Would you drag me down to the level of the woman you have scorned for a dozen years? And, dragging me down, would you also trail, with me, in the mire, the noble name of the man whom you have ventured to call friend? My husband may not have given me much of those things a woman desires. But he has trusted me with his name, and with his honor; he has left me, mistress of his home. When he comes back he will find me what he himself made me—mistress of Shenstone; he will find me where he left me, awaiting his return. You are no longer speaking to a widow, Lord Airth; nor to a woman left desolate. You are speaking to Lord Ingleby's wife, and you may as well learn how Lord Ingleby's wife guards Lord Ingleby's name, and defends her own honor, and his." She lifted her hand swiftly and struck him, with the ivory fan, twice across the cheek. "Traitor!" she said, "and coward! Leave this house, and never set foot in it again!"

Jim Airth staggered back, his face livid—ashen, his hand involuntarily raised to ward off a third blow. Then the furious blood surged back. He sprang forward; with a swift movement caught the fan from Lady Ingleby's hands, and whirled it above his head. His eyes blazed into hers. For a moment she thought he was going to strike her. She neither flinched nor moved; only the faintest smile curved the corners of her mouth into a scornful question.

Then Jim Airth gripped the fan in both hands; with a twist of his strong fingers snapped it in half, the halves into quarters, and again, with another wrench, crushed those into a hundred fragments—flung them at her feet; and, turning on his heel, left the room, and left the house.

CHAPTER 23

RONALD and Billy had spoken but little, as they sped to the railway station, earlier on that afternoon.

"Rummy go," volunteered Ronald, launching the tentative comment into the somewhat oppressive silence.

Billy made no rejoinder.

"Why did you insist on coming with me?" asked Ronald.

"I'm not coming with you," replied Billy laconically.

"Where then, Billy? Why so tragic? Are you going to leap from London Bridge? Don't do it Billy-boy! You never had a chance. You were merely a nice kid. I'm the chap who might be tragic; and see—I'm going to the bank to despatch the wherewithal for bringing the old boy back. Take example by my fortitude, Billy."

Billy's explosion, when it came, was so violent, so choice, and so unlike Billy, that Ronald relapsed into wondering silence.

But once in the train, locked into an empty first-class smoker, Billy turned a white face to his friend.

"Ronnie," he said, "I am going straight to Sir Deryck Brand. He is the only man I know, with a head on his shoulders."

"Thank you," said Ronnie. "I suppose I dandle mine on my knee. But why this urgent need of a man with his head so uniquely placed?"

"Because," said Billy, "that telegram is a lie."

"Nonsense, Billy! The wish is father to the thought! Oh, shame on you, Billy! Poor old Ingleby!"

"It is a lie," repeated Billy, doggedly.

"But look," objected Ronald, unfolding the telegram. "Here you are. 'Veritas.' What do you make of that?

"Veritas be hanged!" said Billy. "It's a lie; and we've got to find out what rascal has sent it."

"But what possible reason have you to throw doubt on it?" inquired Ronald, gravely.

"Oh, confound you!" burst out Billy at last; "I picked up the pieces!"

A VERY nervous white-faced young man sat in the green leather armchair in Dr. Brand's consulting-room. He had shown the telegram, and jerked out a few incoherent sentences; after which Sir Deryck, by means of carefully chosen questions, had arrived at the main facts. He now sat at his table considering them.

Then, turning in his revolving chair, he looked steadily at Billy.

"Cathcart," he said, quietly, "what reason have you for being so certain of Lord Ingleby's death, and that this telegram is therefore a forgery?"

Billy moistened his lips. "Oh, *confound it!*" he said. "I picked up the pieces!"

"I see," said Sir Deryck; and looked away.

"I have never told a soul," said Billy. "It is not a pretty story. But I can give you details, if you like."

"I think you had better give me details," said Sir Deryck, gravely.

So, with white lips, Billy gave them.

The doctor rose, buttoning his coat. Then he poured out a glass of water and handed it to Billy.

"Come," he said. "Fortunately I know a very cute detective from our own London force who happens just now to be in Cairo. We must go to Scotland Yard for his address, and a code. In fact we had better work it through them. You have done the right thing, Billy; and done it promptly; but we have no time to lose."

* * * *

Twenty-four hours later, the doctor called at Shenstone Park. He had telegraphed his train requesting to be met by the car; and he now asked the chauffeur to wait at the door, in order to take him back to the station.

"I could only come between trains," he explained to Lady Ingleby, "so you must forgive the short notice, and the peremptory tone of my telegram. I could not risk missing you. I have something of great importance to communicate."

The doctor waited a moment, hardly knowing how to proceed. He had seen Myra Ingleby under many varying conditions. He knew her well; and she was a woman so invariably true to herself, that he expected to be able to foresee exactly how she would act under any given combination of circumstances.

In this undreamed of development of Lord Ingleby's return, he anticipated finding her gently acquiescent; eagerly ready to resume again the duties of wifehood; with no thought of herself, but filled with anxious desire in all things to please the man who, with his whims and fancies, his foibles and ideas, had for nine months passed completely out of her life. Deryck Brand had expected to find Lady Ingleby in the mood of a typical April day, sunshine and showers rapidly alternating; whimsical smiles, succeeded by ready tears; then, with lashes still wet, gay laughter at some mistake of her own, or at incongruous behaviour on the part of her devoted but erratic household; speedily followed by pathetic anxiety over her own supposed short-comings in view of Lord Ingleby's requirements on his return.

Instead of this charming personification of unselfish, inconsequent, tender femininity the doctor found himself confronted by a calm cold woman, with hard unseeing eyes; a woman in whom something had died; and dying, had slain all the best and truest in her womanhood.

"Another man," was the prompt conclusion at which the doctor arrived; and this conclusion, coupled with the exigency of his own pressing engagements, brought him without preamble, very promptly to the point.

"Lady Ingleby," he said, "a cruel and heartless wrong has been done you by a despicable scoundrel, for whom no retribution would be too severe."

"I am perfectly aware of that," replied Lady Ingleby, calmly; "but I fail to understand, Sir Deryck, why you should consider it necessary to come down here in order to discuss it."

THIS most unexpected reply for a moment completely nonplussed the doctor. But rapid mental adjustment formed an important part of his professional equipment.

"I fear we are speaking at cross-purposes," he said, gently. "Forgive me, if I appear to have trespassed upon a subject of which I have no knowledge whatever. I am referring to the telegram received by you yesterday, which led you to suppose the report of Lord Ingleby's death was a mistake, and that he might shortly be returning home."

"My husband is alive," said Lady Ingleby. "He has telegraphed to me from Cairo, and I expect him back very soon."

For answer, Deryck Brand drew from his pocket-book two telegrams.

"I am bound to tell you—at once, dear Lady Ingleby," he said, "that you have been cruelly deceived. The message from Cairo was a heartless fraud, designed in order to obtain money. Billy Cathcart had reason to suspect its genuineness, and brought it to me. I cabled at once to Cairo with this result."

He laid two telegrams on the table before her.

"The first is a copy of one we sent yesterday to a detective out there. The second I received three hours ago. No one—not even Billy—has heard of its arrival. I have brought it immediately to you."

Lady Ingleby slowly lifted the paper containing the first message. She read it in silence.

"Watch Cook's bank and arrest man personating Lord Ingleby who will call for draft of money. Cable particulars promptly."

The doctor observed her closely as she laid down the first message without comment, and took up the second.

"Former valet of Lord Ingleby's arrested. Confesses to despatch of fraudulent telegram. Cable instructions."

Lady Ingleby folded both papers and laid them on the table beside her. The calm

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impassivity of the white face had undergone no change.

"It must have been Walker," she said. "Michael always considered him a scamp and shifty; but I delighted in him, because he played the banjo quite excellently, and was so useful at parish entertainments. Michael took him abroad; but had to dismiss him on landing. He wrote and told me the fact, but gave no reasons. Poor Walker! I do not wish him punished, because I know Michael would think it was largely my own fault for putting banjo-playing before character. If Walker had written me a begging letter, I should most likely have sent him the money. I have a fatal habit of believing in people, and of wanting everybody to be happy."

Then, as if these last words recalled a momentarily forgotten wound, the stony apathy returned to voice and face.

"If Michael is not coming back," said Lady Ingleby, "I am indeed alone."

The doctor rose, and stood looking down upon her, perplexed and sorrowful.

"IS there not someone who should be told immediately of this change of affairs, Lady Ingleby?" he asked, gravely.

"No one," she replied, emphatically. "There is nobody whom it concerns intimately, excepting myself. And not many know of the arrival of yesterday's news. I wrote to Jane, and I suppose the boys told it at Overdene. If by any chance it gets into the papers, we must send a contradiction; but no explanation, please. I dislike the publication of wrongdoing. It only leads to imitation and repetition. Besides, even a poor worm of a valet should be shielded if possible from public execration. We could not explain the extenuating circumstances."

"I do not suppose the news has become widely known," said the doctor. "Your household heard it, of course?"

"Yes," replied Lady Ingleby. "Ah, that reminds me, I must stop operations in the shrubbery and plantation. There is no object in little Peter having a grave, when his master has none."

This was absolutely unintelligible to the doctor; but at such times he never asked unnecessary questions, for his own enlightenment.

"So after all, Sir Deryck," added Lady Ingleby, "Peter was right."

"Yes," said the doctor, "little Peter was not mistaken."

"Had I remembered him, I might have doubted the telegram," remarked Lady Ingleby. "What can have aroused Billy's suspicions?"

"Like Peter," said the doctor, "Billy had, from the first, felt very sure. Do not mention to him that I told you the doubts originated with him. He is a sensitive lad, and the whole thing has greatly distressed him."

"Dear Billy," said Lady Ingleby.

The doctor glanced at the clock, and buttoned his coat. He had one minute to spare.

"My friend," he said, "a second time I have come as the bearer of evil tidings."

"Not evil," replied Myra, in a tone of hopeless sadness. "This is not a world to which we could possibly desire the return of one we love."

"There is nothing wrong with the world," said the doctor. "Our individual heaven or hell is brought about by our own actions."

"Or by the actions of others," amended Lady Ingleby, bitterly.

"Or by the actions of others," agreed the doctor. "But, even then, we cannot be completely happy, unless we are true to our best selves; nor wholly miserable, unless to our own ideals we become false. I fear I must be off; but I do not like leaving you thus alone."

Lady Ingleby glanced at the clock, rose, and gave him her hand.

"You have been more than kind, Sir Deryck in coming to me yourself. I shall never forget it. And I am expecting Jane Champion—Dalmain, I mean; why do one's friends get married?—any minute. She is coming direct from town; the phaeton has gone to the station to meet her."

"Good," said the doctor, and clasped her hand with the strong silent sympathy of a man who, desiring to help, yet realises himself in the presence of a grief he is powerless either to understand or to assuage.

"Good—very good," he said, as he stepped into the car, remarking to the chauffeur: "We have nine minutes; and if we miss the train, I must ask you to run me up to town.

And he said it a third time, even more emphatically, when he had recovered from his surprise at that which he saw as the car flew down the avenue. For, after passing Lady Ingleby's phaeton returning from the station empty excepting for a travelling coat and alligator bag left upon the seat, he saw the Honorable Mrs. Dalmain walking slowly beneath the trees, in earnest conversation with a very tall man, who carried his hat, letting the breeze blow through his thick rumpled hair. Both were too preoccupied to notice the car, but as the man turned his haggard face towards his companion, the doctor saw in it the same stony look of hopeless despair, which had grieved and baffled him in Lady Ingleby's. The two were slowly wending their way towards the house, by a path leading down to the terrace.

"Evidently—the man," thought the doctor. "Well, I am glad Jane has him in tow. Poor souls! Providence has placed them in wise hands. If faithful counsel and honest plain-speaking can avail them anything, they will undoubtedly receive both, from our good Jane."

Providence also arranged that the London express was one minute late, and the doctor caught it. Whereat the chauffeur rejoiced; for he was "walking out" with her ladyship's maid, whose evening off it chanced to be. The all-important events of life are apt to hang upon the happenings of one minute.

CHAPTER 24

"SO you see, Jane," concluded Lady Ingleby, pathetically, "as Michael is not coming back, I am indeed alone."

"Loving Jim Airth as you do—" said Jane Dalmain.

"Did," interposed Lady Ingleby.

"Did, and do," said Jane Dalmain, "you would have been worse than alone if Michael had, after all, come back. Oh, Myra! I cannot imagine anything more unendurable, than to love one man, and be obliged to live with another."

"I should not have allowed myself to go on loving Jim," said Lady Ingleby.

"Rubbish!" pronounced Mrs. Dalmain, with forceful decision. "My dear Myra, that kind of remark paves the way for the devil, and is one of his favorite devices. More good women have been tripped by over-confidence in their ability to curb and to control their own affections, than by direct temptation to love where love is not lawful. Men are different; their temptations are not so subtle. They know exactly to what it will lead, if they dally with sentiment. Therefore, if they mean to do the right thing in the end, they keep clear of the danger at the beginning. We cannot possibly forbid ourselves to go on loving, where love has once been allowed to reign supreme. I know you would not, in the first instance, have let yourself care for Jim Airth, had you not been free. But, once loving him, if so appalling a situation could have arisen as the unexpected return of your husband, your only safe and honorable course would have been to frankly tell Lord Ingleby: 'I grew to love Jim Airth while I believed you dead. I shall always love Jim Airth; but, I want before all else to be a good woman and a faithful wife. Trust me to be faithful; help me to be good.' Any man, worth his salt, would respond to such an appeal."

"AND shoot himself?" suggested Lady Ingleby.

"I said 'man,' not 'coward,'" responded Mrs. Dalmain, with fine scorn.

"Jane, you are so strong-minded," murmured Lady Ingleby. "It goes with your linen collars, your tailor-made coats, and your big shoes. I cannot picture myself in a linen collar, nor can I conceive of myself as standing before Michael and informing him that I loved him!"

Jane Dalmain laughed good-humouredly, plunged her large hands into the pockets of her tweed coat, stretched out her serviceable brown shoes and looked at them.

"If by 'strong-minded' you mean a wholesome dislike to the involving of a straightforward situation in a tangle of disingenuous sophistry, I plead guilty," she said.

"Oh, don't quote Sir Deryck," retorted Lady Ingleby, crossly. "You ought to have married him! I could never understand such an artist, such a poet, such an eclectic idealist as Garth Dalmain, falling in love with you, Jane!"

A sudden light of womanly tenderness illumined Jane's plain face. "The wife" looked out from it, in simple unconscious radiance.

"Nor could I," she answered softly. "It took me three years to realise it as an indubitable fact."

"I suppose you are very happy," remarked Myra.

Jane was silent. There were shrines in that strong nature too wholly sacred to be easily unveiled.

"I remember how I hated the idea, after the accident," said Myra, "of your tying yourself to blindness."

"Oh, hush," said Jane Dalmain, quickly. "You tread on sacred ground, and you forget to remove your shoes. From the first, the sweetest thing between my husband and myself has been that, together, we learned to kiss that cross."

"Dear old thing!" said Lady Ingleby, affectionately; "you deserved to be happy. All the same I never can understand why you did not marry Deryck Brand."

Jane smiled. She could not bring herself to discuss her husband, but she was very willing at this critical juncture to divert Lady Ingleby from her own troubles by entering into particulars concerning herself and the doctor.

"My dear," she said, "Deryck and I were far too much alike ever to have dovetailed into marriage. All our points would have met, and our differences gaped wide. The qualities which go to the making of a perfect friendship by no means always ensure a perfect marriage. There was a time when I should have married Deryck had he asked

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me to do so, simply because I implicitly trusted his judgment in all things, and it would never have occurred to me to refuse him anything he asked. But it would not have resulted in our mutual happiness. Also, at that time, I had no idea what love really meant. I no more understood love until—until Garth taught me, than you understood it before you met Jim Airth."

"I wish you would not keep on alluding to Jim Airth," said Myra, wearily. "I never wish to hear his name again. And I cannot allow you to suppose that I should ever have adopted your strong-minded suggestion, and admitted to Michael that I loved Jim. I should have done nothing of the kind. I should have devoted myself to pleasing Michael in all things, and made myself—yes, Jane; you need not look amused and incredulous; though I don't wear collars and shooting-boots, I can make myself do things—I should have made myself forget that there was such a person in this world as the Earl of Airth and Monteith."

"Oh, spare him that!" laughed Mrs. Dalmain. "Don't call the poor man by his titles. If he must be hanged, at least let him hang as plain Jim Airth. If one had to be wicked, it would be so infinitely worse to be a wicked earl, than wicked in any other walk of life. It savors so painfully of the 'penny-dreadful,' or the cheap novelette. Also, my dear, there is nothing to be gained by discussing a hypothetical situation, with which you do not after all find yourself confronted. Mercifully, Lord Ingleby is not coming back."

"Mercifully!" exclaimed Lady Ingleby. "Really, Jane, you are crude beyond words, and most unsympathetic. You should have heard how tactfully the doctor broke it to me, and how kindly he alluded to my loss."

"My dear Myra," said Mrs. Dalmain, "I don't waste sympathy on false sentiment. And if Deryck had known you were already engaged to another man, instead of devoting to you four hours of his valuable time, he could have sent a sixpenny wire: 'Telegram a forgery. Accept heartfelt congratulations!'"

"JANE, you are brutal. And seeing that I have just told you the whole story of these last weeks, with the cruel heart-breaking finale of yesterday, I fail to understand how you can speak of me as engaged to another man."

Instantly Jane Dalmain's whole bearing altered. She ceased looking quizzically amused, and left off swinging her brown shoe. She sat up, uncrossed her knees, and leaning her elbows upon them, held out her large capable hands to Lady Ingleby. Her noble face, grandly strong and tender, in its undeniable plainness, was full of womanly understanding and sympathy.

"Ah, my dear," she said, "now we must come to the crux of the whole matter. I have merely been playing around the fringe of the subject, in order to give you time to recover from the inevitable strain of the long and painful recital you have felt it necessary to make, in order that I might fully understand your position in all its bearings. The real question is this: Are you going to forgive Jim Airth?"

"I must never forgive him," said Lady Ingleby, with finality, "because, if I forgave him, I could not let him go."

"Why let him go, when his going leaves your whole life desolate?"

"Because," said Myra, "I feel I could not trust him; and I dare not marry a man whom I love as I love Jim Airth, unless I can trust him implicitly. If I loved him less, I would take the risk. But I feel, for him, something which I can neither understand nor define; only I know that in time it would make him so completely master of me that, unless I could trust him absolutely —I should be afraid."

"Is a man never to be trusted again," asked Jane, "because, under sudden fierce temptation, he has failed you once?"

"It is not the failing once," said Myra. "It is the light thrown upon the whole quality of his love—of that kind of love. The passion of it makes it selfish—selfish to the degree of being utterly regardless of right and wrong, and careless of the welfare of its unfortunate object. My fair name would have been smirched; my honor dragged in the mire; my present, blighted; my future, ruined; but what did he care? It was all swept aside in the one sentence: 'You are mine, not his. You must come away with me.' I cannot trust myself to a love which has no standard of right and wrong. We look at it from different points of view. You see only the man and his temptation. I knew the priceless treasure of the love; therefore the sin against that love seems to me unforgivable."

MRS. DALMAIN looked earnestly at her friend. Her steadfast eyes were deeply troubled.

"Myra," she said, "you are absolutely right in your definitions, and correct in your conclusions. But your mistake is this. You make no allowance for the sudden, desperate, overwhelming nature of the temptation before which Jim Airth fell. Remember all that led up to it. Think of it, Myra! He stood so alone in the world; no mother, no wife, no woman's tenderness. And those ten hard years of worse than loneliness, when he fought the horrors of disillusion, the shame of betrayal, the bitterness of desertion; the humiliation of the stain upon his noble name. Against all this, during ten long years, he struggled; fought a manful fight, and overcame. Then—strong, hardened, lonely; a man grown to man's full heritage of self-contained independence—he met you, Myra. His ideals returned, purified and strengthened by their passage through the fire. Love came, now, in such gigantic force, that the pigmy passion of early youth was dwarfed and superseded. It seemed a new and untasted experience such as he had not dreamed life could contain. Three weeks of it, he had; growing in certainty, increasing in richness, every day; yet tempered by the patient waiting your pleasure, for eagerly expected fulfilment. Then the blow—so terrible to his sensibilities and to his manly pride; the horrible knowledge that his own hand had brought loss and sorrow to you, whom he would have shielded from the faintest shadow of pain. Then his mistake in allowing false pride to come between you. Three weeks of growing hunger and regret, followed by your summons, which seemed to promise happiness after all; for, remember while you had been bringing yourself to acquiesce in his decision as absolutely final, so that the news of Lord Ingleby's return meant no loss to you and to him, merely the relief of his exculpation, he had been coming round to a more reasonable point of view, and realising that, after all, he had not lost you. You sent for him, and he came—once more aglow with love and certainty—only to hear that he had not only lost you himself, but must leave you to another man. Oh Myra! Can you not make allowance for a moment of fierce madness? Can you not see that the very strength of the man momentarily turned in the wrong direction, brought about his downfall? You tell me you called him coward and traitor? You might as well have struck him! Such words from your lips must have been worse than blows. I admit he deserved them, but make allowance for a sudden yielding to temptation, do not doubt the loyalty of his love. Oh Myra, can you let your love go out into the world again, alone, without one word of forgiveness?"

"How do I know he wants my forgiveness Jane? He left me in a towering fury. And how could my forgiveness reach him, even supposing he desired it, or I could give it? Where is he now?"

"He left you in despair," said Mrs. Dalmain, "and—he is in the library."

Lady Ingleby rose to her feet.

"Jane! Jim Airth in this house! Who admitted him?"

"I did," replied Mrs. Dalmain, coolly. "I smuggled him in. Not a soul saw us enter. That was why I sent the carriage on ahead when we reached the park gates. We walked up the avenue, turned down onto the terrace and slipped in by the lower door. He has been sitting in the library ever since. If you decide not to see him, I can go down and tell him so; he can go out as he came in, and none of your household will know he has been here. Dear Myra, don't look so distraught. Do sit down again, and let us finish our talk. That is right. You must not be hurried. A decision which affects one's whole life cannot be made in a minute, nor even in an hour. Lord Airth does not wish to force an interview, nor do I wish to persuade you to grant him one. He will not be surprised if I bring him word that you would rather not see him."

"RATHER not?" cried Myra, with clasped hands. "Oh, Jane, if you could know what the mere thought of seeing him means to me, you would not say 'rather not,' but 'dare not.'"

"Let me tell you how we met," said Mrs. Dalmain, ignoring the last remark. "I reached Charing Cross in good time, stopped at the book stall for a supply of papers; secured and empty compartment, and settled down to a quiet hour. Jim Airth dashed into the station with barely one minute in which to take his ticket and reach his train. He tore up the platform, as the train began to move; had not time to reach a smoker; wrenched open the door of my compartment; jumped in headlong, and sat down upon my papers; turned to apologise, and found himself shut in alone for an hour with the friend to whom you had written weekly letters from Cornwall, and of whom you had apparently told him rather nice things—or, at all events things which led him to consider me trustworthy. He recognised me by a recent photograph which you had shown him."

"I remember," said Myra. "I kept it in my writing-case. He took it up and looked at it several times. I often spoke to him of you."

"He introduced himself with straightforward simplicity," continued Mrs. Dalmain, "and then—we neither of us knew quite how it happened—in a few minutes we were talking without reserve. I believe he felt frankness with me on his part might enable me, in the future, to be a comfort to you—you are his one thought; also, that if I interceded, you would perhaps grant him that which he came to seek — the opportunity to ask your forgiveness. Of course, we neither of us had the slightest idea of the possibility that yesterday's telegram could be incorrect. He sails for America almost immediately, but could not

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bring himself to leave England without having expressed to you his contrition, and obtained your pardon. He would have written, but did not feel he ought, for your sake, to run the risk of putting explanations on to paper. Also I honestly believe it is breaking his heart, poor fellow, to feel that you and he parted forever, in anger. His love for you is a very great love, Myra."

"Oh, Jane," cried Lady Ingleby, "I cannot let him go! And yet—I cannot marry him. I love him with every fibre of my whole being, and yet I cannot trust him. Oh, Jane, what shall I do?"

"YOU must give him a chance," said Mrs. Dalmain, "to retrieve his mistake, and to prove himself the man that we know him to be. Say to him, without explanation, what you have just said to me; that you cannot let him go; and see how he takes it. Listen, Myra. The unforeseen developments of the last few hours have put it into your power to give Jim Airth his chance. You must not rob him of it. Years ago, when Garth and I were in an apparently hopeless tangle of irretrievable mistake, Deryck found us a way out. He said if Garth could go behind his blindness and express an opinion which he only could have given while he had his sight, the question might be solved. I need not trouble you with details, but that was exactly what happened, and our great happiness resulted. Now, in your case, Jim Airth must be given the chance to go behind his madness, regain his own self-respect, and prove himself worthy of your trust. Have you told anyone of the second telegram from Cairo?"

"I saw nobody," said Lady Ingleby, "from the moment Sir Deryck left me, until you walked in."

"Very well. Then you, and Deryck, and I are the only people in England who know of it. Jim Airth will have no idea of any change of conditions since yesterday. Do you see what that means, Myra?"

Lady Ingleby's pale face flushed. "Oh, Jane, I dare not! If he failed again——"

"He will not fail," replied Mrs. Dalmain, with decision; "but should he do so, he will have proved himself, as you say, unworthy of your trust. Then—you can forgive him, and let him go."

"I cannot let him go!" cried Myra. "And yet I cannot marry him, unless he is all I have believed him to be."

"Ah, my dear, my dear!" said Mrs. Dalmain, tenderly. "You need to learn a lesson about married life. True happiness does not come from marrying an idol throned on a pedestal. Before Galatea could wed Pygmalion, she had to change from marble into glowing flesh and blood, and step down off her pedestal. Love should not make us blind to one another's faults. It should only make us infinitely tender, and completely understanding. Let me tell you a shrewd remark of Aunt Georgina's on that subject. Speaking to a young married woman who considered herself wrong and disillusioned because, the honeymoon over, she discovered her husband not to be in all things absolutely perfect: 'Ah, my good girl,' said Aunt Gina, rapping the floor with her ebony cane, 'you made a foolish mistake if you imagined you were marrying an angel, when we have it, on the very highest authority, that the angels neither marry nor are given in marriage. Men and women, who are human enough to marry, are human enough to be full of faults; and the best thing marriage provides is that each gets somebody who will love, forgive, and understand. If you had waited for perfection, you would have reached heaven a spinster, which would have been, to say the least of it, dull—when you had the chance of matrimony on earth! Go and make it up with that nice boy of yours, or I shall find him some pretty——" But the little bride, her anger dissolving in laughter and tears, had fled across the lawn in pursuit of a tall figure in tweeds, stalking in solitary dudgeon towards the river. They disappeared into the boathouse, and soon after we saw them in a tiny skiff for two, and heard their happy laughter. 'Silly babies!' said Aunt Gina, crossly, 'they'll do it once too often, when I'm not there to spank them; and then there'll be a shipwreck! Oh, why did Adam marry, and spoil that peaceful garden?' Whereat Tommy, the old scarlet macaw, swung head downwards from his golden perch, with such shrieks of delighted laughter, mingled with appropriate profanity, that Aunt Gina's good humor was instantly restored. 'Give him a strawberry, somebody!' she said; and spoke no more on things matrimonial."

Myra laughed. "The duchess's views are always refreshing. I wonder whether Michael and I made the mistake of not realising each other to be human; of not admitting there was anything to forgive, and therefore never forgiving?"

"Well, don't make it with Jim Airth," advised Mrs. Dalmain, "for he is the most human man I ever met; also the strongest, and one of the most lovable. Myra, there is nothing to be gained by waiting. Let me send him to you now; and, remember, all he asks or expects is one word of forgiveness."

"Oh, Jane!" cried Lady Ingleby with clasped hands. "Do wait a little while. Give me time to think; time to consider; time to decide."

"Nonsense, my dear," said Mrs. Dalmain. "When but one right course lies before you, there can be no possible need for hesitation or consideration. You are merely nervously postponing the inevitable. You remind me of scenes we used to have in the out-patient department of a hospital in the East End of London, to which I once went for training. When patients came to the surgery for teeth extraction, and the pretty, sympathetic little nurse in charge had got them safely fixed into the chair; as one of the doctors, prompt and alert, came forward with unmistakably business-like forceps ready, the terrified patient would exclaim: 'Oh, let the nurse do it! Let the nurse do it!' the idea evidently being that three or four diffident pulls by the nurse were less alarming than the sharp certainty of one from the doctor. Now, my dear Myra, you have to face your ordeal. If it is to be successful there must be no uncertainty."

"OH, Jane, I wish you were not such a decided person. I am sure when you were the nurse, the poor things preferred the doctors. I am terrified; yet I know you are right. And, oh, you dear, don't leave me! See me through."

"I am never away from Garth for a night, as you know," said Mrs. Dalmain. "But he and little Geoff went down to Overdene this morning, with Simpson and nurse; so, if your man can motor me over during the evening, I will stay as long as you need me."

"Ah, thanks," said Lady Ingleby. "And now, Jane, you have done all you can for me; and Heavens knows how much that means. I want to be quite alone for an hour. I feel I must face it out, and decide what I really intend doing. I owe it to Jim, I owe it to myself, to be quite sure what I mean to say, before I see him. Order tea in the library. Tell him I will see him; and, at the end of the hour, send him here. But Jane—not a hint of anything which has passed between us. I may rely on you?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Dalmain, gently, "I play the game!"

She rose and stood on the hearthrug, looking intently at her husband's painting of Lord Ingleby.

"And, Myra," she said at last, "I do entreat you to remember, you are dealing with an unknown quantity. You have never before known intimately a man of Jim Airth's temperament. His love for you, and yours for him, hold elements as yet not fully understood by you. Remember this, in drawing your conclusions. I had almost said, let instinct guide, rather than reason."

"I understand your meaning," said Lady Ingleby. "But I dare not depend upon either instinct or reason. I have not been a religious woman, Jane, as of course you know; but—I have been learning lately, and, as I learn, I try to practise. I feel myself to be in so dark and difficult a place, that I am trying to say, 'Even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.'"

"Ah, you are right," said Jane's deep earnest voice; "that is the best of all. God's hand alone leads surely, out of darkness into light."

She put a kind arm firmly around her friend, for a moment.

Then:—"I will send him to you in an hour," she said, and left the room.

Lady Ingleby was alone.

CHAPTER 25

THE door of Myra's sitting-room opened quietly, and Jim Airth came in.

She awaited him upon the couch, sitting very still, her hands folded in her lap.

The room seemed full of flowers, and of soft sunset light.

He closed the door, and came and stood before her.

For a few moments they looked steadily into one another's faces.

Then Jim Airth spoke, very low.

"It is so good of you to see me," he said. "It is almost more than I had ventured to hope. I am leaving England in a few hours. It would have been hard to go—without this. Now it will be easy."

She lifted her eyes to his, and waited in silence.

"Myra," he said, "can you forgive me?"

"I do not know, Jim," she answered, gently. "I want to be quite honest with you, and with myself. If I had cared less, I could have forgiven more easily."

"I know," he said. "Oh, Myra, I know. And I would not have you forgive lightly, so great a sin against our love. But, dear—if, before I go, you could say, 'I understand,' it would mean almost more to me, than if you said, 'I forgive.'"

"Jim," said Myra, gently, a tremor of tenderness in her sweet voice, "I understand."

He came quite near, and took her hands in his, holding them for a moment, with tender reverence.

"Thank you, dear," he said. "You are very good."

He loosed her hands, and again she folded them in her lap. He walked to the mantelpiece and stood looking down upon the ferns and lilies.

She marked the stoop of his broad shoulders; the way in which he seemed to find

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it difficult to hold up his head. Where was the proud, gay carriage of the man who swung along the Cornish cliffs, whistling like a blackbird?

"Jim," she said, "understanding fully, of course I forgive fully, if it is possible that between you and me, forgiveness should pass. I have been thinking it over, since I knew you were in the house, and wondering why I feel it so impossible to say 'I forgive you.' And, Jim—I think it is because you and I are so one that there is no room for such a thing as forgiveness to pass from me to you, or from you to me. Complete comprehension and unfailing love, take the place of what would be forgiveness between those who were less to each other."

HE lifted his eyes, for a moment, full of a dumb anguish, which wrung her heart.

"Myra, I must go," he said, brokenly. "There was so much I had to tell you; so much to explain. But all need of this seems swept away by your divine tenderness and comprehension. All my life I shall carry with me, deep hidden in my heart, these words of yours. Oh, my dear—my dear! Don't speak again! Let them be the last. Only—may I say it?—never let thoughts of me, sadden your fair life. I am going to America—a grand place for fresh beginnings; a land where one can work, and truly live; a land where earnest endeavor meets with fullest success, and where a man's energy may have full scope. I want you to think of me, Myra, as living, and working, and striving; not going under. But, if ever I feel like going under, I shall hear your dear voice singing at my shoulder, in the little Cornish church, on the quiet Sabbath evening, in the sunset: 'Eternal Father, strong to save' . . . And—when I think of you, my dear—my dear; I shall know your life is being good and beautiful every hour, and that you are happy with——" he lifted his eyes to Lord Ingleby's portrait; they dwelt for a moment on the kind, quiet face—"with one of the best of men," said Jim Airth, bravely.

He took a last look at her face. Silent tears stole slowly down it, and fell upon her folded hands.

A spasm of anguish shot across Jim Airth's set features.

"Ah, I must go," he said, suddenly. "God keep you, always."

He turned so quickly, that his hand was actually upon the handle of the door, before Myra reached him, though she sprang up, and flew across the room.

"Jim," she said, breathlessly. "Stop, Jim! Ah, stop! Listen! Wait!—Jim, I have always know—I told Jane so—that if I forgave you, I could not let you go." She flung her arms around his neck, as he stood gazing at her in dumb bewilderment. "Jim, my beloved! I cannot let you go; or, if you go, you must take me with you. I cannot live without you, Jim Airth!"

For the space of a dozen heart-beats he stood silent, while she hung around him; her head upon his breast, her clinging arms about his neck.

Then a cry so terrible burst from him that Myra's heart stood still.

"Oh," he cried, "this is the worst of all!"

He lifted his hands to his neck, took hers by the wrists, and forcibly drew them down, stepping back a pace, so that she must lift her head.

Then, holding her hands against his breast: "Lady Ingleby," he said, "lift your eyes, and look into my face."

Slowly—slowly—Myra lifted her grey eyes. The fire of his held her; she felt the strength of him mastering her, as it had often done before. She could scarcely see the anguish in his face, so vivid was the blaze of his blue eyes.

"Lady Ingleby," he said, and the grip of his hands on hers tightened. "Lady Ingleby—we stood like this together, you and I, on a fast narrowing strip of sand. The cruel sea swept up, relentless. A high cliff rose in front—our only refuge. I held you thus, and said: 'We must climb—or drown.' Do you remember?—I say it now, again. The only possible right thing to do is steep and difficult; but we must climb. We must mount above our lower selves; away from this narrowing strip of dangerous sand; away from this cruel sea of fierce temptation; up to the breezy cliff-top, up to the blue above, into the open of honor and right and perfect purity. You stood there, until now; you stood there—brave and beautiful. I dragged you down—Heaven forgive me. I brought you into danger—Hush! Listen! You must climb again; you must climb alone; but when I am gone, your climbing with be easy. You will soon find yourself standing, safe and high, above these treacherous, dangerous waters. Forgive me, if I seem rough." He forced her gently backwards to the couch. "Sit there," he said, "and do not rise, until I have left the house. And if ever these moments come back to you, Lady Ingleby, remember, the whole blame was mine . . . . Hush, I tell you; hush! And will you loose my hands?"

BUT Myra clung to those big hands, laughing, and weeping, and striving to speak.

"Oh, Jim—my Jim!—you can't leave me to climb alone, because I am all your own, and free to be yours and no other man's, and together, we can stand on the cliff-top where His hand has led us. Dearest—Jim, dearest—don't pull away from me, because I must cling on, until you have read these telegrams. Oh, Jim, read them quickly . . . Sir Deryck Brand brought them down from town this afternoon. And, oh, forgive me that I did not tell you at once . . . I wanted you to prove yourself, what I knew you to be, faithful, loyal, honorable, brave, the man of all men whom I trust; the man who will never fail me in the upward climb, until we stand together beneath the blue on the heights of heaven's eternal hills . . . Oh, Jim——"

Her voice faltered into silence; for Jim Airth knelt at her feet, his head in her lap, his arms flung around her, and he was sobbing as only a strong man can sob when his heart has been strained to breaking point and sudden relief has come.

Myra laid her hands, gently, upon the roughness of his hair. Thus they stayed long, without speaking or moving.

And in those sacred minutes Myra learned the lesson which ten years of wedded life had failed to teach: that in the strongest man there is, sometimes, the eternal child—eager, masterful, dependent, full of needs; and that, in every woman's love there must therefore be an element of the eternal mother—tender, understanding, patient; wise, yet self-surrendering; able to bear; ready to forgive; her strength made perfect in weakness.

At length Jim Airth lifted his head.

The last beams of the setting sun, entering through the western window, illumined with a ray of golden glory the lovely face above him. But he saw on it a radiance more bright than the reflected glory of any earthly sunset.

"Myra?" he said, awe and wonder in his voice. "Myra? What is it?"

And clasping her hands about his neck as he knelt before her, she drew his head to her and answered:

"I have learnt a lesson, my beloved; a lesson only you could teach. And I am very happy and thankful, Jim, because I know that at last I—even I—am ready for wifehood."

CHAPTER 26

THE hall at the Moorhead Inn seemed very home-like to Jim Airth and Myra as they stood together looking around it on their arrival.

Jim had set his heart upon bringing his wife there on the evening of their wedding day. Therefore they had left town immediately after the ceremony; dined en route; and now stood, as they had so often stood before when bidding one another good-night, in the lamplight beside the marble table.

"Oh, Jim dear," whispered Myra, thrusting back her travelling cloak, "doesn't it all seem natural? Look at the old clock! Five minutes past ten. The Miss Murgatroyds must have gone up, in staid procession, exactly four minutes ago. Look at the stag's head! There is the antler on the topmost point of which you always hung your cap."

"Myra——"

"Yes, dear. Oh, I hope the Murgatroyds are still here. Let's look in the book . . . Yes, see! Here are their names with date of arrival but none of departure. And see, dearest, here is 'Jim Airth,' as I first saw it written; and look at 'Mrs. O'Mara' just beneath it! How well I remember glancing back from the turn of the staircase, seeing you come out and read it, and wishing I had written it better. You can set me plenty of copies now, Jim."

"Myra!——"

"Yes, dear. Do you know I am going to fly up and unpack. Then I will come out to the honeysuckle arbor and sit with you while you smoke. And we need not mind being late, because the dear ladies, not knowing we have returned, will not all be sleeping with doors ajar. But oh, Jim, you must—however late it is—plump your boots out into the passage, just for the fun of making Miss Susannah's heart jump unexpectedly."

"Myra! Oh, I say! My wife——"

"Yes, darling, I know! But I am perfectly certain 'Aunt Ingleby' is peeping out of her little office at the end of the passage; also, Polly has finished helping Sam place our luggage upstairs, and I can feel her hanging over the top banisters! Let's put our names in the visitors' book. What shall we write? Really we shall be obliged eventually to let them know who you are. Think what an excitement for the Miss Murgatroyds. But, just for once, I am going to write myself down by the name, of all others, I have most wished to bear."

So, smiling gaily up at her husband, then bending over the table to hide her happy face from the adoration of his eyes, the newly-made Countess of Airth and Montelth took up the pen; and, without pausing to remove her glove, wrote in the visitors' book of the Moorhead Inn, in the clear, bold handwriting peculiarly her own:

Mrs. JIM AIRTH.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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